

Newspaper

#26
50¢

heartattack



PO Box 848
Goleta, CA 93116

heartattack@ebullition.com

phone (805) 964-8111

fax (805) 964-2310

distribution

DISTRIBUTION: *HeartattaCk* wholesales for 5¢ plus postage.

U.S.A.: \$5 box = 30+ 'zines
\$10 box = 65+ 'zines
World: \$5 box = 10+ 'zines
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You can then sell them for 25¢ or 50¢ each or give them away, but please don't charge more than 50¢ each. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: *HeartattaCk* is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC are available for \$1.50 each in the United States and for:

U.S.A.: \$1.50 each (1 copy)
Canada: \$2 each (1 copy airmail)
World: \$3 each (1 copy airmail)

Back issues are available at this rate as well. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

#3-#6, #11, & #15-#18 the usual shit
#19 1997 Poll results
#20 DIY issue
#21 response to the DIY issue
#22 The Women's issue part 1 of 2
#23 The Women's issue part 2 of 2
#24 Catharsis interview
#25 Kosovo and other goodies

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: *HeartattaCk* contains extremely small text in large abundance. Prolonged exposure may cause blindness, dizziness, bagel tossing, headaches, or anal leakage.

STORES

If you would like to get copies of *HeartattaCk* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or by fax at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in HaC. If you know of a store in your area that should be carrying HaC or other Ebullition stuff then send the store's fax number or address to Ebullition.

Issue #26 • 10,000 copies
May, 2000

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertising is available on a first come first serve basis, and please only one ad per person. All ads need to be in by the deadlines. We do reserve the right to reject any ad for any reason. Make all checks or money orders out to Ebullition, not *HeartattaCk*. Please send all ads in on paper. Do NOT send ads via E-mail or on disk!!!

1/6 page (2 1/2" x 5")	\$35
1/3 page regular (5" x 5")	\$75
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Kent "Tiny Tim" McClard
Lisa "Big O" Oglesby
Leslie "Teddy Fudge" Kahan

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS: Mike Amezcua, Brian Roettinger, Mandi Ginsburg, Chuck Franco, Adi Tejada, Dylan Ostendorf, Graham Clise, Dan Fontaine, Starfag, Steve Aoki, Adam Brandt, Graham Donath, Denver Dale, Cody Duncan, Ryan Gratzner, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, Alex Lemire Pasternak, Marianne Hofstetter, Walker Mettling, Amal Mongia, and Noel Sullivan.

CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HeartattaCk* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

front cover photo: Jose Palafox playing drums for Manumission.

NEXT ISSUE: *HeartattaCk* #27 will focus on the punk/hardcore community internationally. If you live in an area other than the USA, please contribute something about your local scene. Feel free to do a scene report or some kind of commentary. We want to hear all about what people are up to and experiencing internationally. That means that we would like interviews with active people and/or bands from your area. The deadline is July 1st.



art by Nate Powell

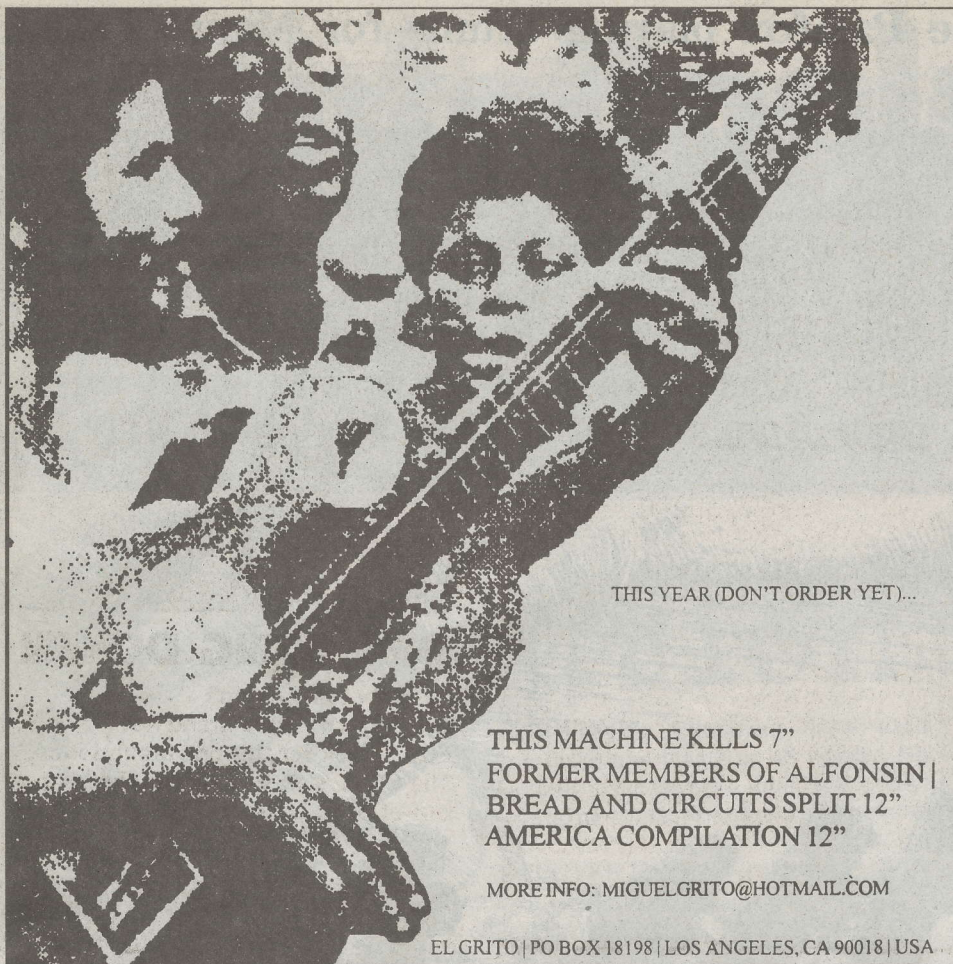


The *HeartattaCk* #10 LP comes with a fold out cover, a 24 page booklet, and they were all pressed on yellow vinyl. The booklet includes band info and also contributions from various people that worked on *HeartattaCk* at the time. A benefit for HaC. Featuring: Shotmaker, Union of Uranus, Amber Inn, Ex-Ignota, Manrae, Fisticuffs Bluff, Incurable Complaint, Jihad, K.A.S.H., Skyscraper, and Loomis Slovak.

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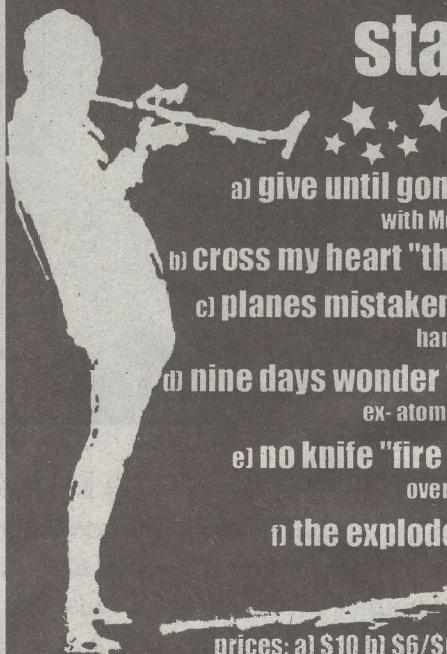


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onekingdown
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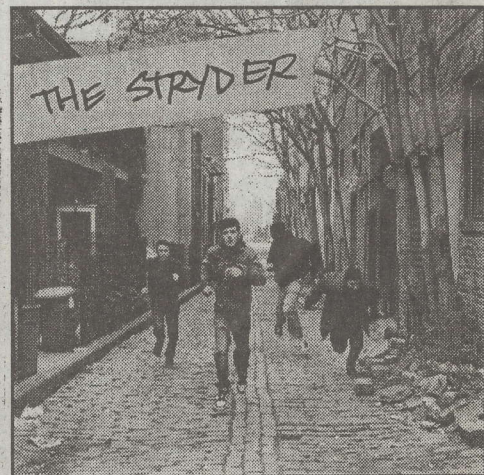


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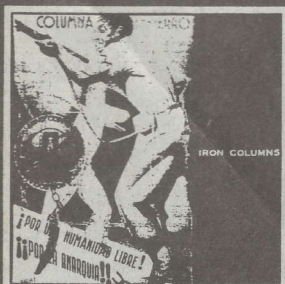


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- 20 BERKELEY, CA. - Gilman St.
- 21 OAKLAND, CA. - 40th St. Warehouse
- 22 GOLETA, CA. - Pickle Patch
- 24 FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - TBA
- 25 ALBUQUERQUE, NM. - TBA
- 26 DENVER, CO. - TBA
- 27 LAWRENCE, KS. - Justin's House
- 28 LINCOLN, NE. - Hollie's House
- 30 MINNEAPOLIS, MN. - Seward café
- 31 MILWAUKEE, WI. - Scott's neighbor's pad.

June

- 1 CHICAGO, IL. - Fireside Bowl
- 2 BLOOMINGTON, IN. - TBA
- 3 DETROIT, MI. - Trumbull Theatre
- 4 COLUMBUS, OH. - The Lab
- 6 PITTSBURGH, PA. - Mr. Robot Project
- 7 WASHINGTON, D.C. - The Wilson Centre
- 8 GREENSBORO, NC. - Lee St. Warehouse
- 9 ASHEVILLE, NC. - The Pink House
- 10 RICHMOND, VA. - Twisters
- 11 PHILADELPHIA, PA. - TBA
- 13 BINGHAMTON, N.Y. - TBA
- 14 ALBANY, N.Y. - TBA
- 15 NEW HAVEN, CT. - Tune Inn
- 16 BROOKLYN, N.Y. - A Warehouse
- 17 NEW YORK CITY, NY. - ABC No Rio
- 18 LAWRENCE, MA. - The Old Mill
- 20 HALIFAX, NS. - Ask Ian
- 22 QUEBEC CITY, QC. - TBA
- 23 MONTREAL, QC. - L'X

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- 24 OTTAWA, ON. - TBA
- 25 TORONTO, ON. - Who's Emma
- 27 WINNIPEG, MB. - Ask Jon, I suppose.
- 28 MEDICINE HAT, AB. - Ask Jacqueline or Matt, eh?
- 29 CALGARY, AB. - Ask Troy, ok?
- 30 EDMONTON AB. - Ask Rob, yes?
- 1 VANCOUVER, BC. - Ask Denise, alright?

Sept. - Oct. EUROPE

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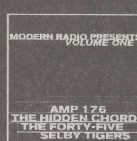
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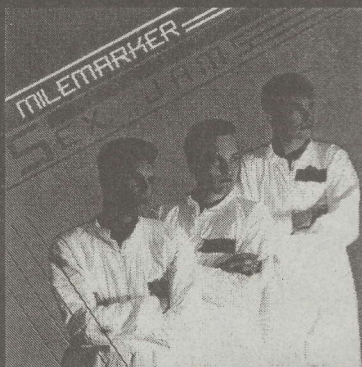
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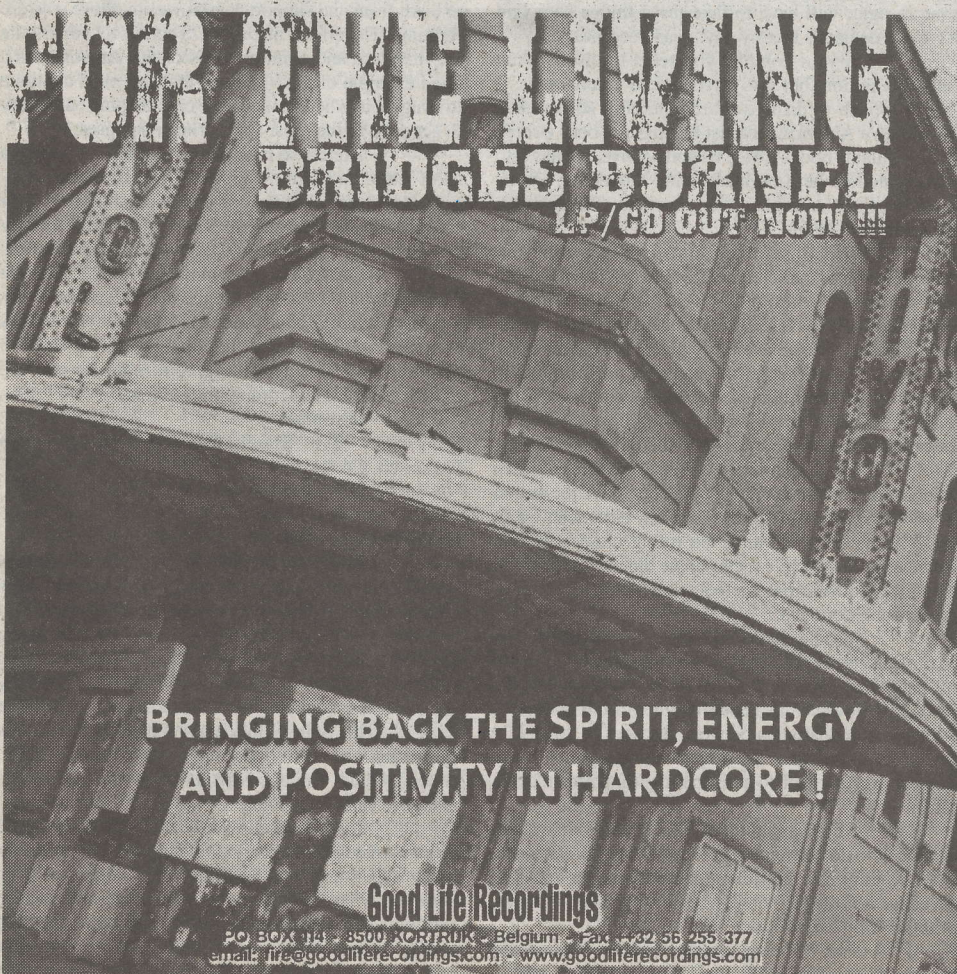
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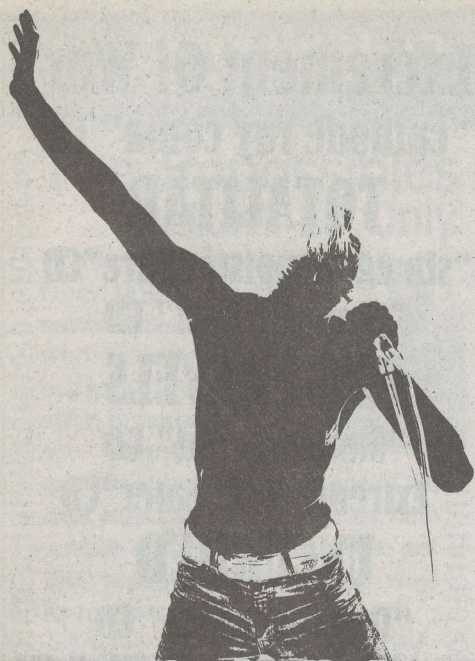
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Kadd Stephens,

While I do find myself in agreement with the overall point you are trying to make in your last column, that viable forms of non-violent resistance are being overlooked, I question your position on the effectiveness of non-violent tactics of resistance versus that of tactics that fall outside the classification of 'non-violent.' I feel you have either misunderstood the discussion or are misrepresenting it to fit a particular agenda.

The discussion among most anarchists seems to revolve not around the perceived 'effectiveness' of the tactics of either philosophy, but more so in regard to when each is most appropriate to use, and therefore utilized most effectively.

I do agree that violence should not be the ultimate goal, that there must be discussion about 'when it's time to put the gun down,' but I think any serious consideration of creating true social change, the genuine liberty and democracy you speak of, requires some realistic and heavy thought. I don't favor violence, I don't fetishize it, but I know that someday it will become a necessity when the people are ready to take back their lives from capitalist slavery.

I think it's obvious the politicians and officials will never step down willingly, the police and military will never disband and the landlords and bosses

tactics used by peoples fighting for survival. There are people forced to live on barren reservations or in crumbling ghettos, often surrounded by industrial and/or nuclear waste dumps. There are many women of color sterilized without consent, whose children are often removed from their culture by state education institutions and/or by incarceration. There are many people continually assaulted by poverty that you and I will probably never know. These people are very much under attack.

There are many people, in this nation and others, that are being either overtly murdered or slowly poisoned and starved, and do not have the option of any other than the most direct means of resistance. I think you should admit that this is a much more intense dialogue than you are presenting it to be.

I would like to respond to your example of using privilege to become a landlord and/or create a day-care center. Although it's quite unclear whether the day-care center is intended to serve the needs of the children of affluent whites, for the children of poor families of color, or as employment for Salvadoran immigrants, it seems a trap wherein those participating would feel they have 'done their part.' Overall, I don't think it's a bad idea, but I think it's very easy and tempting to choose individual causes to assuage our consciences.

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED!

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I recently received a few old issues (#21-24) of *HeartattaCk* along with a package of records I ordered. I recall reading an issue of your 'zine a couple of years ago but it did not really leave an impression on me. After reading these later issues I was extremely disappointed. With the exception of about 3 or 4 columns, the rest of the material was just obnoxious. I am so surprised that this 'zine has been in existence for as long as it has been. Are there really that many people out there that enjoy reading this kind of stuff? An even bigger disappointment than the columns were the record reviews. After I got through the first issue I could more or less predict which releases would receive a positive review and which would receive a negative one. Your 'zine represents, in my eyes at least, one of the more negative aspects of the underground Hardcore/Punk scene—the clique. It was like everyone who was not "down" with the people responsible for the 'zine personally, or whoever didn't think exactly like them, was looked down upon or seen as being out of touch. It also seemed like whichever band did not sound a certain way was tagged as being unoriginal or untalented. Yes, it is "your" 'zine, so you can write about whatever you choose, but you seem to be forgetting that the whole point of this scene is about freedom of expression and not going along with the norm. What you are doing is creating another set of norms which people are supposed to go along with or else they are outsiders. I don't know if you'll print this letter or if you'll make fun of it or whatever, but I don't care. I'll never know anyway, because I will never read *HeartattaCk* again. Thank you for your time, but no thanks for your Hardcore politics.

—Brian Goldmuth; North Bergen, NJ

P.S. I held myself back from commenting on Felix Havoc's comments in #21 about "Hardcore defeating Ska once again." Someone who would make such an ignorant statement obviously does not know Ska's rich history filled with roots, culture, originality, and some of the greatest musicians ever. I chose not to waste my time; he seems too thick-headed to understand anyway.

will never give up their hold on the resources that should and will belong to everyone. We, the people, when the time is right, will have to take these things back and have our demands met by any means necessary.

In your column, you seem to discount not only this notion, but also anyone who entertains it. I find it foolish to dismiss Ward Churchill so casually. As a Native American activist that has not only written many valuable books from this perspective, but has also participated in the American Indian Movement and its many years of resistance, his experience holds much for us to learn from.

Primarily though, I take issue with your interpretation of the relationship between privilege and non-violence. Although I'm not familiar with the reference made to Howard Zinn regarding the issue, the way it was used seems to imply that hordes of the poor, and in this nation, that primarily means people of color, should throw their bodies into the machinery of 'the system.' Sounds a lot like rounding up poor folk of color and using them for cannon fodder.

The discussion of privilege and non-violence refers to the fact that many people don't have the option of choosing non-violent tactics. They either can't wait many years of petitioning the ruling classes to stop oppressing them while their people die, or if they try to organize non-violent tactics, they wind up in jail, disappeared, or dead.

Middle-class white folks of privilege can go to protests, cross police lines and spend the night in jail all they want because they know they will get out the next day. However, in a country where 1 out of every 3 African-American men between the ages of 20 and 29 are either in prison or are on probation, a young black activist may not feel so sure about getting arrested at a sit-in.

I do want to state that I don't disrespect people who do participate in these forms of resistance, but I do think it is important to recognize the inherent privilege afforded to some, whether they want it or not, whether they like it or not.

Part of being a responsible and conscious person of privilege is giving unconditional support to

More pointedly, our responsibility as those in privileged positions is not to 'put up or shut up,' but to learn from and support as best we can those who are fighting. The efforts made by US activists to distribute the literature and communiqués of the Zapatistas is a good example of this. Beyond that, we must continue to struggle in whatever ways we can, keeping our ability to act open to the most appropriate responses.

There's so much more than can be said in a short letter, and I know this is all part of a larger, ongoing dialogue, but I hope my assessment of your column and my response to it can be a useful tool for providing another, if somewhat opposing, perspective.

Lastly, I would just like to add that the increased political content in the last *HeartattaCk* has me very excited. I hope to see this and other discussions continued in these pages. I think this 'zine has a lot of potential as a forum of bringing a more serious and radical edge to Hardcore ethics/politics.

In solidarity,

—Tim Sheehan/PO Box 423868/San Francisco, CA 94142

HeartattaCkers,

In writing this I hope to explain a void both socially and personally. It's also a confession of sorts and a search for that universal comfort that others feel the same. I will point no fingers; I will not pass down any harsh judgments or any solutions. I'm observing and searching through this. I will say now that any ignorance in my dealing with this issue goes to the issue itself. And the point of this is not to beg for the reader's sympathy, but to find the only thing I can ask for, understanding. And perhaps, not in a dramatic sense, guidance and a beginning.

I was excited to hear that this issue would be about race and punk and found myself very eager to voice a gathering of feelings. For sometime I've observed what I've deemed a void in the area of race and punk, a void that very much reflected something stirring in my soul. I use soul as a description of a profound urge and longing that has proved to upset my

train of thought on many occasions. In trying to understand this observation I don't want to pass the blame as previous generations have. I look at musical style, pop culture stereotypes and socioeconomic backgrounds.

I listen to music that many of us listen to, innovative, energized, independent music and lyrics with a sociopolitical conscious. Race being a huge issue that none of us can ignore, I hear so many who are passionate about reforming the ills of our systems. I count myself among them and in the midst of elation at the thought that there is community who has a conscious commitment to this cause. I then realize that I don't see any one from (my focus here) the African-American community present. Nor hardly any other ethnic background. Not just at a particular show or on a particular CD, I hardly ever see any Black folk at a show.

This is the void, the dark distance between the communities.

At least in many communities I've been through this is the way it has been. For all our passion, rage and drive there is a separation that is never really addressed. I understand the many factors that play into the gap and I will go on these limbs for as long as they hold me up.

There are obvious cultural differences that begin mostly with a music mainly coming from an

hop. What we've wanted is to discover others, educate, alarm, create a movement and change our worlds and futures. I find it tragic that two communities that reflect so much of each other in ambition and ideology don't know of each other. This is where the social aspect invades me personally: I don't know the Black community, or any Black folk in an intimate sense.

I've had a hunger for knowledge about Black culture for some time now. It's become an all consuming search to make this connection without having an actual person to guide me or embrace my hunger. But I can read Cornel West's books and listen to him speak on C-Span and be deeply inspired; I can read W.E.B. Du Bois's The Souls of Black Folk and be moved to tears, but I don't know that soul as I know my friends. I can listen to Ron Dellums, Rev. Rivers, or Jesse Jackson speak, but I'm not any closer. I can say without fear of embarrassment that Martin Luther King has been a hero of mine since early childhood, but I have a hard time finding a sincere avenue into this culture. Do you approach any Black person you come into some contact with and attempt to befriend them? Certainly not, and herein lies the disturbance in my soul for I want to know these people, these human beings that are alien to me. In words I know them and that is the distance, the dark distance that I think many of us face. This produces, dare I say, a sadness. I think others feel it too. We

whole mind you, but still important. Sure I don't make a living off being punk but nor do I make a living off of being vegan or riding a bicycle rather than driving, yet all those things help define my lifestyle. Plus, as I said before, what is the difference between "work" and "play"? Can you be working and playing at the same time? Riding my bike from point A to point B is work but it's also play. I cook—preparing food is work but I really enjoy it. I think that putting a separation between things we do for fun and thing we do to survive is a very capitalistic approach to life. For instance recently a friend of mine told me that the Luddite movement stated partially because the weaver were angry that they would have to work in factories (I wonder why) because before this they worked at home and could incorporate work into their everyday life. I think that we need to redefine work and play, yet a capitalist would, like you, believe that there is a difference and of course we need to spend money while playing therefore being tied to job enslavement.

Thanx,

—Vegan Dan/8350 Merrimount Dr./Mercer Is., WA 98040; seattlevegan@hotmail.com

PS: I would be most happy to say hello to the following people: Guy, Amal and Tim in Ventura; Walker in Vallejo; The varnished yuppie, Mike Seale, Jeff Kraft, big Dan, Jen, Andy, and Tody in Vancouver

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underground source. Beyond race differences, the majority of America is clueless about the independent music community. One doesn't just stumble into this arena and maybe our circles run tighter than we think. Nevertheless, I will assume that the majority of Black youth listen to hip-hop and the many forms evolved from it. From the shows I've attended, all of which are styles that have evolved from punk, I think that it's safe to assume that Black youth don't connect with the agitated guitars, the thunderous drumming, and the screaming vocals as does White youth. I don't think they identify with a White person commenting about injustices as they would a Black person who experienced this injustice. There is, of course, a universal gap between the commentators and experiencers, and I think that element is important in forming a relationship for an audience.

There are also the stereotypes that are perpetuated by pop culture daily that many of us have to fight everyday. The pitfall of being in the MTV generation is constantly being bombarded by images of one side of Black culture and unfortunately this is side that sells. I know there are many hip-hop groups that are progressive, that have a social conscience, but of course the market isn't open to them. So this negative image affects us all. I'm not perfect I will not pretend that I haven't had prejudice instilled in me and that it still lingers inside. Racism has been institutionalized from school yard songs, to religious laws, to interracial dating bans at certain universities. The fight against racism is an every day battle that is fought in the soul as well as on the street, as we all know.

Of course socioeconomic inequality has something to do with it. I find that a majority of the people in our community are of a White, middle to upper middle class background, myself included. We don't live in the same neighborhoods, we don't go to the same schools and we don't have the same advantages. Our circles still run smaller than we admit. At least in my case. But we recognize these inequalities and we are angry just as those from the Black culture are angry and one of our answers is music, our energy transforming into punk and theirs transforming into hip

address the social inequality of others at our shows and in our music but are we preaching to the converted? Are we speaking on the behalf of Black folk to each other? I fight with the idea that we are simply a world in and of ourselves. I hope that this is not what I find.

My point was to voice my distress and find those in the community who feel this void but ideally I would like to find a Black voice in this punk/hardcore/indie community and hear what the community brings to them. I would also like to ask if anyone out there is interacting with any progressive Black organizations or anyone who has found a way to be connected with and active in Black issues. I feel that we have a responsibility as a community engaged in progressive thought to reach out to others and attempt to build a relationship and a dialogue where mainstream culture failed. I think there is a likeness of ambition here that both peoples can benefit from.

I watch the Fugazi Instrument video, and when they play at the Washington Monument on the anniversary of the March on Washington they, on stage, are surrounded mostly by Black folk and I wonder about that interaction, how Fugazi has found or created this relationship and it inspires me. I believe in the power of music and words as many of us do. That's how this is written and how you are reading it.

I want to connect. Instead of being a reader and in turn a commentator, I want to experience and know the face and eyes that bear the soul.

Thanx for a great 'zine and thanx for listening. Jared Wardle/3107 N Carriage Ln./Chandler, AZ 85224; schism99@excite.com

To the parties involved (everyone),

In the #25 issue of this fine 'zine, Robyn Maraso wrote about Punk/HC being a hobby not a lifestyle. You said, and I quote, "A hobby is an activity or interest pursued out of, but not part of ones occupation, primarily for pleasure."

I think you put too much difference between "work" and "play." I don't think it's that black and white. To me punk is an important part of my lifestyle, not the

BC; Ally and lissette in KC; all the kid down at Red Cloud Thunder and Krystal Hawkins in where ever you live along with all my other friend and loved ones!!

Dear *HeartattaCK* and friends

Before I write about what ails me, I must first thank *HeartattaCK*. A while ago my 'zine, *Confessions to Cory*, was reviewed by *HeartattaCK* (I believe by Steve Snyder). The review itself was very flattering, and much better than I thought the 'zine deserved. As if the review was not a big enough surprise, the response I got from *HeartattaCK* readers was even more astonishing. At first I received letters mainly from California and a few other continental states, asking for copies and such. About a month later I was suddenly slammed with an onslaught of letters from Europe. It never really hit me before, but suddenly I began to realize the power and importance of communication. The goals held so dearly by those active in punk/hc will never be accomplished if we don't first realize who we are collectively as well as personally. This can't be done without communication. I finally began to understand this and in doing so, my ideals and energy to act upon them, were refueled. I wrote back everyone who had written me. Not only did I respond with the number of copies people asked for, but I would also include a letter, stickers, whatever crap I could find, and to top it off I returned any money sent to me for my 'zines. I would finish each of my letters off with a comment on the importance of communication, and implore them to write me back.

It is at this point my frustration comes in. I understand that no one was obligated to respond. They had asked for several 'zines and that's what they got, thus their dealings with me were over. The fact everyone ended the line of communication as soon as they got what they wanted (everyone except for people who already knew me previous to the 'zine), is not the only cause of my frustration. I began getting letters from people who run distros (both European and in the states) who would ask for a dozen or so 'zines in exchange for some of theirs. Of course after I sent off my packages,

I never hear anything from anyone. It's not that I care that I didn't get anything back, but for all I know all this shit that I've sent out never even left the post office. I would've been happy with a response saying something like, "I'm sorry but my distro fell through, and I can't get anything back to you." The 'zines, the money, the VHS tapes of bands, the mixed tapes, the reviews, and the time it took for me to make them, mean shit to me. What matters to me is the fact that I have been trying so hard to open my life to people I don't know, and have seen nothing in return.

Again I'm not angry, I'm just frustrated. I mean I understand that not everybody will write back. I'm even guilty of losing addresses, getting sick, moving, or even just plain forgetting to write. However these excuses should only account for a small percentage of the people I've written. Maybe I just have bad luck; common sense tells me that there are probably a lot of people out there who would have responded. But now I'm starting to digress. So why am I writing this letter. Obviously what's done is done. I don't expect anybody who was to going to write to read this and suddenly start writing to me again. What I want to do is remind everyone else to pick up a pen and respond to whomever you've been meaning to write to. Whoever they are, wherever they live, write them, or finish making that tape, or send them those 'zines you owe. If you're up to

date on your mail then you're lucky. Pick up a pen and do something creative, or write me, it doesn't matter. There is more to it than letters and material objects, communication is essential. Communication is something our culture can be proud of. KEEP COMMUNICATION ALIVE!

Love,

—Christopher Carroll 363D Gladding Res. Ctr./711 W Main St./Richmond, VA 23220; or you can e-mail me (although I'd prefer letters) at Genome18@aol.com

Dearest *HeartattaCk*,

I'm writing in response to the letter written by Anita Lawson regarding porn and feminism. First of all, I understand why people would think that porn is "un-feminist," and indeed some of it is. However, her argument against porn was pretty much the same argument that the religious right uses. In her letter she claimed that it was "abusive" to women to look at pictures of them naked. The body is beautiful and sexual desires are natural. As long as it's the women's choice to do porn I fail to see how it is abusive. I found it blatantly offensive that she claimed that porn is "wrong" and called women who do porn "sluts." I'm sure that she would have a different opinion of male porn since she only complained about women in porn and not porn as a whole. So in effect, she was perpetuating the "sexual double standard" that is put on women. I don't understand how someone can call themselves a feminist when they claim that women are "fucking sluts" for liking sex and seeking to profit from it. WOMEN LIKE FUCKING TOO. It is a natural thing that has been repressed and fucked with for centuries. I doubt you would consider it abusive to women if a lesbian was to look at female porn, and by claiming that women in porn just make "white old dudes" rich is not only inaccurate but racist too. White men are not the only people that enjoy porn. People of all races and genders like porn. The idea that we should deny our natural urges is obscene and ultimately damaging. To support the sexual double standard by calling women who like

sex sluts is ultimately very "un-feminist." Men and women are equal and should be treated the same, with respect, and by claiming that "men are at our mercy" you are saying that men are below you. The idea that women have to hate men and be against porn and sex to be feminist is the ultimate downfall of the movement. It should be about equality. If you don't like sex, fine, but you have no right to insult people who do like it.

Anarchy and Equality,
—Blake; BlakeFlag@aol.com

Dearest *HeartattaCk* Readers,

This is my belated response to a letter that appeared in issue #24 in which the writer gave a "scene report" from Greensboro, NC. I'm not exactly sure how serious the author of this letter may have been, but he/she went so far as to say they would rather return to high school than live in the 'boro. This person totally

White Man

Brother, the time has come for you to
awake from your guilt encased tomb
your voice has taken up far too much room
you must learn to lick clean your own wounds
And this is no time to run and hide or
have you already chosen your side

So many crimes, but they all weren't
committed before your time
white man what have you done lately?

White man make yourself useful

Because everyday sees another voice displaced
by caucasian occupation of this space
you've got to exercise jurisdiction over your privilege

Make it listen cause as time fades away
into a fateful distance
you're running out of time
time to release your hold
you're running
let it go...

"White Man" by Bread & Circuits

dogged Greensboro, citing their first two show experiences here as lonesome because he/she hadn't made friends with anyone in town. I felt as if someone should stand up for the honor of our small city, and the most important reasons for doing this is merely because Greensboro has been such a fucking incredible place to be a punk over the past year.

It all really started to last summer when Atom and His Package came to town. A few folks made up a flyer containing a list of instructions and suggested ways for the audience to heckle Atom as he performed. Obviously every person in attendance received the flyer except Atom. Each time Atom said the word "Song" the crowd would scream "Go!" and finger point in unison, or if Atom said the word "Greensboro" we'd all shout, "Yankee, go home!" It was beautiful, and everyone participated. We had truly broken down the walls of separation between audience to artist, and complete strangers interacted together to become part of the show. Atom may have been a bit confused as he tried to banter between songs, yet he appreciated the game as much as the rest of us once he was given a copy of the flyer at the end of his set. This event was a catalyst, and from that point on Greensboro's creative juices have been running wild. Within the following months His Hero is Gone played to an audience of masked nudes armed with toy weapons, we staged the first ever Greensboro Reclaim the Streets, and on Halloween some folks put together the absolute best show I have ever experienced. Everyone was invited to assume the identity of an '80s punk band for the night and play a set as that band. If you were to be in the audience you were also requested to dress the part as an '80s punk audience member. Rumors circled the scene and it was said that everyone from the Descendents to

Bad Brains was to appear, and for the first time in Greensboro history everyone was excited about the same show. Obviously a lot of bands canceled but the lineup was still incredible with The Misfits, Minor Threat, and Social Distortion all playing for over 100 folks dressed in their collective punk-as-shit wardrobes. We all knew the words to all the songs, and the bands were made up of kids we all knew from around North Carolina. It's impossible for me to express the amount of energy created within the walls of that small house last October, but I know everyone in attendance will remember that night for the rest of their lives.

These are only a few examples of the creative punk-oriented activities going on in Greensboro. Several people have made a point to try to make each show a unique experience by creating new ways for the audience to participate as "part of the show." It's true that we may not hug every stranger that rolls into our town, or recognize the new kid who goes to a few of our shows. I hope that doesn't give the impression that we don't want you to play with us. A big portion of our scene is made up of a tight-knit circle of friends who have known and loved each other for years, and perhaps that's what makes us intimidating. I was intimidated by the Dick St. crew when I moved here during what our writer refers to as "Greensboro's heyday." Unfortunately my friend, that's just how things work and they always have.

Perhaps you have a solution to this problem more creative than simply returning to high school. If you do happen to remain in Greensboro please continue coming to shows, and I guarantee you'll start having fun.

—John Rash/PO Box 10093/Greensboro, NC 27404; slave_rash@hotmail.com.

HeartattaCk,

I want to write to you about something that I've been thinking about for a while. I know a lot of people that are concerned with all the bickering that's been going on in our scene lately—mainly bands that criticize another band's opinion on one subject, and letters to 'zines which criticize one columnist's opinion on another subject, etc. A lot of people seem to think that all this fighting is leading to the decay of the scene and that it is getting us nowhere, but I can assure you that this is certainly not the case.

I've read a countless number of columns where people endlessly complain that they're bored with a lot of today's bands, that they all pretty much say the same things ("fuck the system, government is bad") over and over again and that there needs to be a change. The way I see it, the only way for there to be change in the scene is for someone to challenge its ideals. When Crass came around we had people left and right running them into the ground. And why? Because they challenged so many things that people thought punk was supposed to be about. "Punk is Dead" openly criticized punk and where it was heading. Without Crass' "Punk is Dead," would there have been the Exploiter's "Punks not Dead"? Could be. And what of Crass now? They're definitely one of the most influential bands in punk history. They challenged certain things and influenced other bands to do things in response to that.

The point I'm trying to make is that as long as we are being brutally honest about the way we feel, other people are going to challenge what we are saying. As long as bands are expressing their opinions in their songs, more and more people are going to be inspired to start their own bands and respond to what the other bands are saying. Whether they love or hate a band, it

will inspire them either way to form their own opinions. And as long as we are constantly challenging each other this way, the healthier our scene will become. One thing that hardcore/punk has that almost no other scene has is people who have the ability to be honest with themselves and their opinions, and we should cherish that. If criticism comes your way, embrace it, because that is what keeps the scene alive. Let's keep giving people a reason to speak up, whether it's in support or opposition. It may look like childish bickering on the outside, but on the inside it's one of the best things we can do for ourselves in order to keep the scene thriving.

There are a lot of bands that are springing up every day in the scene, so many that you're free to pick the ones you do or don't like. Let the ones you like inspire you to express yourself while at the same time letting the bands you don't like inspire you to do the same. As long as we are not just plain insulting specific people, our scene will be providing an endless stream of inspiration for kids to go out and be a part of something. Now I'd like to see the MTV crowd do something like that. (By the way, I'm aware that I kind of contradicted myself, insulting the MTV crowd after I just said we shouldn't be just plain insulting people, but what I'm saying applies to people in OUR scene, not theirs.)

Hopefully the more we act on our beliefs,

inhuman. Losing touch with each other and the world, real community is shattered. Alienation prevails. And hopelessness and desperation become widespread.

I know if we truly want to live as free and healthy people in a world worth living in that the way things are now won't get us there. Likewise civilization cannot sustain itself. Ours has touched almost every corner of the earth, and for this reason we will take every piece with it if things don't change drastically. The ancient civilizations of Rome, Mesopotamia, and others show us well. Recycling, voting, and buying from the thrift store won't solve the problem. We must critique and analyze the problem in its entirety. My purpose by writing this letter is to generate some interest towards looking at things in a broader scope, at civilization itself.

My years in hardcore and punk tell me that there are many of you who care about the future, a future worth living. For this reason I ask you not to just read me and believe what I'm saying, or to wonder what the hell I'm talking about, or to settle for only reading His Hero Is Gone lyrics (not insult to them). There are many excellent authors critiquing technology and civilization: Lewis Mumford, Jacques Ellul, Chellis Glendinning, John Zerzan... all of whom have writings in an excellent book titled Against Civilization, which can be ordered from Uncivilized Books or found on-line at www.webcom.com/wildcat (publisher's address is here

pay for it."

But I digress. The younger element of this mess is still in need of direction. How many times have you heard or read a 'zine by a 16 year old who sounds like a jaded 30 year old? The great tragedy of this lies in the fact that instead of giving the kids what we know, we SELL it to them!

Now I could make this letter a mile long, defending and explaining my comments, but I think that would be counter-productive. What I hope is that more people will begin to take some sort of notice and set some good examples for the younger element in HC and punk today.

Someone once told me, "The punks and activists are a peculiar bunch. They focus on a myriad of issues that they have no hope or determination towards resolving... why not isolate three solitary issues, handle those with resolve and then move on to the rest???"

IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SECURE THE FUTURE OF HARDCORE FOR ALL OUR CHILDREN... I am,

—Jason Krusher/Raw Punk Bastards 'zine/ PO Box 197/Steger, IL 60475/USA

P.S. Count how many times the letter "I" is used to start letters in most 'zines... DIT people! UP THE HUMAN HC RACE! (correspondence necessary for intellectual growth)

That's Right We're That Spic Band

That's right mother fucker we're that spic band! You say you call yourself a punk? Bullshit! You're just a closet fucking Nazi! You are bull shit! You just do not understand us. Bullshit! You just fucking fear us. Bullshit! We're that Spic band! We're that Spic band! "That's Right We're That Spic Band" by Los Crudos

bigger changes in the scene will result, which should make those of you who cry out for change happy. So until then, express yourself, be honest, and challenge what everybody else tells you. Make a change.

—Joe Goodwin/1929 Harbert/Memphis, TN 38104; Catch22jbg@aol.com

Dear HaC,

I was glad to see the letter from Kjetil of Norway in the last issue of HaC #25. I've been meaning to address similar issues within the hardcore scene. Kjetil briefly discussed the correlation between "industrial society" and mass depression. However I would argue that industrialism and, to a greater extent, civilization itself is not living up to ALL its promises of happiness and progress for life on this planet.

The state of our world today is a sad one indeed. Massive starvation, warfare, exploitation, ecological devastation, depression. We are grieving the loss of our freedom and that beautiful thing called nature (in some indigenous cultures they do not separate "human" from "nature"). We are in crisis. We are becoming appendages to what Lewis Mumford called "the Megamachine." Technology—not just machines like computers, microwaves, telephones, automobiles, etc.—is all pervasive. It is the sum of techniques which has become autonomous of human will. By its nature our world is conforming to it. Contrary to popular opinion... we are not in control.

The means are not justifying the end. In our pursuit of production and consumption, we are unsustainable, like snake eating tail. The planet, and quality of life on it, is being debased and plundered for short term ends. Be cautious in placing fault! It's not just the corporations or capitalism or the other -isms. It's the whole damn system!

Techno-industrial civilization is destroying us and the civilized (read: domesticated) of us cannot even see it. Working our unmeaningful jobs and being fed the sensational media, our perception of the world is becoming twisted. The clock, the pavement, central heating, e-mail... we are becoming enslaved to the

too). Another good site for readings from a range of authors is at: www.subsitsu.com/kr/anarprim.htm. Or for more info try writing to: AAA/PO Box 11331/ Eugene, OR 97440.

I will end with a quote by Ellul: "The moment man (sic) stops and resigns himself, he becomes subject to determinism. He is most enslaved when he thinks he is comfortably settled in freedom. However, by grasping the real nature of the technological phenomenon, and the extent to which it is robbing him of freedom, he confronts the blind mechanisms as a conscious being."

For a better world,
S. W.

Dear *HeartattaCk* 'zine and its readers (my friends and brothers),

OK, from what it looks like, punk and HC seems to be a massive group of voices crying out for direction. You see it repeated a thousand times, 'zines chock full of anarcho-political rhetoric, but in the letters section what is there? Miles of text about SE boy who hates cigarettes and smoke, Mr. Bill who hates the PC punx, Mrs. Billie who hates those who don't like her PC slant, bands complaining about a shitty review they got, a "college anarchist" complains about the system while filling out enrollment forms and waiting for mommy's check from home... and the list reads on. The many different facets of punk and HC are represented?

Is there any hope of the existence of viable, valid expression that will ever lead to social change? Do the "columnists" ever ask if anyone is even reading their shit? Do the "columnists" and "editors" even give a shit, or is it all just another deadline to them like a Wall Street suit? Or is the column idea just another undiagnosed pacification of so-called "punk" activism?

Martin (from some band from here) says that "DIY should be changed to DIT, 'Doing It Together!'"

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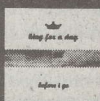
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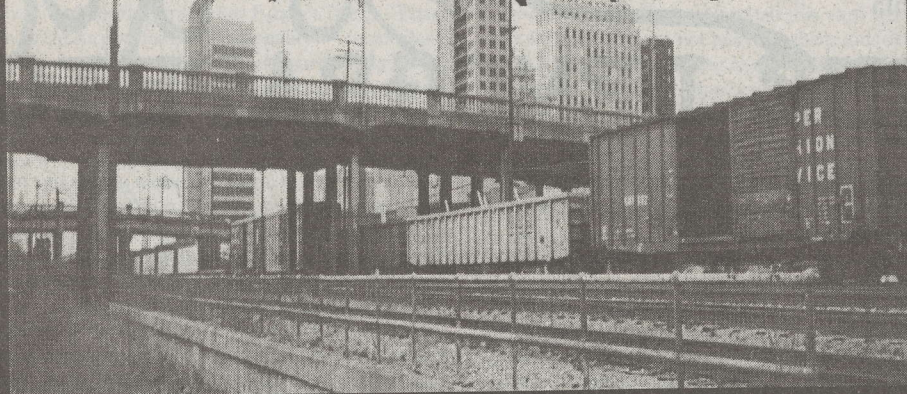
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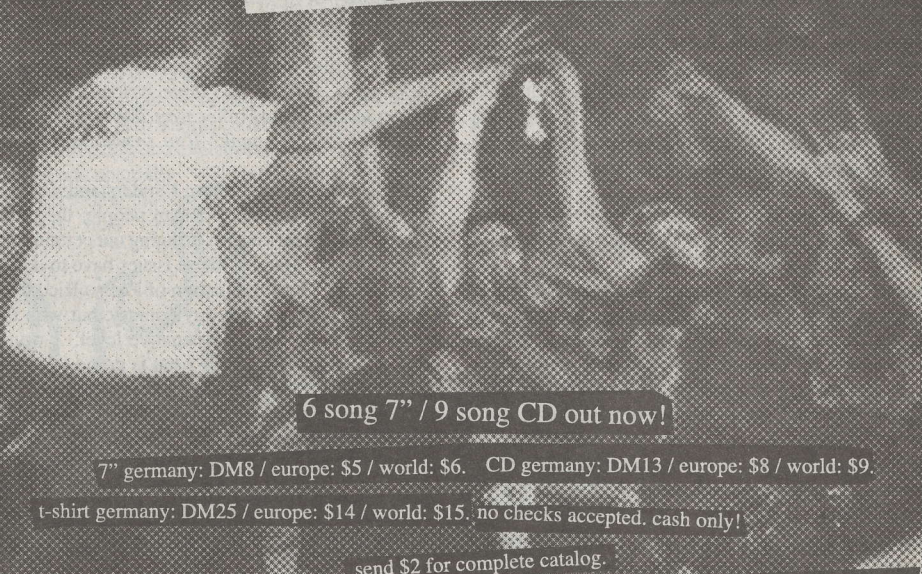
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The following is a series of interviews I did with friends/people of color involved in punk. There are countless others I wish I could have included as well, but because of time it just wasn't possible. However this should not be the only time to do this—if you're out there, make yourselves heard. I present to you these seven people in an attempt to help abolish the current image of the punk. —Mike Amezcua

BURNING THE DEMOGRAPHIC

Taina Del Valle interview: *Taina is the singer for upstate New York's Anti-Product. If I wanted one person to represent all people of color's voice and struggle in punk, it would be Taina.*

What is your ethnic background and where are you from?

Taina: I am Puerto Rican. I was born in Binghamton, NY (up-state for all of those who think that New York is just NYC).

Who or what influenced you into being a punk?

Taina: I think that in order to answer this question it is important for me to describe the area in which I grew up. It was a predominately white middle class area, so much so that I was in fact one of the only people of color in my entire school. This had a lot of consequences for me and my family.

From the day I entered that school I suffered severe racism, reflecting in physical, verbal and emotional abuse almost every day by students and teachers. This actually was the main catalyst in my involvement in punk, or my push to rebel against the norm. Like many young womyn involved in the punk/hardcore scene, I was introduced to punk through a guy that I was dating when I was 16. I later became friends with a womyn named Little Chris (who is now the roadie for our band) who really helped me to find an identity in punk of my own. We would listen to music like Minor Threat and dance in my basement. We also tried to challenge the middle class dress code in our school by wearing clothes that we had either made or recreated ourselves, and by dying our hair different colors. More importantly however, we began to really challenge staunch middle class ideas that were existing in our area, and because of these things we really suffered a lot of abuse at the hands of our community. The punk community became a very important community for me to be a part of and feel accepted by. I did, however, have trouble relating and communicating with other people in the punk scene in relation to the racism that I was experiencing. Fighting against racism was displayed on a patch more than it was talked about.

Was it difficult to, not only to find women that you can connect with, but women of your own race involved in this? Did it matter?

Taina: Since there really weren't any womyn of color in my area besides myself, that was pretty much out of the question, and in the beginning of my involvement in the punk scene I didn't really think about it because it was just what I was used to. I did have an extremely small network of friends that were womyn in the punk scene. They were fundamental in finding myself within and outside of the very male dominated punk scene and patriarchal world. As a matter of fact, I believe Little Chris is one of the main contributors in helping me to find the strength within myself to be in a band with men. I eventually found womyn of color to connect with, but they mostly have not been in the punk scene. Although it would be great to see more womyn of color in the punk scene I think that it is also important to recognize that punk is not the end all be all of the world, and it is important

to connect with all sorts of people, and to not look to the punk scene as your only means of making personal and revolutionary connections.

Have you ever felt alienated by punk in any way? Directly or indirectly?

Taina: Definitely. It happens every time I talk about Puerto Rico or any other issue during a set that doesn't address one of the many token issues that are usually addressed in the US punk scene. It happens when I read a poem instead of scream a song. It happens when I don't fit certain dress code standards. It happens when I'm caught listening to hip hop or any other genre of music, or when people find out that I also sing for other non-punk groups. It happens when I play a conga instead of a drum kit. It happens when I don't collect, know, or care to know every punk record that comes out. It happens when I am called a "spic" or a "feminazi" by a punk. It happens when I am called racist for dedicating a song to Latinos. It happens all the fucking time.

When I was in junior high and high school in my neighborhood I would be criticized by my own people for listening to punk and wearing Black Flag shirts and stuff. They would tell me I listened to "white boy rock." Did you get any similar treatment in your town? Would you say this criticism is true in a sense?

Taina: I didn't really get that feedback in my town, but I certainly felt that from my cousins that grew up in NYC, who for many reasons, felt that I was too "cracker." I'm not sure if I can really speak to the historical reasons that punk really grew in the US as a white dominated scene, because I don't think that I know enough about the history of that music/culture. However, I do feel like bands like Ricanstruction and Huasipungo, just to name a few, have really been successful in breaking out of this mold, musically and lyrically.

Is it important to bring in part of your culture or background, whether it's done lyrically, musically, subject matter or any other way, into your band and your involvement in punk? If so, in what ways do you do this?

Taina: I think that the more I understand who I am and the history of Puerto Rican people, the more I become passionate towards bringing out certain issues into the scene. Many of these issues have to do with Puerto Rico. The colonization of Puerto Rico by the US has effected not only my country, but who I am today on a very deep and negative level. I want to bring about the truth about what is going in relation to Puerto Rico and the US. For example I might discuss the struggle to get the US military out of Vieques, PR, where the land, ocean and people are being destroyed due to their bombing. Also, I tell people about the Puerto Rican Prisoners Of War who are unjustly lying in our prisons for fighting, in different forms, from the freedom of our country. Most of these issues are spoken about during and after our set. We do have one song called "The Power Of Medusa" that talks about my feelings of frustration with feeling like I had to fit certain white standards of beauty and the ways that I have found to begin to resist that.

Some people would argue that when you do this (e.g. talk about your roots, sing in a different language, take pride in your culture, talk about other peoples' struggles), that you are separating yourself from other people in the scene thus creating barriers and alienating others. What's your take on this?

Taina: I think that many white people who feel this way are very used to having the world catered to them. It's as if they are saying that we should all conform to white amerikkan culture, and that anything else is extra, invalid and unnecessary. Fuck that shit! It just goes to show how deep white privilege really goes. It shows the white centering of this country, and accentuates the need for people of color in the scene to continue doing what they are doing.

When does pride in your own culture ever become too much? How can we get our message across to different types of people without shutting them out?

Taina: I don't think we need to baby people into understanding who we are, where we come from, and how we feel about it. I am tired of being the other and I don't think that we should be worried about hurting other people's feelings by being proud of who we are. However, I do think it is important to acknowledge the relationship amongst many different struggles. Ultimately, we have all been duped by the system in one way or another.

Is the US hardcore/punk scene ready to burn down this image of the "middle-to-upper class, white heterosexual male" dominant subculture? Or is that still what this truly is?

Taina: I don't think that we can separate the problems from this subculture with the problems of mainstream culture. This scene does not exist in a vacuum. As long as racism, sexism, homophobia, and class struggles exist in this country, they will in one form or another exist in punk. As long as there are people resisting against these things in this country, there will be people resisting in punk. Mos Def says in one of his albums, "We are hip hop. Me, you, everybody. So hip hop's going where we going. So the next time you asks yourself where hip hop is going ask yourself, 'where am I going?,' 'How am I doing?,' and you'll get a clearer idea." I think the same could be said for punk.

If you like, add anything you feel is important and missing from this interview.

Taina: Un gran abrazo a todos quienes me inspiran a luchar para la liberación de toda la gente y de la tierra.

Heric Dueñas: *Heric did what I think was the first and only Los Angeles straightedge fanzine back in the late '80s/early '90s called Patchwork. Now he plays in what to me is one of the most inspirational and powerful bands around right now, Kontraataque.*

What is your ethnic background and where are you from?

Heric: I was born in El Salvador, and I'm 29 years old. I have a real big problem with nationality and stuff like that so I would say I'm from Central America. I wouldn't wanna say I'm Salvadoran or

my family is Salvadoran.

Why don't you consider yourself a Salvadoran?

Heric: I can't identify myself with it because I came to this country when I was six years old and I know my whole family comes from that country and I was born in that country but I didn't really grow up there. It would be hypocritical of me to say that I can relate to that nationality. I know enough about it to know where I'm coming from, but I didn't live it. Plus I always had a problem with nationality—I mean, that's one of the reasons that I'm into punk, because it's something where that's not supposed to matter, where it's an integration of different people. I view everything as people, I'm totally against borders so there's no reason for me to chant, "I'm Salvadoran!" or "I'm Mexican!" or whatever.

That seems to be the case with many daughters/sons of immigrants living here in the US because even if you were born there and raised here or if you were just born here, there's still that feeling that you're not from either place. Recognizing this, how does it affect you?

Heric: It doesn't affect me in a negative way. I don't really think too much about whether I belong here or I belong over there.

How and why did you get into punk?

Heric: I think I naturally stumbled on to punk after years of being a metal and thrash kid. Being into something that was already not the mainstream music like metal, it's like I related to it real quick because of the stories the lyrics dealt with which I connected with things that when on with my family throughout my teens.

Can you please talk about that. What's the relation that you make between your family and what these bands were talking about?

Heric: Well, coming from a country where there was a war for like eleven years and having my family flee the country because of it. My older brother, he was a college professor, and my other brother was attending college and this made them targets for the army and the government because whoever is in a university or goes to college has a potential for rebellious thinking and these are the people who are targeted for being part of the left movement. It came to the point where the government came into my family's house and they searched and tried to find my brothers and they just couldn't handle that anymore and had to leave. And me being here and hearing about all these things and watching TV and watching the fact that fucking Ronald Reagan is here and he's saying we've got to kick some communist ass, we can't let them get their way, and we can't let them take over Central America, because then it's Guatemala then Mexico and then they're gonna be right next door to us. So then when all this stuff is happening in my family and it's happening nation wide and I'm reading DRI lyrics about Reaganomics and I'm reading Cryptic Slaughter lyrics about nuclear weapons and stuff like that, I'm gonna relate to it one hundred percent. There was a strong relationship between the bands lyrics and what was going on in my life at the time.

Is it always important to know where you come from?

Heric: Yeah it's important for everyone to know where they come from because then you make the best of what you feel the right thing is. For example, there's a big Chicano movement and stuff, but

somehow it ended up being a movement, but I don't see much being done because there's a lot of... I would say alienation involved.

Alienation from who?

Heric: From other Latinos, and to me that's the

biggest mistake you can make, because for example in the band that I'm in, one of the members, Ignacio, can identify himself as being a Mexican-American and so can Lalo and I'm from El Salvador yet I don't have any problem with him being Mexican-American. If he can't speak Spanish just as well as I can, I'm not gonna make that an issue. And the whole Chicano movement, it's an issue of where they're talking about México and Che Guevara and all this stuff yet they have kids and they're not teaching these kids how to speak Spanish. There's this book store I went to and it's all about Chicano/Latino heritage with T-shirts that say like "brown pride" and stuff like that, and then there's like all kinds of pictures and posters with Cesar Chavez and Che and out of all the tons books they had maybe five of them were in Spanish. That's a really fucked up thing for me because, yeah, you want to learn about your culture which is cool, but then your leaving out the main issue which is the language, it's important. Because there's certain things that you just can't express in other languages. This is the case with other groups of people too, for example Japanese and Chinese. The language is a really rich thing. I think it's very sad that they're missing that point.

Does this have anything to do as to why your band sings in Spanish?

Heric: To me it's a statement. The things that were trying or at least the lyrics that I write, I can't see myself expressing them more honestly in any other language. I mean, even though I grew up here and I went to school here and everything and graduated from high school, I still speak one hundred percent Spanish at home. The things that we're writing about don't only relate to Latino people here. I want people outside of this country to know exactly what's going on with the people immigrating over here. Latin Americans predominantly speak Spanish and those are the people I'm trying to reach, because these are the people who are going through the drastic changes economically and politically day by day and all this shit because of the US and it's very important for me that messages like this get across to them so they can understand what people are going through here and on their way over here.

Surprisingly, still the majority of people at your shows are anglo, are they getting your message?

Heric: Well, we're really careful about that. Even though it might get old after awhile I always make it an issue where I need to explain our songs before we play them. Even if our songs were in English but we're playing this chaotic grindcore they're still not gonna understand what we're saying if they don't have a record or lyric sheet or whatever. So even if we were doing it in Japanese or English or whatever, the important thing is to interact with the people there in that space, that day, and explain to them what the songs are about and not really just to say, "this song is about crossing the border" or "this song is about how fucked up society is." The important thing is to relate the story to the people there that day, what

in a sense that made me feel like I didn't belong, things were too out of reach for me. Like when I was young and I was really into straightedge bands and I thought only Mike Hartsfield (of New Age Records) was able to do a straightedge label. I never thought I would be able to do something like that. I'm not sure if I felt that way because of my class or where I was from or whatever.

Well what is it that makes us feel like we can't do 'zines or labels or bands? Is it economics?

Heric: Well, there were hardly people that you can look up to, relate, and say, "Well if they can do it then I can do it too." Well, at least to me, it came to a point where until bands like Los Crudos and Huasipungo came out I started thinking that if someone like Martin and Los Crudos, who has been a big influence on me, can do this, then I feel like I can do it too. But when you only hear of certain people—like in the early '80s you hear of Ian MacKaye or even later Jordan from Revelation—they're just so distant from us in many aspects that you can't even imagine as to how they went about doing records and things like that, the process. There was no one really to talk to about this so we had no idea as to where to start. Not up until, for example, you see people like Martin doing things like this or even Kent McClard writing in his fanzine on how to put out records, that's when I felt I could relate to these people. When I was younger I would always see people doing record labels and fanzines and I would be like, "Damn, how do you go about doing stuff like that?" but there's no way I could call up Ian MacKaye and ask him, "Hey, can you explain this to me?" It wasn't like that before.

They seemed unapproachable.

Heric: Yeah, after a while the punk scene became more down to earth I guess.

What role does Martin's new documentary on the Latino/Chicano punk scene have in the punk/hc movement as a whole?

Heric: Well, an important one, I feel—because there have been tons of important bands that have come and gone that nobody even remembers anymore, I mean that may very well happen to us and other bands like Subsistencia. So in that sense the documentation of this is very important to me just like it would be very important to document other punk bands who struggle towards animal liberation or are involved in other important activities. I'm not saying that we are gonna be the influence of future Latino punks or anything like that, what I'm saying is that this video is important because it's there for you to see and acknowledge that we exist.

Felix Reyes: Felix is one of my closest friends since way back in junior high and one of the very few punk/hardcore kids here in our neighborhood. Oh yeah, he also plays in Lifes Halt.

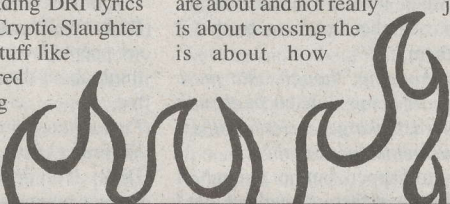
What is your ethnic background and where are you from?

Felix: My ethnic background is salvadoreño. Both my parents are from El Salvador and I was born here in the US. I'm from Los Angeles, California.

As a punk, have you ever felt like you didn't belong because of who you are?

Felix: Yes. In about 1995 I met my good friend Ernesto and he was big into the straightedge scene which, at the time, was big with bands like Strife and Integrity, big bands like

that. When I met him I started going to shows with him in Orange County and places like the Showcase Theatre. Me and Ernesto and whoever else came along with us. We were the only Latinos at these shows, everyone was caucasian, middle class, nicely dressed,



"I am tired of being the other and I don't think that we should be worried about hurting other people's feelings by being proud of who we are." --Taina Del Valle

part they play in it. So yeah, I think people that go to our shows are definitely getting the message.

Have you ever felt like you don't belong in punk?

Heric: I felt this way when I was younger and I thought only certain kids could do certain things. So

clean cut kids. I did sometimes feel like people were looking at us in a condescending way, but at that time I was like, whatever. Actually I'm still like that, but at the time I didn't even think about it, I just thought, "fuck, what a rude person." But I didn't think about issues of class or race and ethnicity. Looking back on it, yeah, even then I felt alienated and came to realize that class and race play big roles in being a punk.

Lifes Halt started singing songs in Spanish. The majority of kids that like your band and go to your shows are white. What kind of feedback have you received from people because of this change?

Felix: We've gotten different reactions from people. For example my friend Rich, he's awesome, he once said that he thinks it's great that we sing in Spanish. Once we had this other kid say something like, "Hey, why are you guys singing in Spanish, how are we supposed to understand?" He was basically expressing the view point that we were trying to make him realize—what's up with this fucking English only attitude. I mean anyone will tell you that were not groundbreakers in this, there have been many bands that have done this before us who have totally influenced us like Kontraattaque and Crudos and others.

I would argue that in a sense Lifes Halt is breaking some new ground by singing in Spanish because you have sort of a different fan base that bands like Kontraattaque and Crudos might not have such as a lot of the younger straightedge kids which listen to your music and go to your shows. It's very interesting.

Felix: Yeah well singing in Spanish is definitely a political statement for me, it's saying why does everything have to be so standard to the American westernized way. I mean fuck it, we're from this background, we have this language and the language that we sing in kind of represents... it's like a protest you know, to that mental globalization we have. And we were influenced by bands like Subsistencia and Kontraattaque from here in LA that are just totally awesome and have great things to say and we realized we relate to that, that's where we come from too... you know, not to mention it just makes punk a little bit more thought provoking. People will maybe try to dig a little deeper into the lyrics and investigate a little bit more because they are in a different language. I mean that's basically our intention, to try and create some sort of discussion or debate, so it was a variety of things such as a protest and just kind of like a declaration of who we are and where we come from. *So in thinking this way do you agree that people should be able to embrace their own culture and integrate it into their involvement in punk. Perhaps through music, lyrics, discussion or any other form?*

Felix: Oh yeah, totally. Like I said earlier, punk shouldn't be stagnant. For punk to be educational and interesting in that way is an awesome thing. This is another reason why we chose to sing in Spanish, because I really like when foreign bands sing in their own language; it's very powerful, and it adds a whole new dimension to it and if it has lyrics that relate to them and lets us know a little bit more about them as people and where they come from then that's awesome. That's what punk should be about. It should be an exchange of ideas. I mean you always hear this and it doesn't always happen, but that, to me, is the epitome of doing that, singing in your own language and singing about things that affect you. It's an educational experience for everybody else, and it truly represents people's uniqueness and special differences.

Can this be taken too far, though, where we start shutting out or alienating other people?

Felix: I can see that happening, but it's all in the

delivery of how you do it. I mean it depends on what your saying of course, if you say things in an arrogant manner people are gonna be put off, they're gonna be like, "What the fuck?! Fuck you guys!" But if you say like, "Hey, this is our story, check it out" and in the process offend someone then that's when communication and

if she did I'm not sure if she'd like that because she keeps to herself about her politics. She would say something to me if she found out I was protesting proposition 21, she would say, "Why are you getting involved in that? That shouldn't bother you, it shouldn't matter to you." I mean, she doesn't say too much to me anymore about it, but that's probably because she can't understand it. When I listen to punk or he sung is Spanish I feel like I should probably lower the volume cuz I... I mean it's good to speak to your parents about what you are listening to and what you believe in but, my mom well you know... jeje... it's difficult. It's really awkward because you sort of have to explain the history of punk, and why they are angry, and why they're saying certain things, etc.

Felix Reyes/1744 W 25th St./Los Angeles, CA 90018/flex83@hotmail.com

"I wish I would've heard a band or record when I was younger telling me to not to be embarrassed for who I am and the color of my skin." --Lina Garcia

discussion should happen. I mean you shouldn't candy-coat for people either but you shouldn't intentionally insult somebody even though you just might and probably will. I can see that as a positive thing because then discourse will happen which can lead to better understanding amongst different groups of people.

Latinos and African-Americans have the higher population rate in the city of Los Angeles than any other ethnic group. And if there's truth that the punk/hc scene mirrors a small version of regular society than why aren't there more people of color involved in punk in this city? What is it that keeps us away from it? Out of the many possibilities and factors contributing to this, can you explain a couple?

Felix: For one I would probably say that "minorities" are probably not well off enough to have the leisure to be involved in something like punk rock. We're pretty lucky people, you and me, and all the "minorities" involved in punk rock, because people need to have some sort of stable home life where they can afford to go to shows and buy records or whatever. I mean I'm able to do that and that's why I consider myself lucky, I'm very privileged, I have a job, I work. And I'm not trying to say, "Oh, Latinos and all minorities are hopelessly oppressed," because we're not, but there are other things that hinder their exposure or capability to be involved in some things, that can be one factor. Another thing can be that it just doesn't speak to them.

Do you think this is changing, though, that more people of color in punk are being more vocal about it and all the issues involved, making it easier for others outside of this to relate and to speak to them?

Felix: That is starting to happen, but not enough. I mean there are just a bunch of factors involved that I can even begin to think of right now.

What does your family think of your involvement in punk?

Felix: When I was younger and I was first buying records and tapes, my mom would hear it and say, "musica de locos (crazy people's music)." To her anything that seems or looks radical, she calls it hippy. She tells me I look like a hippy. What she doesn't like about it is that I spend a lot of my time playing with bands and stuff like that and going to shows she thinks I'm wasting my life away—because she's not totally aware of the political element in punk or what I get out of it and the people involved in it. And even

What is your ethnic background and where are you from?

Dirk: My nationality is Japanese but I don't totally relate to it. If I were to go to Japan I would be just as foreign to them as anyone else in this room [nothing but Latinos up in the crib that day. —Mike]. I might have their look or skin color, but my attitudes and my actions are probably way different from theirs.

Was there ever a time when you could not relate or identify with punk?

Dirk: Never. I would go to shows but would I be thinking, "Gee, there's a lot of white kids here"? No, not really, because the way I saw it was that we were all punks. I never really thought about it too much. About the color of a persons skin or whatever, it never crossed my mind.

Have you ever experienced prejudice in punk? Directly or indirectly?

Dirk: Directly towards me, no, not really. I never felt threatened or excluded or anything like that. I mean it might be me, I might be totally oblivious to what's around me that I don't really care as to what someone's thinking, so someone may act a certain way towards me and I just may be off on a different level and not even thinking about that. I've never felt like I can't be a part of this.

Was there ever a need for you to find other Japanese kids involved in punk? Did it matter?

Dirk: Well for me, when you see a band or when you see people involved it's really about the people. I don't think about their race at all. That's what matters to me.

Punks that embrace their culture... are they separating themselves from other punks? Is it a step backwards?

Dirk: It all depends on the persons sincerity. If you know who you are and want to embrace it, I think it's great and should be integrated into punk. But there have been some people that have taken it too far, which can make it a step backwards. We can say white power bands are exercising whatever their culture is. I mean it's really the attitude and mentality behind that expression, but for people who want to present a different view or another perspective for reasons of opening up understanding that would definitely not be a step backwards.

I like the attitude I get from you. I like that you go to a punk show and you don't see different races, you see punks. I think you've reached a level where a lot of us hope to be some day. But to a lot of people race

is still a factor. We're kind of lucky in that sense because we live in Los Angeles and we get the best of all worlds—I mean all kinds of kids show up at shows, it's great. But once you leave LA or you leave you New York or any other big city, that beautiful cultural diversity is gone.

Dirk: I mean, well, yeah, maybe I'm missing it. Because I live in LA I've never experienced that aspect. I've never been to a punk show anywhere else outside this area.

Lina Garcia: Lina is the singer for the Los Angeles based band Subsistencia. She's currently working on other various musical projects and is always active in different types of movements here in Los Angeles.

What is your ethnic background and where are you from?

Lina: My origin is México. I am a Mexican. I was born in Chicago, Illinois and then brought here to Los Angeles when I was younger.

Why is punk your outlet for expression?

Lina: Because punk already has a sense of rebellion, we just want to input new ideas into it. It's fast, angry music. I can't be singing the stuff I write about, I need to be screaming it. And simply because that's where we all started, that's what we were all originally into, it's the road of expression we chose to travel. I mean it's easy, anyone can play it and we wanted also to make the punk ours. In a sense change it to become our own. I mean we started integrating indigenous instruments with the electric instruments, although a lot of people criticize us for that.

Like who?

Lina: The criticism we've gotten is from people in México—they feel that Mexicans born here in the US aren't really Mexican, and I have a real problem with that, so they sort of feel like we don't have the right to do this. I ask them, "Well, both my parents are Mexican, doesn't that make me a Mexican?" If an African man and African woman go to China and have a baby, would the baby be Chinese or African? To me the baby is gonna be African. I guess a lot of people still have the border deeply ingrained in their minds, where if you cross the border you're something else, but I want to get rid of the borders mentally too. Can it also be a type of resentment they feel, due to the differences in our lifestyles and the way we grow up here as opposed to there?

Lina: Yeah, I think that has a lot to do with it as well, because we have it easier over here. One example is that at punk shows here people are greedy with their resources and equipment. Hardly anybody shares their stuff whereas over there everyone shares the little equipment they have.

Have you ever felt alienated by punk?

Lina: Yeah, sometimes I felt alienated when I would go to shows because me and my sister were the only brown people there, but I don't know if it was that or because I was being classified for how many years I had been going to shows, how many "punk points" I had or whatever. But nobody ever said anything directly to my face. I would be one of the only people going to shows on the bus. Class had a lot to do with it too. There's a big class difference in the punk/hc scene, even when you see the bands playing you could tell, some have the kick ass equipment, and the ghetto bands have the Rivas instead of the Marshalls. Does race play a big role into your involvement in punk?

Lina: In Subsistencia, definitely. We put a big emphasis on race and on culture and how we have felt these cultural differences specially living here in the US, the dominance of the American-European way of life, that's the message we strive to put out, like what's happening in our community, how are we being affected by decisions that are made elsewhere.

Is your message only for certain people?

Lina: Not at all. Sometimes just by looking into the people's faces in the crowd at a show, we can tell they don't have that deep down feeling of really feeling what were saying so we address that. We know that people are coming from different places, different backgrounds. Some are coming from their two-story homes with their back yards and barbecues. It depends where were playing but we try to adapt to the audience, we always look to see who the people are in the crowd. You could tell by the way they look and talk and you get an idea of where they are coming from, if they are from, for example, Orange County, then we talk about how they can get involved in their own community or help their surrounding communities. The message is for anyone who wants it.

Have you experienced sexism at shows?

Lina: Shows to me are sometimes like a war. We'll start talking about something... someone at a show once said to me, "Shut the fuck up and make me a sandwich!"—which is good, because once that person says that I can confront them with it, I ask, "Why are you saying that?" and most of the time those people have nothing to say, they're just yelling out ignorance. That person is just made to look like an idiot.

Where does the influence for what you talk about as a band come from?

Lina: Pretty much coming from each other, the community, our roots, Mexican culture. Subsistencia is about us and where we come from. Like we have this new song and it's about Cuauhtemoc, and he was a king and ruler, kinda like a gobernante and we know a lot of people are not gonna understand it, but I guess sometimes we are just trying to reach our own people in our communities who can understand it, that the history has been lost because of misinformation, you have to really look for it in order to obtain this information. I mean, sometimes when were playing in Orange County you'll hear us singing about Cuauhtemoc, Ehekatl the wind and Naui Ollin the four directions. We try to break it down to people there too, and saying this is our culture, this the way we see things and we're not trying to go back to our past, we're trying to learn from our past.

To me the reason I started looking into my culture was because so much of it was destroyed and I started asking myself, "Well, why was it destroyed?" "Why were the drums taken away from our people?" "Why was it illegal to dance and to do ceremonies?" And then I started digging into the reasons they did these things in the first place, what the ceremonies were about, what the dances were about, what the drum represented. And I also want to learn about other cultures too and how we connect with each other like a circle, the four directions, it shouldn't just be about your culture, it's about learning about all cultures. Right now were trying to reawaken our knowledge of our roots because it's been so neglected, people don't want to know about their roots, they want to become more "American." I mean, what's in the past is in the past, but I think there's lots of information that can be learned from that so we don't make the same mistakes. It does become a problem if you just get stuck in that though. I mean, people can see us as nationalists or whatever, but there's a big difference in being nationalistic and embracing your roots. And we are not nationalists.

You mentioned Ehekatl the wind and Naui Ollin the four directions? Before a Subsistencia set you present this when you play the concha instrument. People who know of the tradition say that men are supposed to play the concha not women, how do you feel about that?

Lina: A lot of those rules are being placed by people today, saying, "Our ancestors did it like this," or "our ancestors did it like that." So my

question to them is, "Why?" I mean, you don't even know why. The concha represents the woman, and people think it ought to be a man playing it, but I don't see a problem with the women playing the concha, you can also see it as a total energy connecting together... total feminine energy. I hear a lot of this, people giving me their own rules. I don't pay attention to it, I'm doing what feels right deep inside and being true to myself.

Do you feel a sense of responsibility to the women that show up at Subsistencia shows?

Lina: I do. Because I'm a woman and because I'm brown. I wish I would've heard a band or record when I was younger telling me to not be embarrassed for who I am and the color of my skin. I want to communicate these things that aren't being said to other women in punk about what's happening to us, in our communities. I want to reawaken certain feelings inside these women.

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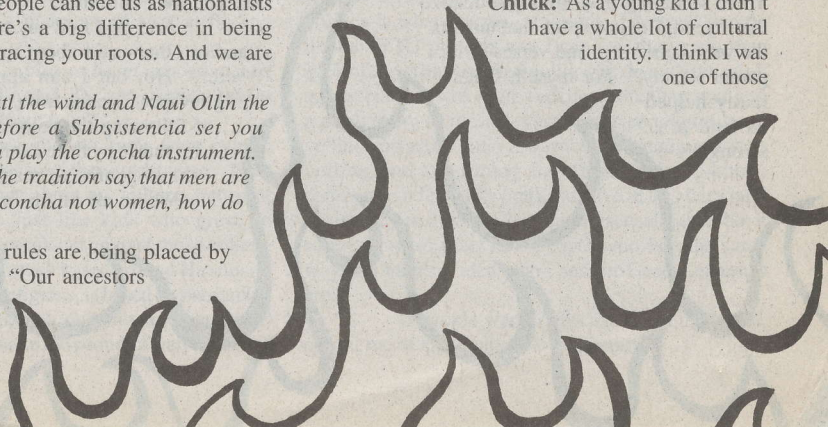
Chuck Shackelford: Chuck is a former member of The Q-Factor and Bread & Circuits—two inspirational bands that can only take people like him to make them inspirational.

What is your ethnic background and where are you from?

Chuck: As far as birthplaces go, I was born in Columbus, Ohio. I grew up there as well. My mom and dad moved there from their home state of Georgia in 1971, the year my older brother was born. They thought it would be a nice, healthy place to raise a family. As far as ethnicity goes... at present, I find "Black" to feel the most comfortable in terms of ethnic representation. It's funny though, because a part of me inside feels confused about what's more appropriate to use/say in relation to my heritage (appropriate to me). I think... "What encapsulates my history?" or "What does African-American say that Black doesn't, and vice versa?" During a conversation about racial identity recently, a work related friend of mine who's in his 70s really put it well when he said this, "Out of the whole world, this (America) is the only place where a 'Negro' was made." As of late, both terms have begun to feel pretty empty to an extent. I think a lot of it has to do with the complete and total lack of self determination that resides at the root of both. Often times it's pretty goddamn hard not to feel like, when it comes down to the dominating American perspective... "You're gonna have to be a nigger no matter what, but at least we'll let you decide the spelling." Fuck, this could become a LONG answer. Sorry Mike. So yeah... it's pretty hard to say what term conveys the most meaning while allowing me to feel its truest representation.

Who or what influenced you? I myself, as a Chicano, would say that there weren't too many people of my own race that I could identify with (or that I even knew of) involved in punk when I was getting into this. Was this the case for you? Did it matter?

Chuck: As a young kid I didn't have a whole lot of cultural identity. I think I was one of those



kids who rode the peace train till the last fucking stop... "We're all the same!"—that could've been declared as my motto. Oh yeah, we were all the same... till the white friends of mine became nazis, or slandered me racially in an argument, or slandered other people of color to me because they found me to be one of the "good ones" or mentally labeled me as "other" due to my predominantly "white" interests). Hmm.

But yeah, as a kid in "the teen years," I was (fanatically speaking) quite into skateboarding and preceding that "freestyling" (yeah, I mean bikes dudes). My subsequent connection with this thing (hardcore/punk) is derived from that. (It's almost funny to think that skateboarding as a sort of subculture EVER had a connection to punk rock!)

I started out listening to lots of skate rock bands like McRad, Odd Man Out, etc. (of course not initially though). After a while there started to be introductions made by friends to me with other types of similarly styled musics (more self proclaimed punk/hardcore). After a while I came to be a sworn fan of bands like Dead Kennedys, G.B.H., Suicidal, Agnostic Front, etc. Preceding all this, though, was my ever consuming love... '80s top 40. I grew up one top 40 listening-to ass something... I was (?) an absolute fiend for all that stuff. Help me....

As far as whether it mattered to me whether or not there were other people from my culture to identify with, yeah, I think it did matter then. I'd concede it matters more to me now though by far. Understanding now just what it was that was lacking at such a precious time (fuck, but ain't it all precious...), now I only want to help to provide a more glaringly beautiful foundation for all the kids of color who'll find this thing (punk/h.c./whatever) so that they won't have to have that crippling feeling of disjointedness be their square one. They're destined to have obstacles (oooooooohhhhhh yes)... but let's help them be something else for once (and for all). I hope not to hand something to them to share in that hasn't changed somehow for their benefit. (And now, returning to history...)

Yes, indeed, I wish (and wished) there had been a stronger Black presence in the scene I came to grow up in. It really hurt sometimes to have to feel like an anomaly, even within the confines of your friendships. Never being able to either explain, nor sure as hell show the people whom you spent the bulk of your time and mind with just what made your perspective that much different from theirs. What made you feel unsafe or unsure about your place in things... why it was that your friends never felt the force of what seemed a paradox. As Struggle once said: "...and it keeps going on."

Have you ever felt alienated by punk in any way? Directly or indirectly?

Chuck: I really and truly wish I could say that I haven't but... and I'm sure I'm summarizing a tale which every single punk person of color knows the context of by heart by saying... HELL YEAH, I'VE FELT ALIEN! But the thing is this: the alienation felt here is nothing but a shrunken down carbon copy of the everyday assault felt by us. There's nothing new after you realize that, "yeah, I'm in a space that mirrors the very same ways and verses of its parent society." For myself, that's really helped to find a stronger

sense of focus in terms of dedication. In the outer world from punk, the Black, Yellow, Brown, Red, etc., people of this society (and most others, truth be told) expend INCREDIBLE amounts of life time/energy trying to play the game of "Make The Whites Like Me." Now ultimately, that game will go into overtime into other areas of living... and before you know it, instead of having forged some kind of commitment to family/community, and/or given life to your own dreams, you've then spend the better part of your time getting bogged down within a confusion that should never have been.

People in this community, I feel are all after something... I used to feel that it was a search for a voice, for resonance, but now I'm not so sure. Seeing just how many voices there are at times and what exactly it is that I'm hearing as well as hoping to hear... I'm starting to feel this place to be well on it's way to be useless to me. There's not a feeling of relativity as I felt there once was. In terms of a person's expression of their life trials in this community, I guess I've just become a bit full of not finding that connection necessary to feel moved. I guess everyone has things that don't speak to them. When I mentioned having a more dedicated focus earlier, I feel that this is where that point has come to: it's time to feel the flow of words from the minds and hearts of Black people for a change. Overload on white "majority" input was reached long ago for me. Taking cues from the beautifully necessary example of the Latina(o)/Chicano(a) movements within this scene in recent years (about a decade actually...) it's time that there be a movement on our behalf. We have soo fucking much to say... it's time.

When I was in junior high and high school in my neighborhood I would be criticized by my own people for listening to punk and wearing Black Flag shirts and stuff. They would tell me I listened to "white boy rock." Did you get any similar treatment in your town? Would you say this criticism is true in a sense?

Chuck: Shit, I reckon I could date those slurs back merely a matter days if I had to. I grew up with all that same treatment... all of the verbal agitation, all the physical forms as well. And it's so funny to think about it now how I never understood it... how I could never recognize what the reasoning(s) might be behind that brand of treatment. Now though, as I've come more so into my own feelings about culture and identity, I can see to a degree what it was that prompted those actions within the people it did.

When I was younger, I used to get in some of the most heated battles with my Mom about the things mentioned herein... "Why are you wearing those clothes, why are all your friends white," etc. I used to think and be thought of as if I was this crusader for world peace, and that it all started with my motto. This sort of thing carried throughout my teens, with not only my peers, but most significant for me, my Mom often times viciously attacking either/or all of the following: my friends, my clothes, my music, or my "skateboarding lifestyle." (Incidentally, I still believe in peace... it's just that now I've come to recognize the prerequisites needed to obtain it, just in case you were curious...)

And do I find any truth in what my peers and/or others said about my "white boy music," etc.? No, but I can appreciate where their grievance(s) came from. Most people are guilty of following the color/class code established for music by the establishment. You couldn't have genres to market without it dude! We've all fallen for it at some point I

believe.

Was it important to bring in part of your culture or background, whether it was done lyrically, musically, subject matter, or any other way, into your band and your involvement in punk? If so, in what ways would you do this?

Chuck: In the band I was in, I would try to just talk about what I was feeling while in that present space. More often than not there'd be predominantly a white audience and that would bring up pretty routine feelings of awkwardness and discomfort. I'd try to address that and to let the truth of those feelings stand, be they understood or not. I think my biggest relief came once I got that outside of me, that or the presence of other Black people, that would really make those feelings dissipate! I think the presence of any people of color period could bring me some peace, just knowing SOMEONE could feel that force.

Some people would argue that when you do this (e.g. talk about your roots, sing in a different language, take pride in your culture), that you are separating yourself from other people in the scene thus creating barriers and alienating others. What's your take on this? When does pride in your own culture ever become too much? How can we get our message across to different types of people without shutting them out?

Chuck: That's funny, considering that it's often the voices of those the least disenfranchised who'll find it necessary to wail the most. "That's segregation!" or "Why do you need to have you own separate space?" I think there has come to be a real fear in the minds of those who not only are riding the peace train, but can't seem to do so without being the conductor. They fear that they'll be sidelined while self determination takes place. They're scared that either: a) we're gonna come to realize this train ain't going a damn place we want to go (and straight get the fuck off), or b) we're gonna decide that not only do we not plan on walking behind, or passively riding inside, but that we wanna drive our goddamn selves. They're terrified that where we'll wanna go ain't on any motherfucking map they ever seen. I can only say this: it ain't.

Is the US hardcore/punk scene ready to burn down this image of the "middle-to-upper class, white heterosexual male dominant" subculture? Or is that still what this truly is?

Chuck: I'm sorry, but did you say... is it... or WHEN it is... considering that you (Miguel), myself, all the inspiring people of color we met this past summer (Columbus fest), and countless others automatically represent an inconsistency in that stated and soon to be outdated bullshit demographic, I'd say no, that's not how it is. Motherfuckers don't need anymore help from us in discounting ourselves. That shit has always really pissed me the fuck off... when I've done it, when I've seen it done. That's just it though, that's the consequence of leaving it to other people (be it intentionally, or otherwise) to show who's who/who counts. That shit's through. If they didn't know before then know it now. Self determination.

Please add anything you feel is important and missing from this interview.

Chuck: I would like to formally apologize to my Mom. You've said your sorries to me for your behavior towards me over the years... I think... no, I know, I owe you one in return.

You were right about a lot of things that I never knew till now, a lot of things I never thought I'd agree with. As I'm sure you probably knew... it

would just take time. Other than the methods used to project your feelings, I both recognize and appreciate where you were coming from. If things had been a little less hectic for you I know you could've conveyed things clearer. You just wanted me to be safe, safe from any and all harm, but probably more so from repeating your past, I know that... I've always known that. But, I think the thing that could use more stressing in a Black child's life other than to tread lightly because it's a white world, would be to afford them the knowledge that their everyday be filled with this truth, that the world is just as much theirs as anyone's... ANYONE'S. I love you Mom, and respect all you've both seen, done, endured so that I might one day be able to sit here and write with the greatest of prides that I'm your son. There will always be levels on which we'll fail to see eye to eye. I just wanted you to know that I understand now what you were trying to say.

I love you.

Thank you Mike (Miguel), for asking me to do this interview! It really means a lot to me that this sort of thing happens within our own place and power. I really appreciate it.

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Amal Mongia: *For the past two years I have been bumping into Amal at various shows and gatherings here in southern California. Every time we talk he always has very interesting things to say and just this year was beginning to shed a little light on some of his background to me. I wanted to hear more of that, so I used this interview so that both you, the reader, and I could learn more about him.*

What is your ethnic background and where are you from?

Amal: I was born in India, into a middle class family by Indian standards, which is still pretty poor by American standards. I came to the U.S. with my family about 11 years ago, for a "better" life. Can you tell me a little bit about how/why you got into punk? Who or what influenced you? I myself, as a Chicano, would say that there weren't too many people of my own race that I could identify with (or that I even knew of) involved in punk when I was getting into this. Was this the case for you? Did it matter?

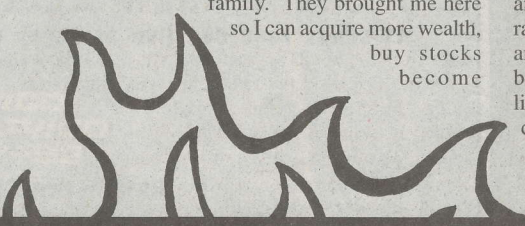
Amal: I feel like I have to brief about this, because I feel like every incident that happened in my life was leading up to something else, one of them was discovering punk. I went to a predominantly white school with a lot of Latinos and a few Indians and Blacks. I was harassed a lot for my lack of language skills, cheap wardrobe, and being Indian. Back in India, the word racism is hard to comprehend, because everyone is the same color, but the Hindu caste system and religious arrogance takes the place of racism, as you can see now from reading about the conflict between Hindus and Muslims, India and Pakistan. But anyway, I was pretty much schooled first hand on racism. I tried hard to fit in, I tried to abandon my native language and became more American or "white." By middle of High school I met a nice shy kid in one of my classes, who had just discovered punk and skateboarding. I kinda looked up to him and followed in his footsteps. Soon I met other kids, the "losers" at the school and they took me in, and I fell in love with the words and anger of the music. Although I was still just hanging out with a bunch of white kids, we had connection in the music and because, well, we didn't fit in.

For years becoming a punk was usually the result of feeling alienated by your peers and parents. Have

you ever felt alienated by punk in any way? Directly or indirectly?

Amal: Coming to this country had given me this social and economic pressure to be successful, which I felt was much greater for an immigrant. I always resented my parents for putting this pressure on me daily—our relationship consisted of talking about school and work. I have never been able to express my true feelings to them. There was also the struggle with socializing. Even though the punk kids were nicer to me, I still had to make conversation and I have always been self conscious about my words because so many people had ridiculed me earlier in schooling. I mean, even though I was making more friends because of music, I still felt a void within myself. It felt just as superficial as hanging out with a bunch of skaters or jocks. Yeah, dancing in the mosh pit was a good way to get anger and aggression out, but I still felt that we were suppressing emotions instead of sharing them with each other, something I could never do. That lack of intimacy is what alienates me from punk, which is still more intimate than rest of "society." What troubles me more is that ideas that I learned from punk have alienated me more from my family. They brought me here

so I can acquire more wealth,
buy stocks
become



"They're terrified that where we'll
wanna go ain't on any mutherfucking
map they ever seen. I can only say
this; it ain't." --Chuck Shackelford

successful, but it makes our relationship even worse when I tell them that I want no part in it.

When I was in junior high and high school in my neighborhood I would be criticized by my own people for listening to punk and wearing Black Flag shirts and stuff. They would tell me I listened to "white boy rock." Did you get any similar treatment in your town? Would you say this criticism is true in a sense?

Amal: You see, in my town I didn't have my "own people." There were a few Indian kids, but I never talked to them because I feared that if we hung out then it would only cause more harassment by the white kids. I think the other Indian kids felt the same way, so they minded their own business. They were all into their studies, and I pretty much did bad in school. At the time I felt I had nothing in common with them besides ethnicity. I was ashamed of my parents, myself, everything Indian. The Latino kids in my town had a sense of community, they were put down a lot, but they had the power to stand up to racists, and say "fuck you, I'm going to speak in my own language." Me, I was ashamed to speak my own language, even at home. Even after I became a punk, I was too conditioned and didn't make an attempt at finding Indian kids to talk to.

Do you consider your culture to be an important part of who you are as a person? Do you connect this in some ways to punk? If so, how?

Amal: I was too young then to know what culture meant. I did things because they told me so. Now I'm trying to learn more about my culture, but most of it makes me mad, just like kids who grew up Christians would now speak out against those beliefs. Indian culture is pretty much based around Hinduism, which, like most other religions, is based on patriarchy, which has some fucked up customs and traditions which doesn't really make me proud of my "culture."

What really saddens me is that all these years, I have not once written to my relatives in India. I don't know how long my grandparents are going to live and I badly want to see them. I just wrote my first letter the other day, and I feel better. Even though I'm not Latino, I can still relate to the LA scene which has lot of cool Latino kids and bands, that have brought their culture into the punk/hc scene. What they are doing has always made me feel empowered as a person of color. *Some people would argue that when you embrace your roots or take pride in your culture, that you are separating yourself from other people in the scene thus creating barriers and alienating others. What's your take on this? When does pride in your own culture ever become too much? How can we get our message across to different types of people without shutting them out but yet still embracing our differences?*

Amal: I'll start with an example: I was in a discussion group at a fest, and I was talking about being a person of color and how American culture had "whitewashed" me and how white middle class kids end up discussing racism without giving a person of color the chance to address their problems. This punk kid interrupted me and said (not exact words), "All the punks know that racism is bad, we need to fight the bigger enemy, not amongst ourselves, I get picked on all the time for being a punk, I'm not middle class, I work hard to live." I agree that sometimes economics doesn't see color, poverty does not discriminate, but the fact that that kid could get a haircut and buy a suit and go into an office and easily get a job, while people of color can't just change their skin color to fit in. It didn't cross my mind at the time, so I shut my mouth, because my mouth wasn't justified—like I had just pointed the blame in the wrong direction. I think when people get into this music, we are all carrying some emotional baggage with us. I guess some issues are addressed from a white heterosexual view point, there is room

for women to address what it is like being a woman, and people of color to talk about race like what I'm doing now, and gays to talk about their struggle, but what the fuck? It feels like it has to be presented with music in the background, because that's the norm. I wish everyone could go up and take the mic and say what's on their mind. If we don't start to share our views and understand each other better, and fight sexism, racism and homophobia and other social issues together then it's just become a selfish game of who's more oppressed.

Is the US hardcore/punk scene ready to burn down this image of the "middle-to-upper class, white heterosexual male dominant" subculture? Or is that still what this truly is?

Amal: I guess it depends on how you look at it. I think the angry white male is definitely the norm. I think punk/hc is what we make of it, we can't just sit and count heads of who's white and who isn't. I guess we are all here regardless of color to either rock out, an escape from the "real world," or some want to discuss politics, and I don't mean just politics in the worldly sense, but personal also. The urgency of the politics is what got me into punk. I went to Seattle for the WTO protests and I can say that more than 95% of the protesters had nothing to do with the punk scene, but that was more fucking punk than going to a punk show to me. It wasn't four people on stage yelling and screaming, it was ten thousand more kids yelling and screaming together. I don't know, sometimes it feels like punk kids live in this fairy land where we can discuss ideas amongst each other, but it surprises us to meet new people who feel the same way, but have no idea who Crass or Dead Kennedys are.

If people want to discuss anything, please e-mail me at xanamalx@hotmail.com.

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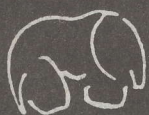
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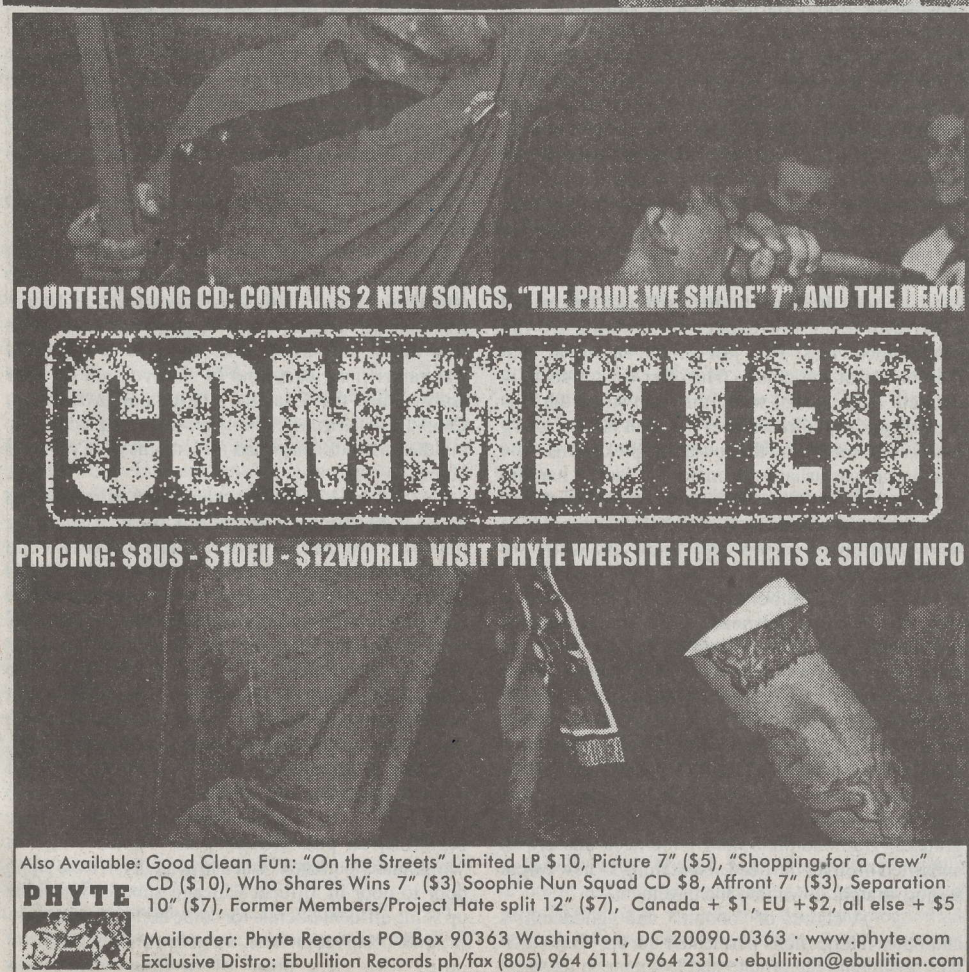
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Visions Voices Views

finding the diversity between the lines

Vincent Chung

Yellowed Paper And Black Text And My Identity

1. hiiiiiiii-YAH!

It was a matter of white playground politics that got me stuck with Bruce Lee.

In a time where kids take on heroes and emulate them, I never really had much of a choice simply because I had fine black hair and yellow skin. It didn't matter what day it was or who had the coolest toy in show and tell, when it came down to the make believe, I couldn't be Luke Skywalker or Indiana Jones. Not that Bruce Lee was bad (and I'm sure today it would be the more cuddly Jackie Chan), but it was that act of assumption that made me a pissed off five year old. Today, me being all grown up and more understanding of the class and race roles our society has been taught to reflect... I'm probably just as pissed, if not more.

Not only was I given these roles, I was also expected to play into them. From whirlwind kicks to karate chops to moves that are named after various animals like the Quing Jiin Tiger Paw, kids seemed to think that I was born with this. I mean, it's not like upon opening my eyes into the first rays of the outside world, my first impulse was to sever the umbilical cord with my fist before the doctor made a move towards the scissors. So I was pestered non-stop to perform essentially circus tricks and the daredevil antics that make martial arts movies such a novelty in this society. Like a lot of other kids my age, I asked my father for help.

My father grew up in a village outside of Hong Kong and trained in kung fu martial arts. He was on his way to becoming a kung fu master, but got bored with it and wanted to come to the States for school. Now he's a mathematician with a heavy leaning towards philosophy (hey, it floats his boat...). Anyway, I figured he'd teach me some skills to show off to the playground mates. My father taught me one move throughout the entire time I have lived with him. It wasn't all that impressive either. When someone thrusts a punch at you, you grab their hand and twist it at the wrist towards them on the inside. It's painful enough to bring you to your knees and if you use enough force, the attacker would probably live with a limp wrist for quite some time.

So when I was asked again to do a jump kick off the monkey bars, I asked the kid to punch me. In a brief second the fucker was on the ground crying his eyes out and screaming for mommy. That was the first time I got into trouble at school, but my father thought it was pretty damn funny.

2. Can't Stop Rockin' the Black Top

Spectator sports are for putzes, except for an Atlantic Coast Conference tournament with either the Wolfpack, the Blue Devils, or the Tarheels kicking the shit out of the Seminoles. Those parameters met, I'm game.

I live in North Carolina. I grew up here. Most of you know that this particular state is college basketball country. I mean, Michael Jordan, James Worthy, and, um, Christian Laettner came from here

so you know something's brewing when it comes to hoops on the hardtop. Before punk rock, I lived and breathed basketball and hip hop. Attending an urban school next to Raleigh's most crime ridden public housing projects didn't help that addiction much either. Everyday after school, neighborhood kids and students would converge at the outdoor courts and the shit would go down. At those prepubescent years of your life, you had something to prove. You don't know what, but you did anyway. Maybe it's the maiden spurt of testosterone finally kicking in. Maybe it's this newfound interest for girls that's the motivation. Nonetheless, those cement courts and the wooden backboards were the battleground for what was the heart and soul of my junior high school life. Even then I stuck out like a sore thumb. I mean, a middle class Asian kid really had no business hustling and bustling with the intense black centered life in the projects. Admittedly, I nailed jumpers like Mario ate magical mushrooms, so they let me hang around.

Well, not without giving me a hard time. The psychological aspect of basketball is laid down in trash talking. If you aggravate your opponent enough, maybe he'll lose his focus and the game is all yours. These aren't your typical "yo mama" jokes or whatever Woody Harrelson and Wesley Snipes said in that movie years ago. This was harsh shit ranging from "Man, I hear Tony raped your sister and she liked it" to "You know those shoes you wearing gonna be mine when we get done with this shit" to "Your retard brother fell down outside of my place this morning, haven't laughed like that in weeks, man." It was pretty serious. When the street's not a warzone, the basketball court was the place to settle egos. You take things personally there. In my case, they ragged on me for being the rich boy they're gonna rob next time and especially for my skin color.

By the time I hit high school, I had gained a certain level of respect with some of the neighborhood kids. They just wouldn't associate with me outside of the court. That just wasn't socially correct. High school was a different story, the kids were bigger and taller and they had mad skills. During lunch, we'd meet up at the courts and pick teams. The first group was usually the majority black, a handful of white kids, and me. Our game would finish and the winners would take on some of the bigger kids who went on to whoop everyone's ass while we watched in awe.

I remember Dumondo better than I remember my first girlfriend. It was a routine game on a routine day. The second of that day since the team I was on were the first round winners. I don't remember the score, I never do unless it's near the end of the game and we're losing. Dumondo dribbled the ball down to the half court line, I get up on defense, make a swipe and a clean steal. My teammates hustle down the court to set up a fastbreak. I get no more than three feet when I feel myself levitate off the ground. Dumondo had me by the neck and crotch and lifted me over the head. Next thing I knew I went sailing straight down into the pavement.

A chorus of "oooooh!" and "goddamn!"s and other interjections permeated the air. Dumondo gets down onto the ground and looks me in the eye.

"You'd better watch where you throw those hands, china faggot!"

Defeated, I crawl to the sidelines and someone runs in my place. No one offers to help me up. I can feel the cuts and scrapes getting infected by the sand. I grab my backpack and walk away, no one seemed to care and I bet a lot of them laughed about it later. I didn't touch a basketball again until about three years later.

*A side note about Dumondo. He was one of those kids that was in school for fucking ever because they really never made the grades for it. Anyhow, we shared a gym class two years after this incident. We became really good friends in that class... he's a 3rd degree Tae Kwan Do who loves to hacky sack with hippies and yell at teachers. Especially gym teachers. Near the end of the semester, I showed him the scar on my elbow and told him that he gave it to me. He didn't believe me. I told him the story and then he laughed... he denies it all.

3. Heritage, Not Hate

Billy leaned out of his pick-up with a shirt reading "You wear your X, and I'll wear mine" with a giant confederate flag gracing his already beer gutted belly. No, Billy wasn't militant straight edge, but with his mentality, he might as well will be.

It wasn't that hard growing up in the South. I mean, people are so laid back here. If you get over the farmer tans, the slow Southern drawls, and the stereotypical narrow-minded remarks about everything and anything (often followed by "and shit" and maybe a loogie), it's a pretty rad place to grow up in.

Shut the fuck up, grits and biscuits rule and shit.

After the basketball incident, I didn't encounter much racism getting through those prepubescent years. Maybe I got some street smarts and starting hanging out with punk and metal kids who cared more about what Tonie Joy's new band was rather than what kind of skin you got on your body. Plus, the Triangle area (Raleigh, Durham, Chapel Hill) is a surprisingly progressive place in the middle of a state renowned for its right wing political bigots.

As I write this, some guy is rampaging around the Midwest (namely Chicago) shooting random minorities. I believed he's killed two and wounded a couple thus far. A friend of mine went to high school with this guy, who's the same age as me. He's part of a religious group that's out to cleanse the world to make it better for the white man. Brilliant.

Last summer, I lived in Chicago while doing an internship with Illinois Peace Action. I even lived in an ethnic neighborhood called Little Italy in a little dump right on Taylor Street (also as I write this, this area is becoming severely gentrified to fit the needs of the University of Illinois). One of my main jobs with Peace Action was canvassing. The organization puts it nicely as "fundraising" or "community outreach" when in actuality, it's me going door to door in affluent Chicago suburbs knocking up some affluent liberals for some hefty contributions (a small observation here, the proportion of people of color who gave more often than whites was

astounding).

Those times in Chicago were lonely days. The only people I really corresponded with were my co-workers and a friend of a friend from home. I spent a lot of the time wandering around the streets of the city just taking in the sights and the fact that I'm finally out of Raleigh. One evening, I set out to go see Asslick and Reversal of Man at the Fireside Bowl. Walking down Fullerton St., I walked by a group of about six kids who started calling me names and all the same old playground slurs. I was stunned. I hadn't heard anything like that since was in the 3rd grade. My face was red for the rest of the blocks to the Fireside Bowl where I'd stand in a bowling alley filled with white kids watching some white boy bands.

One night we were canvassing Hyde Park and I was making some progress on my street and I walked through another group of kids. These kids were older. One of them got in my face a let out a pleasantly reeking belch. Bewildered, I looked back at them and one of them had his pants down in a full moon. I laughed and walked away. I mean, c'mon... at the point it was funny. The next block down, I hear some yelling. Someone was trying to get someone's attention, I looked up and the kids were across the street. They made some slurs and the slanted eyes and took off. I ran after them through some alleys and eventually lost them. I had to get back to work and make quota. I finished the apartments and was now hitting some of the houses where I usually have better luck. At the first door, I heard from somewhere behind me, "Chingchong Chinaman!" I turned around and there they were, at the edge of the lawn, making faces and yelling random slurs. They dart away to hiding once the door opened and flustered, I gave my rap on nuclear weapons and landmines and the arms trade. After getting the same old "No, I'm not interested" remark, I move on to the next house and the kids appear again with their amusing little performance and disappear once the person answers the door. Defeated, I let this go on for another hour and the kids disappear to go have dinner with their respective families or to obey some sort of curfew. I was just glad they were gone. Quota every night was \$100 for the interns. I got a whopping \$5.

4. "Go Home You Red Retards!"

That's what the sign said to greet the athletes from China and Hong Kong when they rolled into NC State University to compete in the 1999 Special Olympics. I saw that guy everyday when I drove in to work wanting to stop and confront him but not knowing really what I'd say to him. The night of the closing ceremonies, I ate with some of the athletes who skipped out on the ceremonies to have some good Chinese food over at Ten Ten. They weren't too impressed with the United States simply because: 1) it was too hot, 2) it was hard to get around (with no car, you're fucked in Raleigh), and 3) white people were extremely racist. It's great at how a handful of the radical right can ruin it for everyone.

During this time, we had a change of hands of the personnel at work (the college radio station). During my short stint as the Music Director, the only people above me were the General Manager and the Program Director. With the relations between China and the United States going to shit, the joke around the offices was that I was a Chinese spy out to sabotage the radio station because I was into independent music when the uppers wanted "commercial alternative." Well, this was only a joke with them. The Program Director had this notion that China was going to become the next big American enemy and made that known to me every single day.

"You know when we go to war with China, you're gonna have to move to Canada so people here won't kick your ass."

"Oh, stop being such a cracker."

"Man, why you gotta be racist, man? I was just joshing you know?"

When people like him claim high positions in any sort bureaucratic structure, I worry. I worry a lot.

5. Tired of examples already?

Racism isn't always this direct. I'm sure people in the prock community can recognize that these scenarios are seriously fucked up. I mean, that's what you learned in that Chokehold or Crass record, right? It just doesn't exist in a progressive forum, correct? Here's where I bring in tokenism.

I remember at the last Peace Action National Congress, they had a Race Workshop that everyone had to participate in. The entire conference was split into smaller groups and sent to different rooms. I walked into my designated area and sat down. The woman beside me slapped me on the knee and said, "Oh my god! An Oriental! We're looking more diverse nowadays!" and, well, things went downhill from there.

More recently, the organization held the largest protest the Los Alamos Nuclear Laboratories ever had. During the speeches, I was pulled aside and told that I get to walk up on the front line carrying the heading banner. At the time it felt like quite an honor since I would essentially be leading the march with a handful of others. As the parade was forming, I went up front and saw who else was up there: Michelle (Asian Indian), Clayton (African American), Gordon (Peace Action's executive director), and Martin Sheen (famous actor). Michelle brought it to my attention that one of the main reasons we were up there was to make a nice picture for the media, especially since they were totally occupied with the presence of Martin Sheen.

I've attended workshops at fests that were about racial equality but were headed by straight white liberals who think by doing this, it validates themselves and their existence in the world. The white liberal generally doesn't think past the "we are one race" viewpoint and thinks that homogenizing into one culture is the solution to racism. It's not that easy. By saying so, it's ignoring anything that has to deal with my past and the culture that lies around that. It's kind of like that guy at the DMV I saw on the news once when North Carolina thought about giving out the driving test in Spanish.

"Why are dem Mexicans tryin' to force the Spanish language into America? We speak English here and if you gonna live in America, you're gonna speak English!"

Just because you're involved in punk rock politics doesn't make you an expert on race relations. Too many seem to claim the high horse of knowledge with "revolutionary" slogans like "I'm colorblind!" or "Love sees no color" or whatever defensive shield is written up on a T-shirt or in a lyric sheet. Beyond the slogans there's no action, which can be said for a lot of prock besides race, but that's a totally different story.

6. I've given you the scissors, now run!

The best thing to do to educate yourself is to listen, read, and think before you participate. It saves you from making hasty conclusions from something that seems like a black vs. white issue at first.

Mimi Nguyen's *Evolution of a Race Riot* is essential reading and a great place to start. You can order it from the most excellent Pander 'Zine Distro and also find some other 'zines written by fantastic 'zinesters. Or send a dollar and a stamp for the print catalog to PO Box 582142/Minneapolis, MN 55458-2142.

There's a safe space mailing list on the Internet that I maintain called the Invasian. It started as mainly Asians in punk, but has expanded to punks of color and now is open forum for any interested peoples, although we ask that white members read but only observe (there have been many exceptions though). If you're up for some race dialogue with

other punks of color click over to <http://invasian.listbot.com>. I can assure you that there are some amazing people on the list that impress me everyday.

7. Dialogue.

Vincent Chung/PO Box 5002/Cary, NC 27512; vincent@punkrock.net; <http://www4.ncsu.edu/~vchung>

Mimi Nguyen

I'm an expert at the slow burn. It's my best feature, really, my everyday condition. I sublimate it in my cells—my bones are thick with it, and disappointment. It's gotten so I don't often consciously recognize it when it rolls off my tongue, flippant and cursory, but it makes rocks in my shoulders; boulders, maybe. Mark might have once joked, "That makes you a good punk, being pissed," but we both know this is why I'm not.

Over six years ago I objected to the careless vitriol of a *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* columnist, something about how the "slanted" eyelids of Asian women resembled vaginas (which, thinking about this now, seriously calls into question the author's familiarity with vaginas). In a letter, I invoked long histories of a colonial imaginary, the technologies of dehumanization that rendered "third world" women alien, token, or object of conquest—the figurative (and sometime literal) carving up of body parts, the assignment of lascivious nature to anatomy among these. The meanings subsequently attached to the buttocks of the Hottentot Venus, for instance; Saartjie Benjamin was exhibited throughout Europe in the early 18th century to the pseudo-scientific delight of doctors, biologists, and the masses as an example of "anatomy is destiny." Her body was read as animalistic, primitive, and justification for her enslavement thus located in her "nature." (After her death, her genitals were dissected by French scientists and remain preserved in Paris' Museum of Man to this day.)

I should have known better, but I was idealistic, fierce at nineteen. I believed in punk rock promise and the egalitarian rhetoric, or at least its potential. (It's a good thing I learn fast.)

The response from the magazine shouldn't have been a surprise; the columnist was allowed to write a lengthy, two-page "rebuttal" which was nothing more than name-calling and lengthy insults. He suggested, finally, that I obviously was so humorless and oppressive as to cancel out the "oriental" factor, which meant that no doubt I was too ugly to fuck anyway. Karyn was with me when I read this; we both felt violently ill, and targeted, afterward.

The silence was, for the most part, deafening. I admit: I looked at everyone suspiciously, felt slightly crazed walking into Epicenter to work my shift behind the register selling slabs of vinyl to punk rock white kids, like an anomaly, or worse, surrounded. And for months afterward I received letters from hostile white boys gleefully crowing, beating chests and other parts; they sneered with obvious contempt and something approaching violence, thinking that I'd gotten exactly what I deserved.

A year passed and I'd moved 3,000 miles away when I learned he'd written a rape song about me—or more specifically, about his desire to "violate" my "oriental" body. In town to visit relatives, Gordon handed me the record across the table at an Avenue A bar and asked me not to look at it in front of him, he was so disgusted. He suggested I get a restraining order, just in case. I sat down later at a burrito shop on Eighth to read the insert under bright fluorescent lights, skimming lyrics that read, "She's a swinging Saigon siren, I want to violate her body." But this

time it didn't work, I didn't get sick to my stomach because I no longer believed. I turned the record over, slipped it back into its sleeve and laughed, and not just because it was so clearly pathetic but because there was no illusion then of having been part of something radical, something *different*.

So it was that I left punk rock, for years.

In a move of (idealistic) disavowal, I've been told that this—the song, the attitude—is not really “punk,” or popular. I shake my head, disagree vehemently.

It's a national phenomena and a familiar discourse: “America” is invoked as a land of freedom and democracy and all aberrations are, well, regarded as just that—isolated mistakes, rather than embedded social and material inequities with often-tragic history and systemic consequence. By the same token, punk is simply not (often) a critical counterpublic—it is not “anti-sexist, anti-racist, and anti-fascist” by collective agreement or ideological commitment, and these instances are not individual deviations but deeply-rooted, habitual even. So that on the contrary, I think punk rock needs to *own* every fucked-up utterance, every unconscious repetition or active avowal, and grapple with the wrongness instead of simply, off-handedly dismissing it.

My long-time collaborator and queer colored girl compatriot, Iraya, lent me her copy of Lester Bangs' collected essays, *Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung*, over a quick lunch of burritos and Coke. She is over punk rock, having pushed it away with disgust years ago. She doesn't understand why I bother, and often I don't either, but pushing the book across the table, she said, “Here's a really good essay by a white guy, you should use it.”

There is an unmistakable continuum I could trace, like a spiderweb or a breadcrumb trail, winding (or blanketing, maybe) across the landscape of punk rock cultural and political production. “Disco is for blacks and homosexuals,” a 1979 fanzine sneers; maybe it's no accident that it was called *Final Solution*. In 1979 Bangs documented the realms of praise reserved for punk rock as “white” music, a welcomed change from the contemporary popularity of that “nigger bullshit,” as the punks and rock-n-rollers used to say. Reading “The White Noise Supremacists” I recognize that nothing much has changed. “The United Negro College Fund is a sublime absurdity,” lambastes a *Hit List* magazine columnist in this new year, and I remember that the same writer once argued feminists were too. Another *Hit List* writer blithely engages in racial profiling, even as he blames women, queers, and people of color for taking away his job. (Perhaps he should reconsider the quality of his work, since I doubt that too many of us are interested in European military history.) Racist Chic is still in, the bread and butter of the asshole contingent in punk rock, a group resentful—and hateful—of all the usual targets and yet mercury-quick to portray themselves as victims.

But I want to make this much clear: while the continued chic of racism says something awful about the allowances made in certain punk quarters, and that it's understood as an act of defiance even worse, I lost patience elsewhere too.

Lesbian feminist Adrienne Rich once wrote about “white solipsism,” the tendency “to think, imagine, and speak as if whiteness described the world.” While white solipsism is “not the consciously held belief that one race is inherently superior to all others, but a tunnel-vision which simply does not see nonwhite experience or existence... unless in spasmodic, impotent guilt-reflexes, which have little or no long-term, continuing momentum or political usefulness.” And so between the presumptuous disavowals of both racism (“punk is anti-racist”) and race (“there is no race but the human race”), there are the token gestures, the calls for (punk rock) transcendence that obscure the conditions of

oppression in the name of some imagined “unity.” It's a typically power-evasive move, one that pretends that individuals don't operate within the context of uneven social relations, as if punk existed in a social vacuum—? And of course, it's always those of us who are “other”—non-white, non-Western, non-hetero, non-male—who are called upon to “transcend” these to become generically “just human,” to enter a neutral state of being “American,” or punk, which presumably white straight men have got down pat *without even trying*.

Then, for a while, everyone was “working on my white privilege,” and later the kids became “race traitors” and declared themselves divested of it, and I admit: I was still suspicious, it seemed too easy. As critical theorist Howard Winant argues, “[The new abolitionists] fail to consider the complexities and rootedness of... racial formation. Is the social construction of whiteness so flimsy that it can be repudiated by a mere act of political will, or even by widespread and repeated acts at rejecting white privilege?”

And so this is relevant; we have to reconsider what we think counts as “working” on our politics, to imagine them larger than attitudinal adjustments or, yes, “special issues.” In an essay about the new “management” of race in diversity-training workshops and some classrooms, South Asian feminist Chandra Mohanty wrote, “The 1960s and 1970s slogan ‘The personal is political’ has been recrafted as ‘The political is personal.’ In other words, all politics is collapsed into the personal and questions of individual behaviors, attitudes, and life-style stand in for political analysis of the social. Individual political struggles are seen as the only relevant and legitimate form of political struggle.” Can you, as an individual, declare yourself a “traitor” and wash your hands of history? Can you confess your ignorance, promise to “learn” more about “other people” and be sure you've done your part?

Do you feel angry if I tell you I don't believe you?

I think it was the difference of race—and to a different extent class—that confounded the overdetermination of utopian “girl love” fulfillment, that disrupted the curative importance embedded in the “neutral” quality of a supposedly universal female empathy. At workshops held at numerous riot grrrl conventions all over the country, race and racism proved to be the stumbling block that most obviously—and heartbreakingly—threw the promise of “girl love” all askew. The move to act on “the political as personal” manifested in problematic ways: racism was addressed almost exclusively as an interpersonal dynamic of cross-cultural miscommunication or a lack of knowledge about “other cultures,” and the specific “differences” of any one woman of color stood in for the whole collective she is imagined to represent. Confessions were offered by white girls (and boys)—they admitted to a lack of friends of color, pledged to work on their racism to become a better person—all of which made me, at least, feel claustrophobic. I wasn't sure if they wanted absolution or punishment, or both, and I didn't want to be responsible for either. These encounters—whether workshops, fanzines, or shows—were both a psychic drain and a political failure; in speaking of race and racism only in terms of personal and individual relevance, questions of history and social and structural inequality were reduced to manageable psychological scripts that too often cast girls of color into two-dimensional roles and “social change” a matter of behavioral and attitudinal adjustments. In a piece called “educator/enemy,” *Mamasita's* Bianca Ortiz wrote:

“I am sick of being the example, the teacher, the scapegoat, the leader, the half-Mexican girl in the group of ‘allies’ who either attempt to praise or destroy me, or both at once. I too often find myself

in these rigidly defined roles, my whole life defined in over-simplistic terms; I am only educator or enemy.”

So on the Invasion list-serv the question had to be asked, and then bitterly discussed: is a “special issue” of *HeartattaCk* (or any other magazine) tokenism? Would it re-cast us as either educator (“Please tell us about your pain!”) or enemy (“Why are you persecuting me? I never owned any slaves or did anything to you!”)? To both questions I answered “yes, of course,” after all, a “special issue” implicitly acknowledges that *here is something we don't talk about everyday*. A “special issue” can be easily dismissed or discarded, because the next will no doubt return to “punk, as usual.” And as such, it's practically guaranteed that some of us will be relegated to educator or enemy or both at once, because whatever we do, it will be an intervention, however limited or circumscribed, and those guilt-reflexes will trigger—along with resentment, or hostility.

Not to be cynical, but as much as I'd welcome something different, I've been down this road before and what I've said here is only a fraction of what I've said or done, ever.

Still, there's one last story here, with a better ending that hasn't quite ended yet.

Years ago I decided that I wanted—or needed—a conversation about race that wasn't dominated by liberal platitudes, romances with exoticism or race traitors, or racist cool. I needed it if I was going to justify to myself my participation in this scene, whether or not I left for a while or for good. So in the summer of 1995 I passed out flyers, pinned them to the corkboard on the door of Epicenter. We first met in the library at the store, nine or ten people of color sprawled across torn couches and lumpy armchairs. I don't even remember what we said, but I do remember feeling relief, and a beginning.

What I eventually finished over a period of two years was a compilation 'zine called *Evolution of a Race Riot*, an experiment in “by, for, and about” people of color in, around, or on their way out of punk rock dedicated to subverting the dominant order. Along with original writing, I reprinted essays and excerpts from defunct or hard-to-find 'zines, ones that had gone out-of-print, or only printed twenty, or fifty. As such, this project (starting a race riot, of course) was in some sense already a history, if a very partial one: a footnote that at one time, *we were here*. I wanted to create a sort of chronology, to paint a portrait of our involvement, however fleeting. That fleeting nature is a question in and of itself that begs an answer from punk rock hegemony, which I've only begun to address here. But there was—and is—some amazing, passionate, and brilliant writing by the likes of Lauren Martin, Helen Luu, Bianca Ortiz, Chandra Ray, Christina Varner, Lynn Hou, and others. They breathed life—and fire—into my lungs, and could do the same for you: make your blood boil, your hearts and minds explode like firecrackers, or bombs. The 'zine is the most gratifying one I've ever done, and the response has been overwhelming and lets me know that I'm not crazy, or an anomaly; that I'm not the only one who's doing a slow burn and demanding something more.

Now I'm working on another issue because I'm still being inspired and still need that inspiration, because I continue to want to have a critical dialogue and I know now, better than ever, that others need it too. Here's the plug: please get in touch if you're at all interested. The second issue will include a huge directory (a listing of 'zines and other projects by people of color) and more articles, essays and reprints about race, politics, and punk rock (in all its incarnations). To quote from the original call for contributions: “This is about theorizing our specific histories, experiences, and situated knowledges. This is about finding the language and vocabulary to describe the condition of belonging to these multiple, provisional, and sometimes contradictory spaces—

racial, ethnic, cultural, musical, lingual, political, sexual, et cetera—and how we negotiate the gaps, the friction between them. And importantly, *this is about wanting to create new spaces.*”

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Steve Aoki

The Positive Revolution Part 2: Preliminary Reflections On A Straight Edge Manifesto

“All separate movements—political prisoners, welfare rights, national liberation, labor, women, anti-war—might generate storms here and there. But only a mighty union of them all could beget the great hurricane to topple the whole edifice of injustice.” —Angela Davis

We all have some idea of what straight edge means. And I can say that there is not one clear definition of what straight edge means as a whole, because everyone has different and personal ideas that make their identities unique and layered. To some, straight edge defines the everyday actions that regulate and control their bodies to a cleaner and healthier life by not taking drugs or drinking alcohol. To others it may be a way to fit in to a bigger group where they can feel loved and comforted as part of a unit. To some, it can be a lifestyle that keeps their two feet above the ground, if they fear that some addictive characteristics can transcend over from other social aspects of their lives. And others, a catalyst for politicized action and change against the power structure of the capitalism and its tools for addiction to consumption, that being drugs and alcohol. As a straight edge person myself, I originally became involved with the movement because I was frightened by a bad acid trip my freshman year in high school. Here I am today, 9 years later from that turning point in my life, and I still hold these convictions with urgency and emotion. However, I have found many problems identifying as such because it doesn't represent who I am as a person from Japanese descent, as an Asian American, as a person of color.

When I first got into straight edge at age 14, there were about five to ten other straight edge kids in my school and they soon became my peer mentors. I knew little about being straight edge other than the fact that I shaved my head to look like “them” and I made a conscious statement of not doing drugs and alcohol as a way of proclaiming some sort of identity. All throughout my high school life, I was “nailed to the X.” I was indicative of your average straight edge kid growing up in a white suburban middle-upper class to upper class area. However, although I was playing the role of a straight edge kid just like everyone else growing up around me, I was the only Asian youth among my group of friends. Even today I could count on one hand the few straight edge friends I've grown up with that were people of color, let alone Asian. This was never a big concern in my high school days. It never really brought itself to light because I was always around white folks to begin with. My Asian culture had soon been usurped by this movement created and focused around the concerns of white middle class youth.

As soon as I acknowledged this unconscious appropriation taking place within my own identity as a straight edge person that is not white, I began to realize that the straight edge community had little to no room for concerns outside whiteness, middle to upper class bases, and womyn. White colonization had been constructed and established as the norm ever since I acquiesced unbeknownst my knowledge within the boundaries of the heterosexual white patriarchal matrix, one that surrounds us every where we go. One that we can't avoid but crucial in reinventing into our own rallying points for resistance.

So here I stood a year ago questioning my identity as straight edge, not because I wanted to go get drunk or free myself to a world of “mind diffusing products,” but because I didn't feel comfortable fighting for a movement that held in priority, and in default, the most privileged out of the bunch; rich white youth that can afford not to do drugs or drink. To make this even more provocative, I felt that straight edge was a way for many rich white youth to ban together so they can try and un-burden themselves from their privileged positions in life. So they can say that they are working towards a more just society trying to free all the animals but not trying to free all the people of color in prisons or in poverty.

Now what I am saying from that long interlude is that straight edge must be transformed. It must be reinvented and redefined to include issues of race, class, gender, and sexuality. How can this movement grow when the concerns are homogenized so much that it becomes a white issue without having need to spell it out. The ethical rights of animals is a common segue-way into political activism but how is that eradicating the problems that brought straight edge into existence in the first place. Why do I say that? Straight edge youth movements spend so much time trying to free animals from vivisection yet people are dying and/or perpetuated in cycles of capitalist vivisection every day because of their race, gender, class, and sexuality. The majority of the straight edge movement have enough power to challenge the status quo. I think that many of you can agree with me that generally, the movement also has something more to say than “I want a drug free body,” but also, “Hey, let's use some of our privilege to be ‘the voice of the voiceless’ for those that cannot speak” like animals. Which is why I bring up the animal rights junction with the straight edge movement. As worthy as the animal rights movement is, within the straight edge movement, there is a negligence on the part of how we treat each other as human beings. We need to understand that to defeat the problems of drug abuse and addiction, of corporate control and advertisements of the cigarette and alcohol industries, there is much more than just saying No. The answers lie in the communities of color and poor white communities that are infested with drug addiction and abuse. Racist, sexist, classist, homophobic stereotypes breed around these areas from our, as in the straight edge movement's, moral superiority established by privilege alone.

The question still remains, is this straight edge movement just for our own benefit or can we mobilize this movement into a power struggle that may quite possibly reshape the lives of future generations by including the voices and identities of people of color? When I say people of color in this context, I mean people of color who recognize the under-representation of our voices and the urgency for it to be heard. There is a responsibility to educate each other so as to better understand the power dynamics of race, class, gender, and sexuality. That there are reasons why people of color, queer communities and poor communities are more likely candidates of drug abuse. There are reasons why the government pushes drugs into communities of color. There are reasons why these racist stereotypes stick for generations and beyond. There are reasons why there is more violence in these poverty-stricken areas. There are reasons why these poverty-stricken areas never get renovated or financed for better housing, education, livelihood. There are reasons why the majority of people who are poor are also people of color and/or queer. These reasons are important in finding out where the problem lies. If the straight edge movement spearheaded these concerns, we would be the next Black Panther Party one hundred fold here to stay.

This is my definition of straight edge. Straight edge is not just a title we stick to our chest or

write on our hands. It is a living breathing mobile movement filled with power and energy hoping to create pockets of resistance against the addiction of society's commodification of drugs and alcohol. Straight edge is a movement to combat state and corporate capitalist control over lower income communities by selling drugs into their areas. I believe that when one calls themselves straight edge, they have attached themselves to the movement as a whole intentionally. That these words of identity need to be reworded so as to truly form this movement as a vanguard for all communities that are oppressed by drug and alcohol addiction, mainly people of color, queer communities, and poor white folks. Because of their lack of support and outlet for privilege, let's make this straight edge movement more than a crusade to bomb McDonalds but to educate each other about who holds privilege in society and how we can grab it and utilize it for those that cannot. The positive revolution still continues and it continues by turning privilege into power transcended towards the people. **ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**

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I would like to list some feminist womyn, many of which are queer womyn of color, who have helped carve out an empowered identity which inspired me to write this column. Please search out for these womyn's publications: Angela Davis • Gloria Anzaldúa • Judith Butler • June Jordan • Kathleen Cleaver • Amelia De La Luz Montes • Jacqueline Bobo • Leigh Coral Harris • Rebecca Prather • Radicalesbians • Yumi Matsui • Ella Baker • Susan Faludi • Levins Morales • Maurizia Boscagli • Yuri Kochiyama • Audre Lorde • bell hooks • Ramona Africa • Trinh T. Minh Ha

Chuck Shackelford

(For my family, I love you always...) “We're tired of the insults.”

Dick Gregory came to say that back in 1969... and now here, 31 years later, I'm saying it my own damn self... **WE ARE TIRED OF THE FUCKING INSULTS.**

We, as Black people, have been killing (and everything in between) ourselves in the hopes of living a life designed to accommodate not a single one of us. Striving to be deemed worthy on earth to bow with the same graces, live in the same places, while entertaining the hopes to one day in heaven, stare into angelic white faces...

As Black people, trying to redetermine just who we are while having to ward off the pull into hopeless white idealism, assail the slander of our spirit, and survive the assassination attempts on our hope... let it be known, we're still here. Trying like hell not to either burn or drown in that skin shearing melting pot called “equality...” Yes, again I say this: we're still here. You were right in believing us not to be the same as you... we're not the same. But the order of the day anymore is not to take that fact as a loss, but as a life affirming windfall. Yeah. Oh, and on a more personal note, I'm done campaigning for that “colorblind” shit. I've come to see the trick within that trick. Self denial is a synonym for suicide, you'll find that in any colored people's dictionary. You'll have to find someone else to carry that flag... (and I hope you never do). We are.

(Without your signing off on it.) Story time...

Once, while skating around Berkeley, I ran into these two brothas on the street. We got into a conversation about skateboarding. One guy told me he had been into it once but eventually had given it up. After asking to see my board, he proceeded to show his friend and I that he hadn't lost his skills to ‘Father Time’ (he was pretty good actually). Now,

realizing that it obviously wasn't an issue of ability that subsequently ended his skating days, I asked: "Why? Why did you quit?" When his reply came, it was like an old memory. I'd known his response inside before it was even said (did it even have to be said?). His answer: "I tried to fit in where I couldn't get in." Damn, that truth hurt.

I remember for myself just what it was like being a little Black kid among white kids who shared skateboarding as a common interest. I remember how I had to unofficially be known as Black Chuck, or Black Chuck the Skater... and how that used to suck. I remember the numerous times of getting to be the nigger when all the other less 'fist clenching' insults (your mama jokes, ripped clothes, etc.) were used up. I recall those threatened moments of being the Lone Black Kid (sounds like a fuckin' super hero, then again, if I had been I'd probably never've had to deal with shit like that. I'da just kicked all their fuckin' asses... oh, the past! (smile)). And all those faces staring into mine, some friendly, some not, but all saying the same thing, that each of their minds had just as much potential as the others to send me to the "NIGGER ZONE" when LOIS's (Level One Insult Supply's) ran low. They never realized the magnitude of power they possessed/exhibited in having that route to take with people of color. The potential for instant fucking debasement. I can't help but ask: do they ever realize?

And the funny thing is this, that when it comes down to it this is merely one example in a mental warehouse of plenty. All different makes, models, and years, it's all there. And we all have them... ALL of us. Some of us may not like to face that as fact, but...

Oh yeah... I guess that brings me to story #2:

It was about 3 months ago that I was on a field trip with the kindergarten and first grade classes from my school, my partner was a 7 year old girl named Nmaezi. Nmaezi is the child of African-American (such an odd term for me to use) and African parentage. On our trip, while walking down the street, Nmaezi and I get into a conversation that began about aging...

Nmaezi: I can't wait till I get older...

[Getting a sense that this wasn't the only stop this train of thought would make (you liked that... I know you did...)]

Me: What do you mean?

N: I want to get older so that my skin will be like it was when I was a baby. My mom says that when you get older your skin gets to be like when you were a baby.

Me: I don't think I understand Nmaezi? What was your skin like when you were a baby?

(expecting her to maybe make reference to the texture or other of her skin, I fail to see where she's going...)

N: I used to have white skin when I was a baby...

(partly surprised, partly affirmed, and partly devastated...)

Me: Nmaezi? Why do you say that? You have beautiful skin! Why do you want white skin?

N: (motioning to the children walking in front of us...) I want to be like them. I want to have skin like they have...

(near fucking tears)

C: Nmaezi! You are beautiful! Yours and my skin tell us who we are! Where we come from... it's beautiful!

N: People say mean things to me... they hurt my feelings...

C: People at school? Kids?

N: Yeah, they make me feel bad...

(At that point we continued to talk a little more about culture and people and what to maybe say when nasty words are directed her way.)

The point of that story was to give an example of just how early the process of self

depreciation begins for people of color. I recall my own envy that spawned at that age (if not earlier) to have white skin... and how to this day the way that desire has shaped so much of who I am.

I want to be a part of a time that returns people of color to a point where the acknowledgment of heritage means love and inspiration. Where Black people can come into a place of worldly partnership with other cultures while at the same time having nothing short of an abundance of love, creativity, and imagination to bestow upon itself when the fucking urge strikes us. When the duty of Black people isn't to educate the white masses on what we're about, but to be the seekers and sharers amongst ourselves of soul. Yeah, soul, goddamnit. (believe that.)

When I think of all these movements toward what I find to be a newer light and what it's gonna take to make the trip, I find myself filled with both a compelling, shimmering, anxiousness while also flooded by a wave of heat emanating from the face of history... I ask myself how do we not explode from the resulting rage? The rage amassed at the borders of our humanity from years of being classified not only in words but in actions as subhuman? Why we haven't? (Well, now not that we haven't had moments mind you... this next song is called: Newark in July '67... it's a part of a multi-record set, accompanied by the hits: "Detroit, Oh Golly," "Watts, No Whiteys," and my own personal favorite "Chicago, Burnin' Nightly") I'm curious to see what it'll take to experience what they call: "the Granddaddy of 'em all."

* But yeah, I ask myself often, just what ARE the mechanisms in place within that prevent me from suppressing all that you've come to stand for both externally and internally to my mind? Those things, that while giving you power, strip me of agency... are they based on fear, and if so, what could be a more potent, more lethal fear than the prospect of future generations lacking self identity, self worth, dignity, history and dreams? Could it be that the prospect of incarceration, failure, or death as a result of confronting you on whatever level (physical/mental) necessary (to make you see ME) has more weight than the ball and chain of psychological servitude tentatively secured around the minds of future Black generations? I'm terrified to think I demonstrate the answer to this question daily.

To all the beautifully alive people of color who'll hopefully read this:

In the rich soils of the Black mind, there's a beautiful legacy to be unearthed for all of us as Black people (as it is for all peoples of color). Unearthed from beneath all the piles of useless years of bullshit American History, beneath the knowledge of those (thankfully) rotting coffins of the "founding fathers," way down past all the knowledge that's lacked any fucking relativity to our lives here in the USA... I know there's a loving legacy there that awaits us. We are the children of hope and more. Within our veins lay the link to all we've been. The heart that gives our blood motion also beats out the rhythm to a truth. That truth is that as we are here, we are hope itself. Let that truth be your spade.

Thank you, Chuck Shackelford
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P.S. To anyone who ever took the time to write Bread and Circuits, any and/or all members, PLEASE know how much it meant to us... PLEASE! We (more so I, since this is my address) deeply regret any letters unreplied to! Aside from having had pretty bad access to computers, being in Australia, or whatever thing necessary to make communication that much harder, if you've sent us a letter or e-mail already, didn't hear from us, yet are still inclined to consider us decent, human, or even better, decent humans, then please write again! I promise we'll do a better job in the realm of responses this time around.

Helen Luu

A few weeks ago, I was at a hip hop show and even though that's not the scene I most identify with, I felt undeniably at ease there. There were people in attendance from all different backgrounds, people with every shade of skin out there, tons of people who shared my language and culture and experiences of discrimination. And there was no one looking at me like I maybe didn't belong or like I'd make some sort of good exotic fuck toy (people with racist Asian fetishes suck and can kiss my fist). Fast forward to the punk show I just got back from tonight where (surprise, surprise) I was the only Asian person in attendance. Actually, make that the only person in attendance who wasn't white, period. I feel like I'm known as "that Asian girl" sometimes because I know that people whom I hardly know identify me as such in this shithole conservative city, London (Ontario), which also happens to be a major hub of white power activity in this region.

Ask me how I felt when I spotted a swastika hastily scratched on the back of a bus seat, or how I felt when my friend (who is black) told me that his friend (who is also black) got beat up by some white kids downtown because he dared to look at them, or how I felt when some ARA patch-wielding punk kid said to me, "I'm not racist but <insert subtly racist comment here>." Or how I feel when my issues as a woman of colour are constantly ignored and brushed aside in punk/hardcore, or when I'm accused of the mythical 'reverse discrimination' when I point out how unequal systems of power and those who have access to that kind of power oppress. Punk may feel liberating to you, but it's hardly the case for me and others like me. For a scene that prides itself on being inclusive, it falls short... it fails. Even the politically active contingent falls short too, both within punk and outside of it.

I read an article by a Chicana woman a little while ago in a magazine called *Colorlines* in which she examined why there were so few people of colour involved in the WTO protest that took place in Seattle a few months ago. She mentioned all the groups and organizations involved that did have a large contingent or were entirely made up of people of colour, but mentioned that even with all of these amazing groups and individuals that came out in full force to protest, the total number only came to about 5 percent of all the people that converged in Seattle those few days. With the IMF/World Bank protest in DC this month (April), I can't help but wonder if it's the same case for DC as well.

In another article I read recently, this time in an activist newsletter, a long-time non-violent, white, middle-class activist who engages regularly in civil disobedience wrote about her experiences in Seattle during the WTO protest: "While I have participated in many direct actions, I've never actually felt my safety threatened." She relays a typical civil disobedience action for her which involves an orderly and predictable exchange between protesters and the police: "The protesters refuse to obey authority, authority gets frustrated and hauls us off to the station, we get cold and bored in a cell and then get released. We do our job, they do theirs." For her, Seattle was a rude awakening in which "there was no faking, no cheerful slapping on of handcuffs, no protesters jokingly asking the police for a cigarette."

As I read this, I couldn't help but wonder if she would have thought the same thing about police and protest if she wasn't white. For her, Seattle was the first time she experienced any real police brutality. For the average black person living in this country, this happens on a regular basis. The police are hardly going to cheerfully slap handcuffs on you if you're a person of colour—they're more likely to shove you against their cruiser, hit you a few times with their

baton to show you who's boss, and then slap on the handcuffs as tightly as possible while spitting out every racist slur they can think of. While your white activist friend gets out of jail in a few short hours, you get to spend the night—or a few years—because they need to make sure that you really aren't a criminal.

I also can't help but think of the black friend I mentioned earlier getting stopped and interrogated on the street on a regular basis by cops because of the predominant stereotype that black people are always up to no good. Or my Vietnamese friend hanging out with a bunch of his Asian friends and getting interrogated for no legitimate reason by a cop passing by in a police cruiser because they're arbitrarily suspected of possible 'gang' activity.

As I read through her article, I started to feel more and more exasperated, partly because her ignorance is not an isolated incident but happens all the time. Here was this white girl telling about what happened in Seattle and telling about what happens during the 'average' direct action as if her experience as a white, middle-class female applies to everyone. Of course, there was no mention of the lack of colour in the crowd of protesters. And never does it occur to her that while police brutality represented Seattle '99, it happens to represent everyday reality for blacks, Chicanos, etc.

I wonder if the legitimate fear of extreme police repression is something that prevents more people of colour from participating in direct action. I wonder if that's one reason why there were so few people of colour in Seattle.

Originally, I was going to write this column about why activism is so predominantly white until I realized that the reason I find this is because I'm thinking in an extremely narrow-minded way and looking only at the activism that I'm familiar with and have been involved with, and excluding other activism or other activist communities. A friend suggested that some people, especially people of color, choose to be active and political around concrete, local, immediate issues in their own communities. Meanwhile middle-class white folks (often students) will try to organize around issues that do not necessarily directly affect them like Tibet, or Mumia, or the WTO and IMF (although I would argue that the WTO does affect whites, and others, in the West because we benefit from the exploitation of people in the South... but what my friend means is that we don't get affected in the negative same way).

I think she's right. I know there are a lot of people of colour organizing around immediate issues in their own communities like housing, the closing down of neighbourhood schools, racism, and so on (and by anti-racism organizing, I don't mean the predominantly-white-systemic-racism-ignoring ARA). Yet, this is not the stuff we hear about in the media. Sometimes, it's not even considered 'real' activism. It's the big events like the WTO protest and the anti-sweatshop sit-ins that the media picks up on. I think that white middle-class people have the privilege of being able to pick and choose their battles while many people of colour do not. The real life experiences of people determine what type of struggle they consider to be the most important. For example, if you can't get food on the table, if you aren't given the right to adequate housing, if you need to ensure the survival of yourself and your family first, then it's a lot more difficult to go out there, take the day off work, and shut down the WTO. Of course, I do recognize that not all people of colour are poor or working class because we exist in all economic classes. But there is no ignoring the fact that the oppression of people of colour is fundamental to the sustenance of capitalist society, and that we'd have a lot easier time of it if our skin was white.

There is also the problem of what constitutes activism; that is, the way that activism is socially constructed. Patricia Hill Collins writes about

black women's activism in her book, *Black Feminist Thought*, and she makes the case for the many ways that black women can and do resist. A lot of the time, circumstances may prevent people from engaging in the overt forms of protest that we consider to be activism. Yet, these people engage in other forms of activism, other forms of resistance, even though it is not popularly defined as such. She says that the external constraints of sexism, racism, and poverty have been so severe that the majority of black women have a hard time taking part in organized political activities. She says that it's difficult to engage in this kind of activism when you don't have the opportunity or the resources to confront oppressive institutions directly. And she's right.

We need to question what we consider to be 'activism' and think about how this definition is constructed, and maybe even why it's constructed in such a way. Who does this narrow definition of activism benefit and who does it leave behind? I see parallels in this argument with the long-time feminist struggle in getting people to realize that women's unpaid household/subsistence labour is ignored and not considered to be productive work when in reality, it is one of the most important forms of productive work. Also, sometimes you have no choice but to find your own ways to resist (that aren't popularly defined as 'activism') because if you're not white, you find that fewer avenues are open to you when engaging in activism; white people often have less to lose by engaging in activism... for example, that whole police brutality thing I mentioned earlier.

Another writer, Juliana Pegues, relays her experiences of working in broad leftist political circles that were predominantly white and how she felt marginalized as a person of colour. When she wasn't being ignored, she was being used as the token woman of colour, and the activist groups would hold her up to prove that they weren't racist and were actually 'inclusive.' After a few years of feeling constantly marginalized by white activists, she turned the other way and started being active in identity-based groups which she eventually also found had problems.

Power dynamics within groups are always important because there's always going to be someone who feels more empowered to speak/make decisions/etc. than others, and at the expense of others (often unintentionally). I've been involved with consensus-based collectives that have still been rife with power issues and the patterns are usually the same as they are in mainstream society: white women, people of colour, etc. are the ones that get pushed under while white males are usually the ones that get to exert their power. It's no wonder, then, that many people of colour stay away from groups and issues that they perceive to be predominantly white. Experience tells them that their voices aren't going to be heard, even if the group claims that they're inclusive. Experience tells them that there's a chance that they're going to feel disempowered rather than empowered. And a lot of the time, racism—whether it's overt/blatant or covert/subtle doesn't matter because it's all still racism—still happens within these activist circles.

So then we have identity politics. Many people of colour feel empowered working within such boundaries. I know I do. But I also know that sometimes, this can be problematic too because broader social change (like challenging capitalism) is difficult to achieve within the narrow confines of identity politics. I mean, an Asian capitalist is still a capitalist. A black conservative is still a conservative.

I don't know if I have any solutions. I do know, however, that as activists, we really need to critically look at what's going on rather than blindly accepting the whole thing as 'equal' and 'inclusive.' And I don't mean suddenly going out and recruiting people of colour to join your groups because you wanna be down with the brown folks and prove that you're not racist. Most of us can smell tokenism from

a mile away and it's not especially appreciated. The same goes for punk/hardcore. Punk is far from perfect and it's important to look at it critically, and not just blindly accept it as some non-oppressive haven. If it's so damn inclusive, why do I feel more comfortable sometimes at a hip hop show?

Kudos to *HeartattaCk* for taking this step and devoting this issue to race and punk. I'm definitely down with the theme issues, but I do hope that this race issue, as well as the issue of women in punk (from HaC #22 and #23) are going to be issues that are looked at on an ongoing basis and not relegated to the token bin.

Communication and dialogue is important so please write if you want to comment on anything. I always write back so for those who have written me before but never heard back, that means I never got your letter or e-mail (this happens a lot). I'm graduating and thinking of moving to Britain pretty soon for a year or so (if there's anyone from Britain, and especially London, reading this and wants to get in touch, that would be cool), but the following address is always good even if I move around.

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Matthew Callan

NO GARLIC

"You may dig on the Rolling Stones. But they could never come up with that sound on their own..." —Mos Def, "Rock n' Roll"

Punk rock, like most music created in America, owes a debt to African-American culture that it has never fully paid. Whether you realize it or not, that 7 inch you dig on comes straight from the plantation. All varieties of punk go back to early rock n' roll, which goes back to the blues, which goes back to the spirituals brought over on the slave ships.

So why does punk rock, not to mention rock of other varieties, seem to be a bastion of Whiteness? Why has something that sprung up as a vibrant urban movement devolved into the music of suburban kids stand around and look bored to? Maybe it's because most punk, and most White culture in general, has little to offer the average inner city youth.

Let me begin the schooling portion of this essay by saying this: I do not like White people. I can not remember any time in the recent past when I did, and I do not envision a time in the future when this opinion will change. White people are responsible for bad laws, bad music, bad art, and oppression of Non-White folks. I count these as historical truths, and there are many folks out there who would gladly agree with me.

Before you get your collective panties in a knot, ask yourself this: If you consider yourself White, why do you do that? Why identify yourself with a culture of oppression merely because someone in a mansion and you share the same amount of melanin? Chances are if you consider yourself White, you are not descended from the power structure or folks who came over on the Mayflower. Your ancestors probably came over here with little more than the clothes on their back. They struggled against prejudice and oppression and hardship. When you look at your family history, which place does it make more sense for you to identify with: Ellis Island or Martha's Vineyard?

I hold the beliefs expressed above even though I harbor a skin color that society would consider White. I choose to make a distinction between the color of my skin and color of my culture. I have reached the conclusion that, for a person such as myself, the state of being White is a choice.

I'm sure that many folks would disagree

with me on that one, and they are right in certain respects. For example, having a skin color which society considers White is far more likely to get you a decent job, and far less likely to get you pulled over on the Jersey Turnpike than Non-White hues. The other snag is that someone like myself, descended from European immigrants, can choose to be White or not, whereas the average African-American does not have this luxury.

What most people fail to understand, however, is that it was not always this way. White is used now as a term to differentiate the majority from the largest of our minorities: African-Americans. Now it basically means anyone Caucasian. But this was not always the case in this country. To illustrate this point, we'll use the example of one of the first and biggest immigrant groups to come to America: the Irish.

During the early 19th century, the most reviled immigrants flocking to this country were the Irish. Newspapers printed editorial cartoons featuring caricatures of the Irish that were almost identical to grotesques of African-Americans: protruded, simian facial features made to make them appear less human. The social ills attributed to the Irish were very similar to those said to be harbored by African-Americans—drunkenness, violence, and a propensity for earthy and boisterous behavior. Irish were referred to as “light Negroes,” and African-Americans as “smoked Irish” (neither group considered their respective epithets to be flattering). The majority of Irish practiced a religion—Catholicism—which was considered by most Americans as a bizarre and heathen cult full of strange rituals and devotions. This was not far from the public's general perception of the “voodoo” practiced by African slaves. In the growing cities' ghettos, Irish and free African-Americans often worked and lived next to each other. It was popularly thought that if “race-mixing” would ever occur, it would occur between the two. It did, on a scale that disturbed White society.

At this time in history, the Irish were about as far away from being White as African-Americans. No newspaper or politician would ever dare refer to the Irish as White. However, what the Irish eventually realized was that they would have to leave the African-Americans behind if they ever hoped to get anywhere in this country. Because of their skin color, the Irish at least had the luxury of being able to pretend they were something they weren't. They could lose the brogue, change their name, and make their way in the world as a “native.” Leaving behind the slaves eventually translated itself into outright antagonism, as the Irish knew that being linked with African-Americans in the public eye was their biggest stumbling block in the way of mass acceptance. Plus, when you're as low as the Irish were, you needed *someone* to feel better than, and the only people lower than the Irish were African-Americans.

And so began the clash between the working immigrant and African-Americans that continues to this day. The largely Irish labor unions of the 19th century were begun not only to guarantee fair wages and safety, but to also keep African-Americans out of the workplace. It was not uncommon at this time for an entire work force to threaten to quit in the face of the threat of just one African-American co-worker. Race riots became increasingly common in America's cities, usually started over competition for jobs. The biggest example of this was the New York Draft Riot of 1863. Initially a protest against a draft which was adversely affecting the Irish poor population of the city, it degenerated into a full scale race war, with roving mobs burning African-American churches and hanging freed slaves.

What the Irish discovered they could do was make African-Americans the extreme minority, the lowest of the low. It didn't matter how bad off you were, as long as you could say you weren't Black.

This was a lesson reinforced by society at large, assimilated into our culture, and handed to other hated but White immigrant groups that came later, such as the Italians and the Jews. It is one practiced even today by the immigrants coming here to seek a better life. As all these groups have climbed the social ladder, they have done so on the backs of African-Americans. What White really means is Not Black. The most important thing in this country, especially to the struggling immigrant trying to carve out a slice of the American Dream, is to be seen as Not Black.

The idea of White as a race is just that: an idea, a social construct that, while old, is by no means ancient and certainly not incontrovertible. Its only function is to get certain groups to identify and ally themselves with the power structure against African-Americans. It keeps groups which might unite for common goals (better wages, health care, human rights) apart purely on the basis of skin. Maybe you call yourself White, but if you're poor or working class or even middle class and you think political pundits and Wall Street financiers see any difference between you and kids in the ghetto, you are sorely mistaken. We're all interchangeable tools to them. Only the colors of our handles change.

So what does this overblown history lesson mean for punk rock, you may ask? Plain and simple, this: Any culture that hopes to stay relevant needs to stay vibrant, and there is no vibrancy in White culture. White is an anti-culture, a non-culture. White is the absence of color, devoid of spice and flavor, weak and venal, attractive only to those who need to get ahead in the eyes of the wooden rulers. There is no garlic in White. It is completely devoid of zest. White's job is to remove unusual tastes from whoever it comes across in an effort to create uniformity. No spice rack in the White kitchen. Only mayo and Wonder Bread. If punk wants to stay vibrant and vital, it needs to steer clear of this joint.

Compare punk rock to hip-hop. Say what you will about hip-hop, as I'm sure you will, but hip-hop is undeniably alive. It is vibrant and here and now and almost glowing with energy because it comes from and speaks to people who so desperately need to express themselves. Almost none of even the best punk/hardcore/emo/indie stuff out there today can match the urgency and energy of the most run-of-the-mill hip-hop. This statement might have been untrue in 1977 or 1981 or insert the year of your favorite scene explosion here, but it is true today. You can debate their relative musical merits until the cows come home, but when you listen hip-hop, there should be know doubt in your mind that these cats are in it for the long haul. Do African-Americans have more soul than other folks? No, but maybe they're more in touch with it than the rest of us, just because sometimes it's all they've got.

Does this mean that you need immerse yourself in African-American or other such oppressed cultures to regain this urgency? Not necessarily, though it never hurts to branch yourself out. Keep in mind, however, that White people have been doing this for centuries, from the slave master's sons who would hang out with the field hands, to the rich Park Avenue kids who would sneak up to Harlem to hear some “hot jazz,” to today's mall rats who tell themselves they know where Tupac was coming from. You don't need to grow an afro and wear a dashiki and start carrying around a copy of *Soul On Ice* in order to prove how down you are.

Instead, you should try to find the Non-White within yourself. This may entail delving into your ethnic background, or regional ties, or even geographic location. All you need do is find within yourself that which White society doesn't provide for you. Remember: All the best culture is sub-culture. All the best art comes from struggle. If you look hard enough into your life and your surroundings, you can find it. Chances are you won't have to dig too far.

You already *are* it. It's in your veins and skipping across your synapses. Maybe it's been laying dormant for generations in your genes, waiting for the moment when you were ready to recognize that you needed it. It's in everyone who is alive, and chooses to live a life worth living.

Maybe you don't think other cultures have much to offer the punk world. However, the more you research these things, the more you will recognize how much everyone has in common. You will see the shared history, mythology and folklore among all peoples and places and identities. You will discover a whole new world of influences, grooves, beats, riffs, lyrics. You will see the connections between punk and hardcore and soul and reggae and bluegrass and ragas. Some physicists theorize that the universe operates on a common wavelength; in other words, a single note that vibrates from the farthest galaxy and straight to your ears. I don't know if this could ever be proven, but it's something I'd like to believe.

You will not be losing anything except your claim to a racist title. You can't cease to be White because you never were White in any place other than your mind. You will be gaining a new understanding of your culture, your fellow human beings, and yourself. If you're tired of the same old meals, go on and check out that spice rack in your soul kitchen. There's some good shit in there.

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Mag Delana

Hello, my name is Mag Delana and I would like to take this opportunity to thank Kent, Lisa and Leslie for doing this issue of *HeartattaCk* “race in punk.” It is not a topic most people have to think about too often, which is why I feel this installment of *HeartattaCk* is extremely important.

For the last 15 years I have been listening to and involved in a genre of music that many ironically consider “white music.” This started with metal and eventually led to punk, hardcore, indie rock, etc. The majority of my friends were bmx riders and skaters, white bmx riders and skaters, and I was ridiculed and criticized for many years by my family and friends (I grew up in a small low income housing projects made up of Black and Puerto Rican families). My mom would often ask me, “Boy, why you listening to that white rock music?” And at the time I wasn't really to sure. I just knew I liked it and I really didn't care if it was “white music.” The more I thought about it though the more I listened and eventually came to a conclusion and a concrete explanation for my insatiable taste—the rawness of the music. That's all.

This became a battle for me against my mom and my brothers, as they really didn't understand what the hell I was doing. This eventually led to tension in our relationship and I slowly began detaching myself from them. My feelings were hurt on numerous occasions, and all I could do was argue that it was my choice and I'll do what I want. Our relationship suffered severely.

The reason I opened this letter with that small story is because many people of color in the punk scene that I've come in contact with have had similar experiences and I feel that one of the reasons there is such a small percentage of people of color in the punk scene may be related to this. Now although I don't agree with the statement that punk metal indie hardcore or what have you is “white music,” I sure can understand how my mom and others would. I mean the majority of kids doing 'zines and record labels, going to and putting on shows and playing in bands are white, so of course anyone would notice this. Not only would they notice, they'd also react. For example, there have been many instances where white punk kids would ask me how I got into punk or

were just very surprised that I'm into it at all, and this is really fucked up. I mean why the hell wouldn't I be into punk? Am I too short? Are my feet too big? Am I not wearing the right band paraphernalia? Or am I just too black? See, I've gotten a lot of the "punk is white music" right here in the punk community. Some cases were a lot subtler than others but each have had an effect on me. One in particular happened just two years ago while I was on tour with one of the bands I'm in. We had just arrived in the town we were playing in and we were all heading into the space the show was to be held at. I was the first to enter the place cause everybody else was getting their stuff together, and the greeting I received was rather lame. I walked in and introduced myself and the response I got was, "I'm sorry bro, the show doesn't start until eight." "bro!" Well instead of clearing things up with the kids I just went back outside. Now normally this would just have been a small mistake on the part of the kids (white kids) doing the show, but I felt their confusion was based on the fact that I was Black, so I asked one of my band mates to go in and ask what time the show would be starting. The response he received was a bit different from mine, "Are you in one of the bands?" Now of course there could be another reason why I was told when the show started and he was acknowledged as a band member, but I feel this is consistent behavior on the part of a lot of white kids in the punk scene. Here's another incident the really fucks me in the chops... I did a show for Team Dresch about four years ago and I was going around asking all the bands if they needed drinks or anything when I overheard this kid say to his friends, "I hope that homeless guy doesn't ask us for money." Why the fuck would he immediately assume I was homeless and asking for money? Ignorance. Now, I have no solutions to situations like this, I just hope we all can get past them.

Thank you. Mag.

Recently I've been thinking about starting a 'zine solely consisting of people of color, and it's pretty fucking pathetic that I haven't done shit yet, but one of the reasons is I'd like to have more people involved. It's pretty difficult for me to make the first move so to speak, but I'm working on that. So anyone interested please get in touch—Yaphet666@hotmail.com

Eric de Jesus

It was the day the Russian Meatsquats stole the music to "Stop Jap" off The Stalin LP and turned it into "Powerplug" on their record. It was the day me and Ajax came back from NYC where we got photographed by *Doll Magazine* cuz he had the orange triple mohawk and I had the "LVHC" symbol painted on the toecaps of my boots. It was that same afternoon at soccer practice that made me so fucking damaged. It was at practice that my coach, tripping on his authority like a pig, and not even knowing anything about soccer just like some fat ass American rednecked, gym teaching, football loving, smalltown scumbag with a whistle around his neck, stopped play, picked up the ball, blew his whistle to gather the Varsity and JVs around. He looked over at me, then at Nu and Chung. Then he started another drill. He looks around and yells "Fing, Fang and Fong! Front and center!" I knew what the fuck he meant even though I pretended not to. I looked at Nu and Chung cuz they could hardly understand English. They stood still too, looking back at me. They could understand what was up. Because we were the only ones with glasses and black hair even. Who else could he mean? He goes "Hurry Up." All the varsity squad shiteheads stand around laughing. All our JV friends start looking queasy because they know they're about to follow the crowd like stupid traitorous sheep and laugh too. I take the first step forward and go "you know my name

coach, you live across the street."

Nu and Chung start to kinda laugh. He just smiles at me. He only buys American cars. Then he tosses the ball into the air and my eyes follow it right into the glare of the sun. I'm going to bicycle kick this thing right into his stupid face, right into his round little eyes. But then he blows his whistle and his bench warmer, lackage-ass varsity squad sweepers lunge at me and take me out, a lens digging into my brow and my ankle spraining as I land. He puts his hand out smiling to help me up, but there's no way I'm taking it. I pull up my shin guards and limp across the field and I keep going. I walk home so defeated beside the creek.

But now I got one of the kamikaze headband that the MFC kids were handing out tied around my crew cut head. I got the kickerboots and the Black Flag jeans on. And I got the Dez side off "Everything Went Black" playing low on my box cuz it's only 3am. I sneak out my window onto the slate roof, my spurs clicking. I jump into the tree and do the Huck Finn shimmy down to the ground. I collect the biggest, fattest river bed rocks from my parents' rock garden and sneak through the shadows across the street. Then I stand up straight right below my fucking coach's window and contemplate the weight of my projectiles. Mica glints off them in the moonlight. I can hardly see cuz the headband's down so low, the Rising Sun right on my forehead. I take careful aim through squinting eyes and throw hard like a pitcher, slowly and deliberately, one rock after the other, and then slide off into the night, glass raining down behind me like snowing. I slide off and sneak back to my window hutch like a Viet Cong, like the Asian kid with the crutches in *The Decline...*, like a punk I got my revenge ("and you won't know what hit you") ("we're tired of being screwed").

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Amanda

I've never written for this 'zine before, never been asked, never really cared. But when I heard the theme was going to be the relationship between race and punk, I couldn't help myself. I think about it all the time. They are the two things I think about constantly, the two things that so clearly define myself in this society and define the way I see the world, and the world sees me.

In the 1950s, my father was a civil rights activist. When I was very young, he pulled me aside, dusting off a framed newspaper clipping from the Durham, North Carolina, newspaper. It was a yellowed photograph of him, complete with horn-rimmed glasses and buzz-cut, desperately holding a door to a local movie theater open, to let a group of Black students inside the room. He became a hero in my eyes that day.

Does it seem, though, that fighting against racism was so much more clear-cut back then? That generation of activists knew who their enemies were. They knew what their goals were. And they were so tangible. Today White anti-racists and race traitors are coming to terms with themselves, and we are realizing how big a part of the problem we still are.

My family moved to Atlanta when I was ten, so my dad could work as an editor for the Martin Luther King, Jr., papers project. I found myself going to events with my family where my sister and I were the only White children there. My dad was feeding me with ideas and facts on racial history the textbooks never taught me. My parents record collection was mainly Josh White, Paul Robeson and Odetta. So what does my father think about the fact that the social group I choose to affiliate with is mostly White?

I just tell him that punk is the only place I

belong. On its best days, punk is a revolutionary mindset and group of people who are concerned about change and create art, music and writing that express that dissatisfaction. On its worst, punk is a group of drunk White kids, yelling to off the pigs and piss off in fake British accents. But, I believe that most punks at least have the noble intention of embodying and enacting change.

In my mind, punk should be a way of allying oneself with people of color, though many don't see it that way. Let me give you an example: When I was sixteen, I worked as a busser at the Old Spaghetti Factory in Atlanta. Scraping plates of the cheapest pasta available in a gimmicky restaurant that pretended to be classy—there's no way around it: the job sucked. One night, I waited for my father to pick me on the busy corner of Ponce de Leon, at that time a haven for weirdos (though now gentrified). I paced the sidewalk and looked up to an apparently homeless Black man asking for help. Somehow I averted him, telling him I had no money, not really giving him a chance to start in on a sob story.

When my dad pulled up, the guy started in on him. He said he drove to Atlanta with a friend so they could both audition for the Atlanta Opera Company, and his friend had ditched him at a filler station, taking his car, clothes and money. He had spent the day wandering the streets of the city, looking for help. It had been a real steamer that day, so the man was smelling pretty ripe. I looked at my dad to see if he was buying it. "Prove it," Dad said. And the smelly Black man in dirty clothes broke into an Italian aria in front of the Old Spaghetti Factory on Ponce de Leon Avenue. "Well, don't just stand there," said my dad, "Get in the car!"

I made him a sandwich and some coffee when we got home, and we let him crash in the basement. My dad bought him a Greyhound ticket, and the man promised us passes to the opera if he ever made it. We never heard from him again.

There are two points I am trying to make: First, race has always been about impressions. There has never been a scientific backing to racial categories, and in all ways, race does not exist, except as a social recognition. The rules of this social recognition have been made up, and remade, as the years go by, notably by colonists and advocates of slavery to justify their barbaric actions. My social instincts told me that this man was homeless, that he was making up a story, and probably not worth my time. And folks walking down the street passing this man would probably make the same assumptions. To "fight racism," as the bumper sticker says, we should be fighting "race," or the assumption that there are characteristics common to those of certain skin tones. (Who assumes common traits for White folks?)

Secondly, there is a parallel story of assumptions made about punk kids. People look at us and assume something about us, maybe that we want to stir up trouble or that we are anarchists who want to destroy everything (and they are not always wrong!). However, I want them to look at us and know that we are not like other White people. We do not wish to work from a privileged position. We do not wish to dominate, nor accept privileges that are bestowed upon us because we were born White. I want people of color to see us as allies and comrades.

In a world reigned by assumptions, this is what I want people to assume about me.

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Lee Tak-Fu

My mother can taste the chicken and tell if it was fresh or injected with hormones. She worked ten+ hours per day in the rice fields in China then and

now works ten+ hours in a Chinese restaurant in the great U. S. of A. She hates driving a car and still does the laundries by hand... She's also prejudiced against blacks (anyone's that not Cantonese for that matter), she doesn't understand the importance of photography, films, music... the arts let alone appreciate the work of Jean Vigo, Ella Fitzgerald, Astor Piazzolla, Broken Hearts Are Blue, Assfactor 4 and so on... and punk just doesn't exist in her mind.

Well my point is... my experiences and my mother's experiences are totally different. Worlds apart, tens of years apart literally. What's this got to do with race and punk? Nothing and everything. I guess cultural and generational differences occur among all "race," but the differences among Chinese punks, especially first generation Chinese Americans, are more acute I think, given the fact that unconformity is an intrinsic evil in Chinese traditions. (Though I can only speak for myself). How many punk bands do you know that are from China? Maybe I'm ignorant, but I don't know any. A friend told me that Italians and Chinese traditionwise are basically the same (driven by money, food, and the mobia/triad) except the fact that Italians are Catholic and Chinese are atheists. As far as race in punk in general, I think it is more or less a microcosm of race in mainstream American society except for one thing: I have never seen a Chinese or any Asian punk couples ever. It's like a double negative for some strange reason. I myself never dated an Asian as much as I would like to, but meeting and breaking the ice is quite difficult (shyness and inarticulation don't help neither) because I think it sounds cheesy to walk up to another Asian person at a show or other punk gathering and say, "Hey!! You are an Asian into punk... want to hangout, uh... maybe we have cultural similarities??" (See, it even sounds cheesy on paper.)

...People are different, from different backgrounds, different experiences, different faiths, different eating habits, different tunes... And I believe people will always be different even though "race" may cease to exist and Microsoft and McDonalds may continue to expand to Mars. There'll always be innovative people reinventing themselves and there'll always be followers in a mindless herd.

...And the differences is neither good nor evil I think. Is my mom evil because she's prejudiced against non Cantonese? Am I evil because I'm a 7th year college degenerate who digs reading 'zines on the porch rather than getting a real job and a family? Are vegan plastic energy bars better than a fresh smoked salmon? Is discrimination against a "race" more evil than discrimination against the poor? What's worse? Never thinking or always thinking. Righteous Christian or righteous vegans? What's the difference? I prefer to embrace the differences and get locked outside the game.

...Why not wake up to some apple juice, have some Southern potatoes grit, listen to Faye Wong, take a cold shower, do some writing, bike cruising, have dim sum and jasmine tea for lunch. Do your errands, take a break... Go off with your dog to Angel Hair or Tribe Called Quest. Do some dishes, cook a nice sauteed squid with black bean, rice and plantains. Have some French pastries or cherry cheesecake while listening to "This American Life," watch a Godard or Kiarostami film, hangout on the porch, listen to the Wind Whistling Sky... Have a smoke or two, drink some Cuban coffee. Put on a Billie Holiday record, make love to Jean Seberg and Greta Garbos. Take a good shit then a hot bath. Watch PL... Hit the sack with Nina and have lucid dreams.

...So is it evil to dream of such a day once in a while? I hope not... Granted it's a little self indulgent. Learn and culturally diversify oneself, there's so much more out there waiting to be dug up than say... The Matrix, eating rice and beans everyday or getting trashed. Do what you will right? Because

you will only ultimately have to answer to yourself... that is if you're not "Chinese American."

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Tony Wong

My father is full-blooded Chinese. My mother full-blooded German. I grew up in the nice, middle-class neighborhoods on the north side of Indianapolis, Indiana. I first got into punk and hardcore when I was in high school, my teenage years. It provided me with a source of rebellious release and positive motivation. At this time the politics of the music influenced me to adopt a drug-free, vegan (eat and wear no animal products—a strict vegetarian) lifestyle. I came into hardcore naive and as yet unaware of the role my class privilege played in the scene. In fact the scene was composed of mostly young kids like myself: middle class, privileged, and mostly white. Wait a minute? I'm not white... or am I?

Whiteness is often defined solely as the color of one's skin. In the most basic and obvious terms, this is correct. However "whiteness" can also be applied to the societal privilege given middle/upper class whites, an idea which the late band Race Traitor spoke of. On a personal level I've always seen myself in white terms. Growing up in a suburban school system where there is only a handful of other Asians, a small percentage of Blacks bussed in from the inner city, and the rest white, it is hard not to have this identity. In the hardcore scene, the distinctions of skin color have always appeared to me to have even less relevance. Going to shows in my city, it was very rare to see anyone of color. That means in a group of 50 or so people you would be lucky to see one Latino, Asian or Black person present.

What does this say? I think it says that in the U.S. hardcore/punk scene, the large majority of people are of white skin and class privilege (meaning once again middle to upper class). I accepted this quite some time ago. This could possibly also explain the shelter under which most punk/hardcore kids live. Hardcore has largely become a safe outlet for white youth rebellion and frustration. This is not a bad thing in itself, but it is at odds with some of the rhetoric I hear about us being able to change the world while staying within the hardcore scene.

Now I haven't stayed current with the debates on race within the hardcore scene recently (which would be difficult in light of the many 'zines, fests, etc., where it would take place) but I did visit a festival last summer where the issue arose. It took place in June and was the annual "More than Music" festival in Columbus, Ohio, probably one of the largest hardcore festivals each year in the States.

At one point during the fest a dozen or so Black, Latino, and Asian kids spoke before one of the last bands. They talked about racial tolerance and their own awareness of skin color within the hardcore scene. As I looked around me in the crowd before the stage, I couldn't help but notice I was one of the only persons "of color" not to get up on stage to support the speakers' address to the crowd. This was more a result of having not been a part of their earlier discussions rather than a disagreement with their intentions. But as I listened to them I felt maybe my place in the crowd, surrounded by white faces, didn't bother me. I've never been treated different or oppressed in the hardcore scene. In fact I find it very easy to be listened to and accepted. As much as I realize that hardcore is not without its own bias and alienation, I find it far different than what I see in mainstream society. Why would I feel threatened?

Punk and hardcore, as I've experienced it, has been an outlet for young, white kids to vent, to discuss issues, to find a community outside of the

mainstream. I'm not going to discount the voices and contributions of other people of color in the hardcore scene but I think it's important we draw the connection with this scene to class/race. There are probably many reasons why the appeal has been limited to just this grouping of people (self-perpetuating??) however I haven't studied it enough to say specifically or with confidence.

There are many issues within the hardcore scene which seem blown out of proportion, resulting in endless and disjointed debate. I think it is hard for some people to realize that the hardcore scene is a subculture outside of the mainstream *without* the same codes and rules for being. The scene is way more open and understanding of a diverse group of races, sexualities, genders, classes, opinions, personalities etc. So when the issue of race comes up within the hardcore scene I do not take much notice of it. I do not deny my racial heritage, but neither do I make it an obstacle that it is not. In the hardcore/punk scene I don't feel discriminated against. As we all know, the mainstream is certainly another case.

Whiteness, as I see it, is a concept of privilege and class more so than color. Within the U.S. punk/hc scene the majority of us fall under the privileges of whiteness, though I will not say we have it so easy once we are outside of our subcultural shell. Whether we accept this privilege or recognize it and try to break it down is up to us. We need to realize racism is fundamentally institutional, one more division of a hierarchical system. Learning to combat racial (and other) oppression in *all aspects of our lives* is essential if we are to progress beyond the sheltered identity politics of the hardcore/punk scene.

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Zanne Rehash

I was adopted. I've never met my biological parents, but I know quite a decent amount about them. I know I'm half African. My dad was an exchange student from Morocco. When I was in elementary school and junior high, I didn't quite look the same as the other kids. My skin was a little bit darker than the other kids, especially in the summer, and my hair was so curly sometimes I was called afro puff. I remember a few kids picking on me because of my hair and my skin, and I remember a lot of questions people and other kids asked thinking they were harmless, such as "What are you?" "Where are you from?" and "Why do you look like that?" After years of straightening my hair because I absolutely despised it, I guess it kind of became used to it, and tamed down a bit, but eventually I cut it all off. As I got older, my skin kept getting lighter, I was prone to bleaching my hair and doing odd things to it, so people stopped noticing as much, the comments and questions stopped coming as frequently for the most part, unless I brought it up. People don't really seem to notice it at all now, because my skin is a lot lighter.

This past summer, in July, a couple of friends and roommates were supposed to have band practice in my basement. They all came over, but for one reason or another practice didn't end up happening. So 5 of us decided to go down the street to the local convenience store, and get some juice and things to eat. As the rest of us were waiting outside for our friend to finish being rung up, two Black guys got out of their brownish orange car in the parking lot, and started making comments and saying they didn't like us shopping at their store. We told them we were sorry and didn't want any trouble, and were just about to leave. They got in their car and left. A few minutes later, we started walking the two blocks back to our house. As we got to the bank on the corner

of our street, I glanced over and noticed a brownish orange looking car parked in the very back of the parking lot, with the engine running and the lights on, and I thought that was really strange. When I glanced back, there was a Black guy in front of me, and all I remember seeing right then was his fist coming at me, and I saw pitch black and then I saw a cluster of stars.

The next thing I remember I was on the ground, and I think that same guy tried to smash my head on the cement once or twice, but luckily I put my arm under my head. I was on my right side laying on the ground like a fetus, and this guy was kicking me in the back with what seemed like all his force. I remember eventually noticing my friend *Steve on the ground with two guys kicking him, they smashed his orange juice bottle over his head and broke his nose. It seemed like we were on the ground for hours, but in reality it was only a few short minutes. The guy kicking and hitting me eventually stopped, but started to run over to my friend *Steve, so he could join in with the other guys on him. I tried to stand up, and I stumbled a few times, and I noticed my jaw didn't quite feel right, immediately I knew it was broken. I tried to walk and the guy who had been attacking me turned back around when he saw me and started to come towards me, almost like he hadn't finished the job because I wasn't on the ground. So I fell back down like I couldn't walk, and the guy turned back around and left me alone. That's when they stopped attacking *Steve, and started to run off. *Steve and I got up and stumbled towards the house.

As I was walking the guy who had been attacking me came up next to me again, and started walking beside me. He proceeded to tell me that he had hoped I learned my lesson, that he hated white people, and just kept repeating, "Do you understand what I'm saying white bitch?" over and over again, and said he didn't want to see me in their neighborhood again.

I stumbled to the house, my roommate and my friend were on the phone to 911, and I found out later, my two other friends had run the block across the street to the police station. The kids that jumped us lived 4 houses down from ours. They were a part of a gang that called themselves the east side posse. I guess while we were being jumped there were what looked like 15 or 20 other kids in front of the guys' house, waiting in case we tried to fight back or something. Who knows if they had knives or guns, if we tried to fight back it might have ended up worse. All I know is I ended up with a broken jaw that had to be wired shut for 6 weeks, I had a badly bruised back, a concussion, two huge lumps on my head, and a broken spirit for quite awhile. *Steve had a broken nose, broken glasses, and tons of bruises and blood.

I didn't go back to that house except to pick my stuff up and get the fuck out of there. I didn't press charges or try and fight back because my roommates still lived there and most of them couldn't go anywhere right away. And being that that kids who had jumped us lived 4 houses down and knew where we lived, I didn't want to jeopardize their situation any more. So I just moved across town to the first place I could find.

No one came up to me personally themselves and spoke these things, but I actually did have a few friends talk to me and tell me that other punk kids had tried to justify the situation to them by saying we were white kids, and they were lashing out at us for all the years of Black oppression put upon them by the white man and so on, and therefore it was understandable and OK. Fuck that. I didn't do shit to them. If this is what being "politically correct" has come down to, I don't want to be a part of it. It's even more unnerving to know my background, and to remember the teasing and the comments growing up, and to have this happen so many years later. It's really ironic in a way. That old saying "you can't judge a

book by its cover..." my mom used to always say that to me and I hated it, because no matter how much I wanted it to be true, I still got teased. That saying makes me smile now in an eerie sort of way, because I can think back to both times in my life and I now know when I say it, I'm right and they were wrong. It doesn't matter what you look like, it matters where your heart is.

If anyone is interested in talking with me further about this or anything else, I'm open for discussion. Thanks for listening.

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Yoon Park

I've been picking my brain trying to decide on what to write for this issue on race and punk. There's simply too much to address, to throw in people's faces. Obviously, the passive and detached approaches (i.e. Free Tibet/Mumia bumper stickers and benefit shows) really don't turn the harsh critical eye of self-proclaimed radicals inward, where it's needed most. So when I saw the call for submissions in HaC concerning race, I was excited about the possibilities, but also I was a bit apprehensive.

Okay, not just a bit apprehensive, but down right suspicious. Putting race and punk together like that seems so unnatural to me, the two entities so foreign to each other. Mind you, this is coming from someone who ideally encompass both—so I can't imagine what you white punk rockers are thinking... The more liberal minded bunch are probably thinking "right on!" and the rest are probably thinking "huh?" while absent-mindedly pumping their fists in the air. I guess it all depends on how you define punk—as a style or a mentality. But it gets trickier—'cos the real question is WHOSE style or (more importantly) mentality/lifestyle is it? To take it a bit further, whose rebellion is it, and a rebellion from what? When it really comes down to it, do the majority of punks (predominantly white) have the same enemy to fight, the same needs and visions as people of color?

When I was a teenager (it's really weird saying that, like I'm now this veteran human being or something), I excused my lack of involvement with other people of Color as a result of my being "alternative" or "punk." I reasoned with myself that I just didn't have any racially diverse friends because not many racially diverse kids were into punk rock. That's just how it was. And seeing as how that was my main identification as far as with whom I thought I shared some inherent understanding and interests, I didn't think it was strange that I was the only POC in my group of friends.

Well, I was absolutely right about people of color being sorely few and far between in the scene—and I was dead wrong about with whom I shared anything deeper than aesthetic style. Because ultimately, I got burned more by the subtle hypocrisy of progressive punkdom than I ever did by our larger society's blatant abuses. Reason being, I actually expected something from my peers who acted like they were champions of the revolution. I didn't expect anything from the mainstream that was either honest about its shittiness or at least had easy to detect facades.

But now that I'm a little older and crankier, I've given up making excuses for myself and for the subculture I'm familiar with. Instead of accepting the lack of color in punk as just the course of nature, I see it as an indictment of the community being insensitive and arrogant about a group of people it supposedly embraces. In its brighter moments, punk declares that it supports and fights for the rights of all marginalized populations (because you know, choosing to look different for a few years before entering the rat race really tunes you into other

people's sufferings). Punk declares its involvement and commitment to social causes but it ends up rarely ever impacting the world beyond the little clique. It never impacts the people it wants to help since most of those people are on the outside. Go figure why it's not as welcoming as it would like to believe for people who aren't white, male and middle-class.

In most cases, punk tries to promote all these different causes and tries to raise awareness and action when it's something safely off in the distance. Hell, it takes no courage to point the finger outward. As long as it's against an easy target like the status quo (and how hard is that to attack? Give me a break!), and not against themselves personally. Because when it gets personal, it gets sticky. Self-perceptions are smashed and world-views crumble. When the questions are directed inside, inevitably the scene has to answer why the very people it gives so much lip service to aren't actually a part of it. Meaning, all these punk rants about abolishing racism and white privilege are being controlled by individuals not-in-the-know. The people affected by racism are left out of the loop and the "revolution" is once again back in the hands of the dominant group, once again disempowering marginalized people in matters that hurt us directly. White kids playing experts in areas of race—typical and totally fucking arrogant.

What needs to be done is some major personal inventory on the part of white punks. Ask questions like—What am I doing besides wearing a Los Crudos T-shirt? Do I get my information about different causes from sources other than bands or 'zines or fests? Have I actually gotten a person of color's perspective directly, or do I just read/hear about it second-hand? Do I confront individuals when I hear fucked up shit if I'm the only one speaking out? Do I actually have any friends of color? If not, why? Do I get offended or uncomfortable when a POC brings up issues of race, thinking "not again! Can't that person talk about anything else?" Does it take another white person's validation for me to accept a POC's opinion/experience? Is "tolerance" enough for me?

So rarely do my white peers in punk talk openly about issues of race, or care/dare to bring it up, that I don't feel any kind of community with them. It's not outright silencing, but like the military's "don't ask, don't tell" policy. It's a cowardly way to ignore deeply important identities and experiences. And when I see large numbers of punk kids sporting crossed out swastika patches and reading the ARA newsletter, I don't feel an automatic camaraderie with them like I would've maybe 8 years ago. I get suspicious. I want to walk up to them and say "that's all well and good, but what about the less obvious? It's easy to condemn the Nazis, the KKK, Pat Buchanan. They're far-removed from you. But would you ever think about striking up a conversation with me, a person who your cool punk rock silk-screened shirt is supposed to promote equality for? Would you ever take on the initiative yourself?"

It's funny, the first time I've ever been in a people of color safe space within a punk realm was at last year's More than Music Fest. I was bummed that the safe space assigned for us was so dismal (no comfy couches or tables like the other rooms) and empty of all life. I was taking a picture of it, to capture the irony, and what do you know? A black woman passed in front of me just as I clicked the button. We laughed at the coincidence and immediately bonded—venting our outrage and disappointment. So we decided to do what was so desperately needed, get the rest of the POC's in the room, close the door, take a deep breath, and connect with others in the fight. It was a gathering of people of color who happened to also be punk. I didn't feel like the two identities went hand-in-hand, because I felt like we were POC's trying to make the punk community understand something that was foreign to it, not something organically in accordance with the general philosophy. I felt like we were

fighting tooth and nail to win allies, not like our supposed allies were fighting tooth and nail for us.

There's the real irony, I guess. Slowly, I'm learning who my real allies are and weeding out the rest. I can't accept anything less. My bullshit radar is sharpening, and I won't stand for some pretentious white punk kid trying to sell me some sophomoric regurgitation of a college course on race issues, telling me s/he knows what I need and what I'm going through. I'm tired of making excuses for ineffectual punk, thinking that it's merely bad execution of good intent. In the end, it still amounts to nothing and leaves the dirty work up to the people of color. And unless the definition of punk changes to actually mean something of substance, I am not a member of this exclusive clique anymore.

For dialogue, or a copy of *Lost in the Translation* (more related stuff), write me: Yoon Park/9665 Lamar Pl./Westminster, CO 80021

Chris Crass

Lifting As We Climb: White Supremacy On My Mind; Learning To Undermine Racism

Growing up in California and coming of political age in the '90s, race has been a central factor in my develop as a person and as a radical. California elections have been the battle ground upon which fights over immigrant rights, bilingual education, affirmative action, criminal justice, labor rights and queer marriage have been fought. The explosion of rage in Los Angeles after the Rodney King verdict clearing four white cops of all charges in the internationally witnessed beating of King was to have a profound impact on my way of seeing the world. I rarely ever thought about what it meant to be white, I was just a person. The ability of whiteness to be so universalized, to be the norm, to be the standard and all others and just that, others. I grew up in the post-Civil Rights era, where racism has operated in a way that rarely even speaks directly about race.

I remember as a small child listening to other children speak Spanish and I assumed that it was because they were not smart enough to speak English or if they were bilingual, then I assumed that Spanish was some sort of silly gibberish. This would have been a childish mistake or misunderstanding on my part, but as a white person, I assumed that my language was THE language and that it was the true form of speech and this thinking was not childish, it was the institutionalized logic of white supremacy, which was reinforced all around me.

In 1986, California voters passed a proposition that declared English as the official language of California. In 1998, voters in California passed a proposition that ended bilingual education in California. Prop 227 was known as the "English Only" measure. California was once part of Mexico. As white settlers moved westward, the idea of Manifest Destiny was developed which simply stated that all of the land towards the West were for citizens of the United States—white people. The US war of aggression against Mexico resulted in a huge land grab. However, in the Treaty of Guadalupe signed in 1848, the rights of Mexicans living inside the newly created US border were to be respected and language was one of them. The Treaty of 1848 stated that the United States must respect the culture and language of the people formerly of Mexico. The debate over language is truly about control, not communication. In his amazing book, *The Coming White Minority: California, Multiculturalism and America's Future*, Dale Maharidge writes, "The truth ignored in the debate [over bilingual education] was this: only three out of ten of the 1.4 million California students with limited English proficiency were enrolled in a bilingual education class. Due to a shortfall of 20,000

qualified teachers, 70 percent of these students were already taking English only classes. The failure of many of them had nothing to do with bilingual education." Maharidge writes further that "Prop 227 [English Only] is just one more way that the third world work force will be kept in place, providing a pool of janitors and dishwashers..." The struggle to make English the official language in California is about delegitimizing another people's language and culture and reinforcing inferiority. Simultaneously, English and 'white' culture is reinscribed as superior. This is why many who opposed English Only used the slogan, "English Only means White Only." My thoughts as a small child that Spanish was a dirty language where drawn from society and reinforced. I use this example, because it demonstrates how white supremacy operates. As a small child I learned that my 'language', my 'culture', my 'history' was all central, all important. I didn't need someone to tell me that white people were better or superior, it was indoctrinated in my surroundings in a way that it need not be spoken.

It is important for white people to look at their experiences and deconstruct them, look into events and find their meaning. One of the crucial ways that people of color resist white supremacy is by confronting internalized racism, by coming to terms with a society that has systematically devalued their humanity, covered up their history, brutalized their memory of themselves as a people and then placed white standards as the mark by which they are judged (in terms of beauty, in terms of culture, in terms of language and in terms of intelligence). Black feminist theorist, bell hooks, writes, "oppressed people resist by identifying themselves as subjects, by defining their reality, shaping their new identity, naming their history, telling their story." Shaping history and defining a new reality is a strategy that must be embraced by white folk who desperately want to see the end of racism. Racism will always exist so long as whiteness exists, as white identity has been developed through the process of slavery, genocide and cultural annihilation. White identity was fused together as a way of dealing with massive injustice—to be white is to be human and all others are subhuman, savages, beasts of burden to be worked, raped, beaten and robbed—they deserve what they get and little else can be expected of them anyway. White identity has mutated and evolved over the years, but its core belief in being better, of being above others is deeply intact. When white people complain that Mexicans are taking their jobs; when white people complain that Asian Americans are taking over their country; when white people complain that Blacks are ruining their neighborhood—this concept of ownership, of entitlement is all based on the notion that this is a white society that is suppose to benefit white people.

W.E.B. Du Bois, one of the great intellectuals of American society, wrote that white people are rewarded for their support of a system that largely does not benefit them—in terms of how much power and wealth is concentrated into the hands of the few. He called this reward, the "psychological wages of whiteness." The ability of white people to think of themselves as better than Black folk, regardless of how poor they are, how many hours they have to work, how their labor makes someone else rich. "I might be poor, but at least I'm not a nigger" is how white identity helps shape a horribly disfigured humanity of hierarchy and punishment in the service of power and wealth. If white people are to work for an end to racial injustice then we must come to understand how the psychological wages of whiteness have (mis)shaped our identity and (de)formed our consciousness. Until white people confront their internalized superiority, the dynamics of racism will be reproduced unconsciously. Becoming conscious of how race operates, one will still make many mistakes and reproduce racism, but at least we can

work to undo this and undermine this dynamic. Furthermore, when the internalized impact of white supremacy—of (un)consciously believing that white people are simple better—is confronted by white people, then as bell hooks suggests, new identities can be shaped and we can work to define our own reality.

Audre Lorde, Black lesbian feminist superstar, said "it is axiomatic that if we do not define ourselves for ourselves, we will be defined by others—for their use and to our detriment." While whiteness does carry many privileges and benefits in a white supremacist system, it also comes with a heavy price. James Baldwin, another superstar of radical thought, compared whiteness to a factory and he encouraged white people to get out.

In his essay, "On Being White and Other Lies," James Baldwin writes about the price of being white, "But this cowardice, this necessity of justifying a totally false identity and of justifying what must be called a genocidal history, has placed everyone now living into the hands of the most ignorant and powerful people the world has ever seen: and how did they get that way? By deciding that they were white. By opting for safety instead of life. By persuading themselves that a Black child's life meant nothing compared with a white child's life. By abandoning their children to the things white men could buy. By informing their children that Black women, Black men and Black children had no human integrity that those who call themselves white were bound to respect. And in this debasement and definition of Black people, they debased and defamed themselves."

Booker T. Washington once said, "When you hold me down in this ditch, you too remain in the same ditch." The ditch is a society based on race, class and gender hierarchies. A society that devours the planet and threatens ecological disaster. A society so full of fear and hatred that queer youth commit suicide. A society that demonizes and punishes whole segments of the population because they are poor, regardless of how the economy creates and needs poverty. This is a society where rape and countless other forms of more subtle sexualized violence are regular occurrences. The list of damage is enormous, and so too is the daily impact of our humanity cut off because of all of this damage—this is how white people have debased and defamed themselves, as Baldwin wrote.

Baldwin also wrote, "as long as you think you are white, there is no hope for you." No hope for you? No hope for what? I believe that Baldwin is saying, is that as long as you identify with a system that is based on domination—regardless of what privileges, concessions or wages of whiteness you receive—then your humanity will be horribly distorted and hope will be lost. I also believe that the hope Baldwin speaks of, is a hope for a new humanity that works for equality and liberation. So what does this mean for us white folk—what do we do and how do we organize?

In her book, *Black Feminist Thought: Knowledge, Consciousness and the Politics of Empowerment*, Patricia Hill Collins writes, "Suppressing the knowledge produced by any oppressed group makes it easier for dominant groups to rule because the seeming absence of an independent consciousness in the oppressed can be taken to mean that subordinate groups willingly collaborate in their own victimization." White folk need to read and study the knowledge produced by people of color. Furthermore, in fighting against a system of domination—the works of queers, women, working class whites, labor organizers and radicals of all colors must be read and we must learn and develop an analysis that connects all of this to an understanding of how power operates in ways that both oppress and liberate. Collins quotes a student of hers, Patricia L. Dickenson, who writes, "it is a fundamental contention of mine that in a social context which denies and

Jose Palafox

"u b black don' step back sit u now to the front
this b your bus
u b brown don' stick around traverse the full length
inside the belly of the shark
'n' take his heart out
u b white u not b all right, b left to do
what got to b done..."
—Alurista *Z Eros* (1995)

Ever since I was a kid, I knew that I wanted to play drums. After working at a swap meet for a few years, I was able to afford my first drum set. I remember practicing for hours in an old trailer that my dad left in our backyard. I practiced to various types of music but I mostly enjoyed playing to jazz and Be Bop. I took drum lessons for a few years and learned how to sight-read: everything from Salsa, Dixieland, Bossanova, Samba, Big Band to just plain "rock." When I joined my high school band, I realized that something was really beginning to bother me. I hated the way my classmates and my teacher talked about music: to them it was an industry. It was a way to make a living, a "career." I can remember another drummer in our class who would always talk about how his dream was to be in the "hip" drum magazine, *Modern Drummer*. The only people I ever saw in those type of drum magazines were rock stars with long hair who bragged about their "licks" and their double-bass drum sets with a million cymbals. I couldn't relate then and now. More and more, I became more interested in playing music that would challenge the notion that music needed to be all nice and happy.

I had seen my uncle's punk band, Mercado Negro, play in Tijuana, Mexico a few times when I was in high school. I liked that they didn't give a shit whether people in Tijuana liked them or not. They made their music and played it. They were a big contrast to many of the other bands in Tijuana that played typical "ranchero" music. Many of these Mexican bands played on "Revolucion," the main tourist street near downtown Tijuana. Mercado Negro played—when they were able to find a place to play—in small isolated places in Tijuana. I liked that their lyrics were about the real and ugly things in our country, Mexico: unemployment, corruption, violence, having to leave home and migrate to new places, and about not seeing a better future ahead. Many of the things that Mercado Negro sang about in Tijuana, I could relate to living here in San Diego, "America's Finest City" [no joke, this is how it is referred to for many years now].

I hated the fact that I lived in such a polarized city: rich white folks lived in La Jolla while people of color were ghettoized to the southeast area of San Diego. I grew up in Southeast San Diego. I remember the long bus rides from school to my house—about 1 1/2 hours—because many kids on the bus would laugh and make fun of the way I looked. At this time (more than ten years ago), I had the longest mohawk, many piercings, a leather jacket and combat boots. This was before the time that it was cool to be "alternative" and have tattoos in mainstream society. There was something about going to punk shows and hanging out with friends there. We had much in common. We were against many things: family values, patriotism, racism, sexism, money, god, and just society in general. Such anger, such rage I had that it was so easy to be against everything and not know what I was for. Not that I know everything now, but as I look back, I remember feeling uncomfortable that my mostly all-white punk friends did not understand what it was to be person of color and an "illegal" immigrant in a city that every day told us that we were not welcome.

As someone who was born in Tijuana, it bothered me when a friend of mine, a white "punk"

kid, talked about how lame and gross something was by referring to it as, "it's so TJ" (a reference to Tijuana). It bothered me that I was taught at a very young age to be ashamed that Spanish was my first language; I was ashamed to have been born in another country, even if that country was right next to it; I was ashamed that my parents were not like all the other parents in my high school. It's hard to explain, but when one is bombarded every fucking day of your life that you (brown, yellow, black, red people) are in a messed-up situation because you have not simply worked hard and pulled yourself from your own boot straps, one begins to really believe The Lie. The history books tell you this. The media, the movies, your teachers all tell you this. They wouldn't lie to you, would they?

I remember the first time I read Malcolm X. I cried. I learned to stop being a victim. I learned of a long and rich history where slaves had risen up against their slave masters. For such a long part of my "schooling," I was made to accept this racist and classist set up. I started getting involved with Chicano groups like MEChA in high school. I started to make connections with the oppression and the resistance of black people that Malcolm talked about. Chicanos, Native Americans, and Asian Americans in this country have also been more than just victims, for they too have fought hard to live with dignity and to make this country a better place for their families. Being punk and being a person of color then and now means that one learns to negotiate things in life. Although I would say that punk/hardcore has been a major part of my life, I must admit now that there were many things that bothered me, that I never really addressed in the past. The fact that that we were punk kids into the same music and at times, shared the same outlook on life, did not mean that we were a homogeneous subgroup of people in society.

No one in the San Diego punk/hardcore "scene" ever told me not to call out racism whenever and wherever we saw it. Quite the contrary. Many kids in San Diego wore shirts that Mike D. made (vocalist for the old straight edge Chula Vista band, Amenity). I remember many kids wearing the "End Racism" T-shirts. For a while, in the early 1990s, San Diego had a major problem with Nazi skinheads coming to shows and terrorizing all of us. I remember this one time when this tall skinhead named Bert, a member of the San Diego Boot Boys (SDBB) beat up my friend Justin. I'm glad that many kids wore the "End Racism" T-shirts and called out the Nazis when they saw them, but what was even harder was to point out the deeper and more embedded racism in U.S. society. One important point that Daniel Jonah Golhagen, author of *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust* (New York: Vintage, 1996) reminds us is that it wasn't just Hitler or the Nazi Party that should be at fault for the Holocaust atrocities, but complicit in all this were the millions and millions of people who also went along with the Fascist program to exterminate Jews. "Not economic hardship, not the coercive means of a totalitarian state, not social psychological pressure, not invariable psychological propensities," Goldhagen argues, "but ideas about Jews that were pervasive in Germany, and had been for decades, induced ordinary Germans to kill unarmed, defenseless Jewish men, women, and children by the thousands, systematically and without pity" (p. 9).

I remember living in San Diego around 1994 (I moved to Berkeley in 1995) when Californians were debating whether or not to pass Proposition 187, the measure that would deny services to undocumented immigrants there. I wrote some stuff that was eventually used for the *Swing Kids 7* insert. I was pissed that Californians were now going to freely vote on a proposition that would affect the lives of millions of people and yet, many of these undocumented people would not be able "vote" their

deforms a person's capacity to realize herself, the problem of self-consciousness is not simply a problem of thought, but also a problem of practice... the demand to end a deficient consciousness must be joined to a demand to eliminate the conditions which caused it." While we are developing an analysis of race, class, gender, age and sexual identity—we must also work to end inequalities based on race, class and gender in the structures of our society. This means that we need to bring an understanding of race, class and gender to the work that we do—around environmentalism, sweat shop labor, affordable housing, police brutality, child care, globalization, poverty and militarism.

One way that we can do this is by shifting the center of our analysis. How does environmentalism impact working class Latino/as? The environmental justice movement that organizes against toxic waste dumps in poor communities (among many, many other things) offers answers to this question. How does immigration impact Asian American women? The group Asian Immigrant Women Advocates have been doing amazing work around this and books like *Dragon Ladies: Asian American Feminist Breathe Fire* and *State of Asian America: activism and resistance in the 1990s*, edited by Karin Aguilar-San Juan. How have Black women organized and developed forms of resistance to race, class and gender oppression? Check out books like Paula Giddings, *When and Where I Enter: the Impact of Black Women on Race and Sex in America*. Read *Words of Fire: an anthology of African American Feminist Thought* edited by Beverly Guy-Sheftall. Check out the book, *Women in the Civil Rights Movement*, that simply rocks as it contains essays on activism, resistance and community building that offer so many important insights and lessons for our work today. We need to read books like, *Reluctant Reformers* by Robert Allen on racism and social reform movements in the US, to understand how white supremacy has led white activists to undermine the activism of people of color and how those dynamics continue to get played out. Additionally there are so many amazing activists and organizations out there that we can learn from and work in solidarity with.

Chicana lesbian feminist writer and activist, Gloria Anzaldua, wrote in her book, *Borderlands: La Frontera*, "Nothing happens in the 'real' world unless it first happens in the images in our heads." This is why it is crucial that white people consciously, critically and consistently work to undermine internalized white supremacy that prevents many of us from seeing people of color as fully human. Additionally, white activists need to know about the resistance and organizing of people of color so that we can image new ways of resisting and organizing in a way that works for collective liberation.

Here are some more books that can help us develop the radical analysis that we need in order to survive. David R. Roediger's *Black on White: Black Writers on What it Means to Be White*. Elizabeth 'Betita' Martinez's *De Colores Means All Of Us: Latina Views for a Multi-Colored Century*. *Red Dirt: Growing Up Okie* by Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz. Michael Omi and Howard Winant's *Racial Formation in the United States: from the 1960s to the 1990s*. Barbara Smith's *The Truth That Never Hurts: Writings on Race, Gender and Freedom*. William Upski Wimsatt's *No More Prisons. State of Native America: Genocide, Colonization and Resistance*, edited by M. Annette Jaimes. Charles Payne's *I've Got the Light of Freedom: the Mississippi Freedom Movement and the Organizing Tradition*. There are many more excellent books out there.

The analysis that we learn and the creative and thoughtful ways that we apply this analysis to our work will lead to important developments in the struggle against white supremacy and the entire monster of domination, which is a part of white supremacy.

opinion. How did the citizens of California become complicit willing executioners in Governor Wilson's war on immigrants at the U.S.-Mexico border? Why did Californians pass Proposition 187? What ideas did they have about undocumented people? Regardless of the answers to these questions, I felt sickened by what was happening. I was also a little scared because I was still waiting to hear from the INS as to my citizenship status. What would happen if I was told to leave? I could live with family in Tijuana but I would have to start all over and this would be very hard for me. I wanted solidarity with all immigrants by kids in the punk community. I'm sorry to say that many of the kids in San Diego at this time were more concerned with wearing tight pants and looking "punk" as they jumped from their instruments (Antioch Arrow, anyone?).

You see, part of white privilege in society is being able to live a normal life in a city like San Diego while never having to ever be scared that one day the Border Patrol might drag you from a city bus because you don't look "American." White privilege means that many punk kids of color have at times, not called out the racism within the punk scene—not because we don't see it or feel it—but because when we do, we are told that this is merely compromising "the unity" of "the kids." How many times did I repress shit that my supposed white punk friends said that really hurt me and yet I said nothing because I did not want to challenge certain individuals within the scene? Sometimes the racism that kills the most is not by those outright Nazis, but by white condescending liberals who preach for a "color-blind society."

I remember not too long ago, last summer to be exact, when Bread and Circuits played the Columbus, Ohio "More Than Music Festival." Many white punk kids had such a hard time understanding—and still do!—the need for a "safe space" for people of color and for women. I still have the red flyer that was put up next to the people of color safe space. It read: "Are you for segregation? Do you despise the civil rights leaders before you?... Grow up!" Regardless of what people thought of the fest, it was a good and healthy exercise for white folks there: the good old days when people of color kept quiet are over! As Josh Sanchez, a participant in the people of color group at the fest put it, "The safe spaces aren't there to keep you out. They're there so we can be together and learn from one another. We don't get that opportunity very often... What happens with my Mexican family is something you can't understand. Yesterday I went to the minority only discussion, and for the first time ever since I've been involved in punk, I sat in a room full of people who did."

But merely understanding how racism impacts society and the punk/hardcore scene is only part of the equation. In a global economy where rich white countries dominate and exploit "underdeveloped" Third World countries, we must also be able to challenge and contest this global apartheid. I think what has always bothered me about the anarchistic tendencies within the punk scene has been its extreme individualism. As long as one doesn't hold racist and sexist views, "hey that's all one has to do." As an activist I know too well the importance of the "mass line" in organizing: working with people from where they are at and not where we expect them to be! So for folks who personally hold anti-racist attitudes, this is a good thing that should be supported. But, the need to address structural inequalities is also a life and death situation. Think of what it would have meant for undocumented immigrants in San Diego to know that people in the U.S. decided to come out publicly against things like Prop. 187 and stated that no matter what "law of the land" was, that they would help and stand with them? What would it have meant for San Diegan's to go down to the border and give food and clothing to those that our government

has labeled "illegal aliens"? What we need are more than just music festivals. We also need punk kids to realize that, just because we are part of this "sub group" in society, this does not mean that 1) we the punk/hardcore community exist in a vacuum away from all the social ills in society and 2) that theory and practice go together. Sometimes actions do speak louder than words.

On another related note, something that was said a long time ago about me in the very first issue of *HeartattaCk* (March 1994, #1) by Kent McClard. I have since had many conversations with Kent about this and it should be obvious that ideas are not static but constantly change, so I don't think it's all that fair to hold someone accountable for something that was said years ago. It's not a big deal for me (I actually consider Kent a very good friend of mine), but I never wrote back. This is my first time ever writing for *HeartattaCk*. I always wanted to respond but never did so here it is, a few years later.

During the whole debate about whether to support bands that had members of color or women in it, many folks took the position that we shouldn't judge the music quality of a band based on the race and/or gender make up of the band members. "Jose is an amazing drummer because he has a sick style and a lot of talent," wrote Kent. "The fact that he has brown skin doesn't make one bit of difference." Actually, the fact that I lived in a state that was out for Mexican blood, especially of those brown skinned non-U.S. citizens (like myself) did and does make much of a difference. I have always practiced to make my drumming better, but never have I separated who I am (Chicano) and what I happen to do (play drums). You see, people of color in the history of country have always had to remember their skin color. Other times, a little lynching, a little genocide, a little bit of gunpowder justice and "internment camps" will do fine to remind us of who founded America and for whom.

I have always approached drumming as something that is felt and not as a tactical manner. It's a feeling I can't explain. Maybe this can be another article in itself. I would like to end with something that jazz pianist Cecil Taylor once said. "Anybody's music is made up of a lot of things that are not musical," Taylor once said in an interview, "Music is an attitude, a group of symbols of a way of life, whether you are conscious of it or not... and of course, it naturally reflects the social and economic and educational attitudes of the players. And that's why the fools don't think I play jazz."

Cristian Castillo-Davis

I am not used to writing things like this. All I have is a bunch of stories, my experience. I have no real "evidence" for my thoughts on race; all of it is anecdotal. What follows are a few of my memories of growing up. These experiences have profoundly changed the way I think about race. Maybe they will speak to you in some way too.

My mother is Latina and my father is white. I have black hair, brown eyes, and olive skin. My mother speaks with an accent and doesn't cook American food. But basically I "pass for white." This being the case I can't say I suffered much overt discrimination growing up. For me, there were no obvious "glass ceilings" and I never remember being called a spic.

I grew up in Connecticut just outside New York City. While I said I pass for white, this is true just about anywhere except for places like my hometown. There, I was surrounded by blond, blue-eyed kids named Brad, Topher, and even *Brud*. "Are you Puerto Rican?" "Are you Mexican?" These are questions I was occasionally asked growing up. Overall though, never any overt racism.

My earliest memory concerning my ethnic

identity is from the fourth grade. A bunch of us were sitting around a table in the back of the room away from the gaze of the teacher. Somehow the conversation drifted to race. Specifically, how many "kinds of other people" there were at school.

"There is one Chinese kid, right?"

"Yeah, Brian Yamaguchi."

"There are no Black kids though right?"

"No."

"Are there any Hispanic kids?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Hey wait. Isn't Cristian Hispanic?" All eyes on me. Hushed, hurried whispering at the far end of the table.

"Hey, Cristian, are you Hispanic?"

I had never been faced with this question before. Thoughts swirled around in my head. I felt trapped because I didn't know what I wanted to say. On the one hand I knew I was Latino. On the other, it felt as if a canyon just grew between me and everyone sitting at the table once the question was asked. I remember feeling that if I said "Yes, I am Hispanic," I would exist forever on the far edge of that canyon, by myself.

Of course I wanted to fit in and not be perceived as different, but I felt something more going on that day. My classmates appeared genuinely shocked that someone among them could be different. As I looked out over the table, at all these faces waiting expectantly for an answer from me, I remember already feeling alienated without having yet answered the question. To this day I am not sure what it was that I said. I think I gave some kind of half-assed, yes-but-I-am-not-really-like-that explanation. I do remember I kept rambling until everyone lost interest. That day I realized my ethnicity was not irrelevant to my identity as I had once thought. It was not something I could forget about, partly because other people wouldn't let me.

In fifth grade I had a teacher named Mr. Squio. Like many kids, I made little things out of erasers, masking tape, and paper-clips to amuse myself. I kept these little art projects in my desk where I would fiddle with them and day-dream. One day Mr. Squio called me to the front of the class. He asked me to defend an item he confiscated from my desk the night before, a sewing needle with masking tape fins. While I thought I had made an innocent yet very cool rocket, Mr. Squio, had other thoughts. He called me to stand in front of the class and demanded to know if I planned to use one of my "Chilean blow-darts" to injure other students. Then he started laughing. "Where did you learn to make your South American blow-darts Cristian?" he asked. I said nothing. I wanted to kill him. After a few more seconds of snickering from my classmates, he said, "OK, that's enough everybody. Cristian you can sit down." There were other incidents like this over the years, but for most of them I can't recall the details.

One thing I do recall, is that ever since I can remember I have been annoyed at the appearance of adolescent boys who have dark skin, eyes, and hair. In one of my high school math classes, there was a Pakistani kid named Cyrus who I recall vividly. He was skinny and very boyish looking, complete with a bad, little-kid hair cut. For some reason, I hated him. Everything he did pissed me off—the way he spoke, the way he dressed, how he asked questions, how he was so awkward. I avoided being in a group with him if we ever split up to do work.

I also feel the same about older, shorter, Hispanic women. During my junior year in college I sat facing an older woman who fit the above description in the dining hall. I remember thinking to myself, What the hell is she doing in the dining hall? She looked too old. There was something about the look in her eyes, something just gross and contemptible about the appearance of this woman. She looked awkward, too fat in the face, too greasy,

too something I did not like. I couldn't stand to look at her. I had to get up and move. I picked up my tray and went to another part of the dining hall where I wouldn't have to see her. I remember thinking it was strange that I should react so strongly to someone's appearance. Then just as quickly I forgot about it.

1997. Detroit Hardcore Festival. Rob Endpoint from By the Grace of God starts out by reading from a book called Amazing Grace by Jonathan Kozol. The book documents the lives of inner city children. I recall the book shaking in his hand as he read a passage into the mic. Something about young black girl who doesn't like black Barbies. When asked why, she replies, "because they are not pretty." I remember Rob saying how messed up this was, how she internalized society's racist values such that she de-valued her own race, de-valued her self.

At some point after that, I don't exactly remember when, I came to understand that I had done the same thing. All at once I saw everything. The inexplicable disgust I felt toward the kid in my math class and the woman in the dining hall and everyone else I had ever seen like them... I realized where it all came from. That kid was me. The woman in the dining hall was my mother. And I hated them both. I couldn't stand to look at them because they reminded me of something I didn't want to be. Me.

These words are not easy to write. My mother will undoubtedly read this and I can't think of

anything more awful a son could say than the image of his own mother engenders disgust and contempt. And yet this is how I feel. I am ashamed because these feelings do not go away. Realizing I have assimilated white racism has been important but fixed little. I still have to fight feelings I have inside when I see certain Latin-looking boys and older women. Maybe I should just let it go, forget about it. But I can't. I can't live with hating the image of my own mother.

What scares me the most about all this is the fact I never saw it coming. I think I am pretty self-aware and in touch with my emotions, yet I ask myself everyday why it took until my junior year in college to see what was going on. I have no good answer.

Some people think the evils of racism are simple and discrete and can be easily measured in things like dollar bills. Everything in my experience tells me this is not true. I am still trying to work out how what I experienced growing up has affected me. I had an inordinate amount of trouble with authority figures when I was younger. I was sent to the office all the time and got in innumerable fights in the schoolyard. I never handed my homework in on time and was put on an "accountability" program. My self-esteem, problems in school, not fitting in, my gravitation towards punk, I wonder how much all of this has been influenced in one way or another by my

ethnicity. I worry, because I just don't know.

Once thing is for sure. I no longer question the power that racism has to hurt people, how far and deep it can reach into human lives. Like I said, I never had it that bad growing up. But if this thing called racism can make things such that I end up hating the image of my own mother and myself in other people, well, then I can't imagine what it can do to other people's lives who have it worse. People who can't pass for white, who don't have money, who can't hide the things that make them contemptible to the rest of society.

This experience has helped me understand that racism is more than just discrimination, it is psychological terrorism. It affects everyone, of every race. Minorities and women still do not occupy any political or economic power in this country and the "have-nots" see it as clearly as the "haves." From my own experience I've seen how this disparity has worked its way into our social consciousness. We are all affected. We believe the lies even when we say we don't. I sure did. What I learned growing up was that Latinos were not as good as white people, that they were not as smart, attractive, or valuable, and in the end I ended up believing it.

What maintains this racist environment that hurts all of us? Part of it may be that its "truth" is reflected in our culture. Latinos, Blacks, women, and gays still do not occupy significant social, political, or economic power in this country and the existence of this reality has worn ruts in our minds—Black, white, and Latino alike. How can we expect anyone, especially white America to change (mentally) when everything around us speaks to the truth of racist values? Do I believe that all white people are overt racists or conscious of their actions? Of course not, but I've learned that one does not have to be conscious of one's actions to inflict harm.

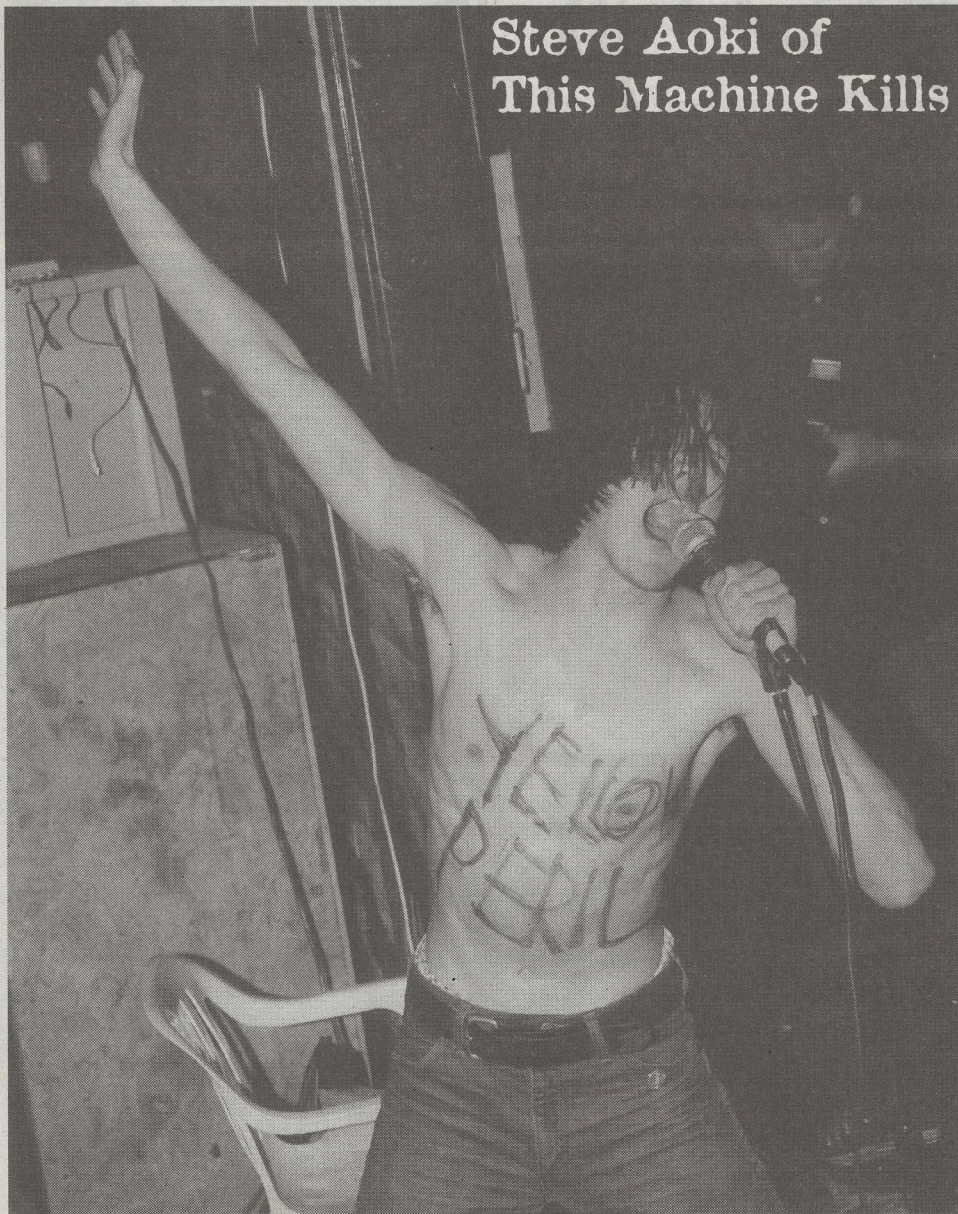
What does this mean? It means that a naive stick-our-heads-in-the-sand "color-blind society" attitude won't make racism go away. Equal opportunity is not enough. There were no race-based obstacles in my path and still discrimination affected me. None of my peers and teachers growing up would admit to being racists but somehow I got the message anyway. How then do we change our collective mentality?

One solution is to change our environment, change what we see around us, so that we can change what we think on a level that is deeper than just rationalization. Affirmative action seems necessary because a level playing-field won't erase the internalized racism that has been worked so deeply into our minds. To erase it we need to create images of enfranchisement—we need to get more minorities and women into position of power...

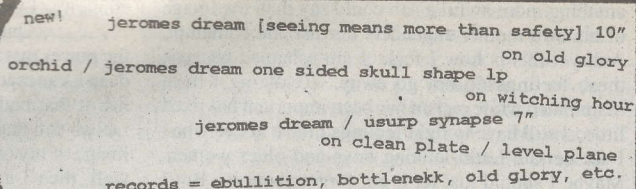
I used to think that we shouldn't think about race because it served only to draw attention to our differences—that things like affirmative action only made things worse. It used to anger me when I heard people saying that because they were black or a woman they had different experiences. I used to think all of that was nonsense. I don't think that anymore. I've come to understand the only way we can change things is by not ignoring race; we have try to understand how it still affects us all. My experience tells me this is the only way we will have a chance of changing what's in our hearts, as well as what's in our heads.

I'd like to thank Kent and everyone out there who puts so much effort into making hardcore a viable political and cultural space. Hardcore has meant a lot to me over the years because of the many people who care and who have put so much of themselves into the things they do. If you would like to get in touch, please write. Thanks.

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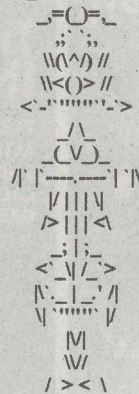
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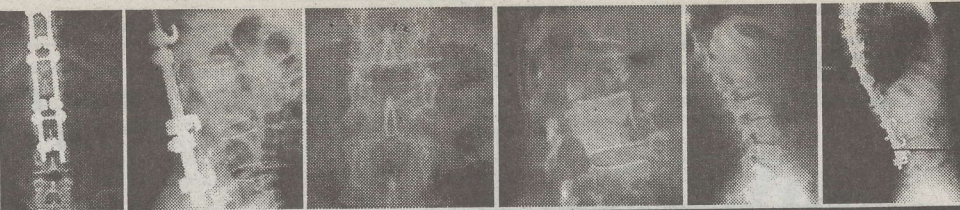
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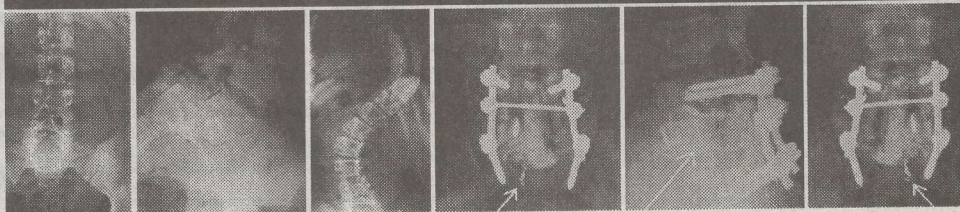
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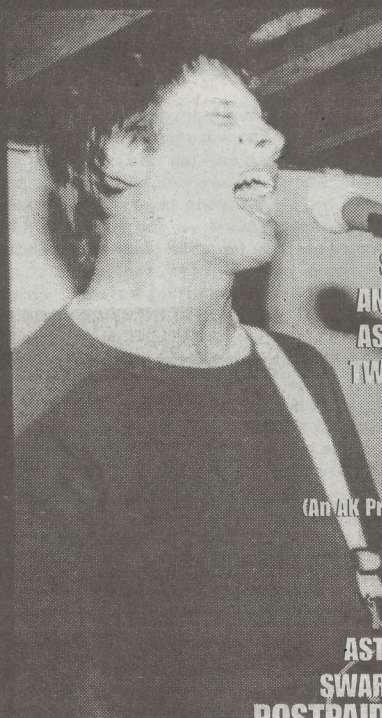
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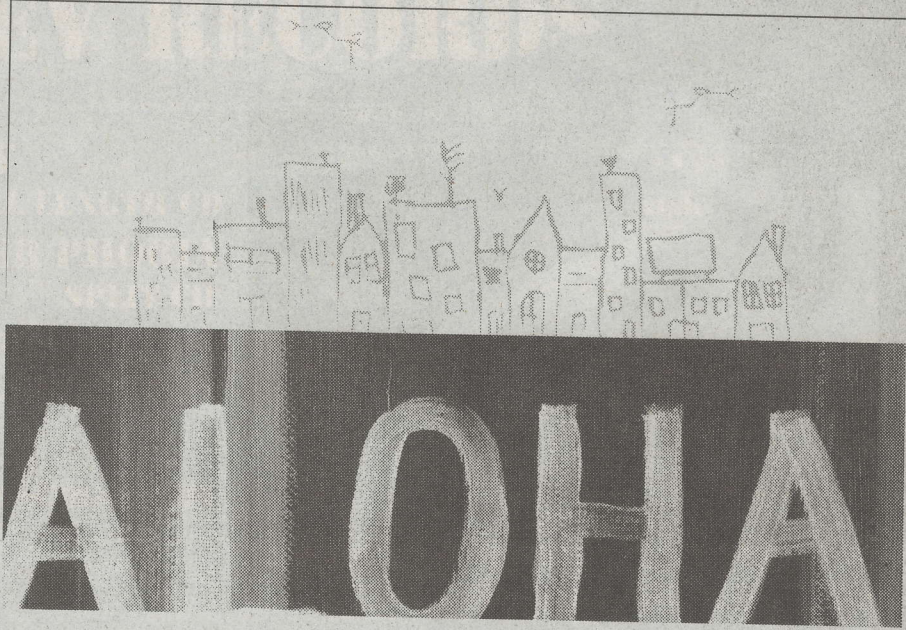


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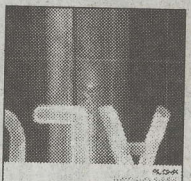


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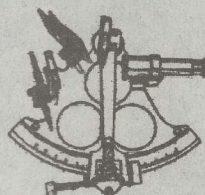
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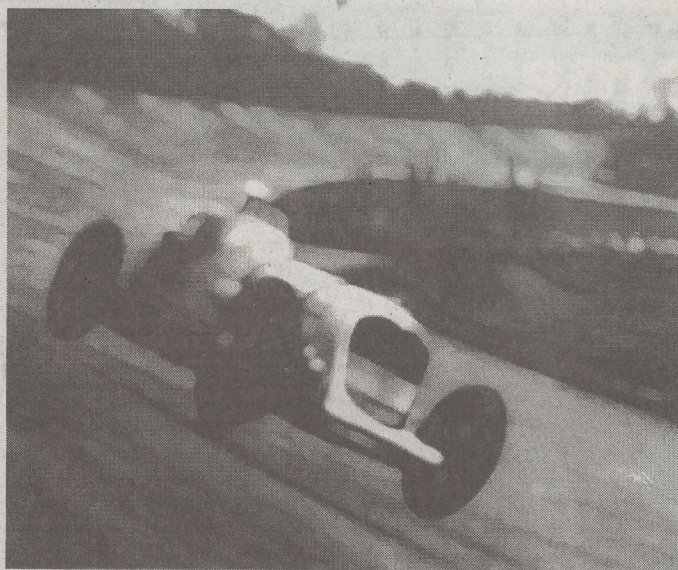
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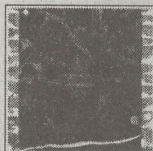
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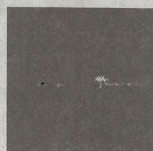
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an interview with: Amy Sonnie

This interview is the first in what I hope will be a long line of interviews with activists who either have come from punk or are still fully emerged in punk, but who spend their time doing activist work completely outside of that community. With these interviews I want to do my part to give voice to the experiences of young people doing amazing work as union and community organizers, media activists, newspaper reporters, etc. I am always looking for good people to interview, so if people out there have suggestions feel free to e-mail me (arooks@hotmail.com) or get in touch via HaC.

I decided to have this interview with Amy kick off the series because she is, plain and simple, a bad-ass. We have known each other for several years, but first really spent time together a few months ago. I have to say that she is one of the most active, political and fucking inspirational people who I have met through punk rock in a long time.

For the past four years she has been working on an anthology of writing by queer youth about oppression, identity, survival and activism (Alyson Publications, October 2000). In addition, Amy's been active in the movement to free U.S. political prisoners. She worked closely with the Bay Area organization Comite '98 to free the 16 Puerto Rican political prisoners—11 of whom were granted clemency last September. She's involved in a ton of other things as well focused on youth organizing, cultural work and political education.

Read on! —Daisy Rooks

HaC: So how did you become an activist?

Amy: Living in suburban Philly 'til I was 18, I grew up in a cultural context devoid of social justice politics. Obviously, there was a specific set of politics surrounding my predominately white, lower middle class community, but in terms of activism I was completely unaware of what was going on around me until I was in my early teens. I had always been a big questioner, and I can remember feeling uneasy or angry about some of the things I saw or heard growing up—racist remarks, the sexual assault of so many of my girlfriends, class prejudice, etc. But I can't say I just inherently knew what was up. I think that's a myth a lot of people cling to—that some of us are more inclined to become activists or radicals. For many people this idea is a way of excusing ourselves from the responsibility we all share for confronting oppression. We all have an equal amount of learning and unlearning to do in order to become radical.

But, like I said, I wasn't really able to articulate the need for change until I was 14 or so. The women who I knew in punk were really instrumental in getting me involved in feminist activism—through 'zines, clinic defense, recommending books, etc. But there reached a point where I started to think, "this isn't enough," so I started to do lots of reading in other areas. My consciousness emerged from self-education and from dialogue with my friends in the punk community.

HaC: What is your earliest memory of being an activist?

Amy: Like a lot of hardcore kids, my earliest memory of activism is around animal rights. I used to be involved in a lot of protests and campaigns around animal cruelty. For me, being vegetarian and vegan for the past nine years is a part of my liberation philosophy in the largest sense possible. I don't know that it always was, but my ability to articulate these connections has developed over the years. Back in the beginning, we were very myopic, very focused on this one cause. I wasn't connecting it to other issues, to human rights locally and globally.

Lots of vegetarians I knew were very focused on animal rights, but didn't think about animal liberation in an international, anti-oppression context. You could

have a six-hour conversation with them about the importance of the animal rights struggle, but try to talk to them about white supremacy or heterosexism in their own community and they totally clammed up. There was a lack of understanding about the basic premises of human rights, and an over-emphasis, I think, on animal rights.

HaC: Why do you think that punk kids so often are involved with this kind of activism?

Amy: Because you don't have to hold yourself accountable for your own shit. And this doesn't only apply to punk kids. For some people going vegetarian is a lot easier. For others, it can be harder because people's relationships to meat and animal products is different culturally, regionally, economically, etc. But, in general, I think it's easier to give up meat or wearing leather than it is to engage in the life-long struggle of confronting internalized and institutional oppression. It's all connected, of course, and I see veganism as a part of my liberation politics, but I don't understand people who put all their energy into animal rights and little or no energy into seeing their own complicity in cruelty against human beings, whether it's misogyny, racism, callin' someone "white trash" or buying Nike.

HaC: Why do you think some people turn out being really involved and others not?

Amy: I think it is different for everyone. For some people life itself is more of a struggle than it is for others. Survival becomes finding ways to resist, to defend oneself and your community. For others, I think that people are afraid of discomfort and are often unwilling to check themselves on their privilege—class privilege, white privilege, heterosexual privilege, etc.

Activism people in motion

People feel implicated when you talk about these issues. I can't say I've always felt great when someone calls me out on something fucked up I've said or done, but I think it's important to remember that change is not generally comfortable. It's fucking hard, really painful. But if we're apathetic about it, we're just buying into the self-defeating idea of individualism—that we should only care about what smacks us in the face. That's just a way of escaping the truth that all of this affects us, whether we're privileged by it, fucked over by it or both.

I think about police brutality. For some of us, privilege cushioned us against seeing the extremity of the police state we live in. For others, seeing this was unavoidable. It was right outside our door. It was even in our homes. Queers, especially gender deviant queers, folks of color, people in poor communities, youth across the U.S., immigrants—have all been targets of increasing violence by the states for decades, and, in some communities, for centuries. You can't avoid developing an analysis of this over time, unless you internalize the idea that this violence is justified. It's not justified but so many of us believe that it is anyway.

But I know people who surround themselves with a protective apathy, not because they are terrified of the violence they saw in their community, but because they never saw it. I come from a place like this. I saw oppression as a far-away-thing. Something in other countries, in other cities, because the area I grew up in was lower to upper middle class and very white. There was not a visible queer community, nor was there visible homelessness or police brutality. Even when I was experiencing the contradictions of racism and sexism in my own life, or the destructive effects of capitalism on the lower and middle class, I didn't know what I was seeing. But talking to folks from outside of my bubble, reading books, and analyzing my own experiences started to open my eyes.

HaC: For you, what's the connection between punk and being political?

Amy: Punk is political. Its roots are in working class communities and anarchistic, anti-capitalist struggles. To me, it's an anti-establishment subculture for anyone who thinks outside of the lines. Of course, punk's changed—it's a subculture with subcultures—but I've always felt like it's supposed to be a place for political dialogue and cultivating change. In the beginning punk helped me use my voice to speak up if something was fucked up. My family instilled a lot of that confidence in me as well, but mostly it was punk that helped me claim that. I saw a lot of potential in the scene—issues were being talked about, and that was more than I was getting at home or in school. Bands would bring issues to the stage, on shirts, in the music. I was happy to be a part of something positive that fit with who I was (someone who thinks critically). But at a point, PC became bad word, and when that shift happened, I began to feel really alienated.

Before that time I had been looking inward for political queues, but when this happened I really started looking outward for a political community. I looked to the academy for validation and eventually to other activists, some punk bands and hip-hop.

HaC: What were some of the bands that were inspirational to you back then?

Amy: Most of the bands that came through cabbage collective in Philly, and bands like Nation of Ulysses, Embrace, Inside Out, Struggle, Swing Kids, Sleater Kinney and Bikini Kill. Closer to home stuff too, like Endeavor and Endpoint.

HaC: Do you feel political issues are being addressed in punk?

Amy: I think they are being addressed. I don't think people are being mobilized. For instance, there were always a lot of "end racism" T-shirts at shows, and a general intolerance for blatant racism, but there's more to anti-racism than passive intolerance. There's a need for consistent political education and

action. There's a need to address consumerism in punk rock, racism, classism and sexualized violence within the scene. There was some discussion about things like sexism and racism, but there was little sustained action. People are putting on benefits for rape crisis centers and against domestic violence, but they are one-time benefits with little or no accountability to participating in the struggle against sexist violence, whether it's in the home or in maquiladoras along the border. There's very little strategic mobilization, no broader political analysis. I think we need to focus on building a movement that involves many causes, so that we're constantly developing and active in making change. Conditions for change have to be created, struggled for. There might be spontaneous outrage, but real radical change is a slow burn that requires long-term work.

For me, I felt like I needed to do this work outside of punk, as well as within it through example and through my connections to other folks in the community. Ultimately, though, I needed to develop this analysis and there wasn't a place to that in punk.

I was also closeted in punk rock. All my close friends knew I was queer. I guess that's a substantial number, and I came out to my parents and sisters when I was 15, but the hardcore friends I told were all people I knew shared similar identities and politics. So any conversations about sexual identity were more of a one-on-one thing that none of us really brought into the community. I think a lot about what it would have been like if I had been more vocal at the time.

HaC: Why did you decide not to come out to more people in hardcore?

Amy: I didn't feel safe. Fag jokes were common. Lesbianism was eroticized. Homophobia was ever-present. There were very few queers who were visible in the scene. And those who were out and vocal were generally older, so I couldn't relate to them as much. I had a bunch of bi and dyke friends, mostly women, and

most of the guys we knew thought the idea of us hooking up was cute or sexy. A lot of the straight women seemed uneasy. It got the point where I just didn't want to deal. I was in the midst of developing my own gender and sexual identity. Articulating what it means to be bi is really hard in binary gender/sex system, especially at 14-15 years old. I had nothing more than the term that I could claim, and I was trying to figure out how all these terms fit with who I was. Ultimately, I claimed the term "queer" to describe my political and sexual identity. But, at the time, I didn't feel like there was a space in punk or hardcore to go through that process safely. I am out now to everyone I know, but in high school when I relied on the punk community so much more, I felt really alienated.

HaC: Why do you think that is?

Amy: I think it was my own fear and self-silencing. But also, punk and hardcore have a lot of regional differences that are really shaped by who's involved. In the Northeast, where I was from, the scene was really boy-dominated, there weren't a lot of out queers and most of the political kids were older than me. Like I said, I was out to close friends and they were really instrumental in my growth and self-definition. But in terms of a collective support for difference, I'd say that the scene really seemed to homogenize people. It dictated what was cool, what was "in," what bands rocked. I, of course, tried to introduce my own version of what was cool, and others did too, but I don't think we influenced the scene in a broad enough way. It became more and more like a football team, a place to show how tough you were, to be super militant about some things and totally ignorant about others.

HaC: When you began to look outside the scene for inspiration, what were some of the books that you found which were influential to you back then?

Amy: I was reading Gloria Anzaldúa, Chandra Mohanty, Mao's *Little Red Book*, Leslie Feinberg, John D'Emilio, Jonathan Kozol, Audre Lorde, Alice Walker, bell hooks, Jacqui Alexander and lots of poetry—political poetry—like June Jordan and Chrystos.

In college things sort of opened up. I had finally found a place to talk with other people about things that I had been reading in a focused way. I was a Women's Studies major in a fairly radical women's studies program. My focus was on International and class-based feminisms, with the idea that you can't just study sexism or capitalism, you can't just study Marx without taking all oppressive conditions into consideration and picking up where theorists like Marx left off—in not fully analyzing the sexual division of labor, homophobia, etc.

HaC: What issues were you involved with on campus?

Amy: There was a history of struggle on the Syracuse campus, but it wasn't necessarily a cauldron for activism. I literally hit the ground running with a bunch of other amazing student activists. At first, I was mostly involved with reviving the campus feminist organization, founding a local feminist newsletter, and working on a social issues magazine. Later, we all got more effective and focused more on national and international issues, as well as building coalitions between student groups. In my junior and senior years I was focused on politicizing the queer folks on campus, radicalizing the feminists on campus and building bridges to off-campus community groups like the Spanish Action League. I organized events and discussions with speakers from Cuba and Honduras, we showed films about Assata Shakur, we held events in solidarity with the Zapatistas, and generally raised hell. My senior year we campaigned in support of the Asian American student groups during a huge legal battle with Denny's over racial discrimination.

HaC: What was the common thread running through all this work for you?

Amy: The first thing is that our communities overlap—feminist activism is not just about white women or straight women, it's about *all* women; it's about fighting imperialism while working to improve people's lives within the U.S. We have Third World-like conditions here in the U.S. as well, and most my work has been

about exposing this and strategizing for change.

The basic premise is that if we focus all our energy to eradicate one form of oppression and not the others, we haven't finished our job. I think that the State has strategically divided us, and there are really material reasons that communities are at odds, but we need to start breaking down those walls and building trust because that's the only way that we can make change. We might work on one issue or tearing one thing down, but the challenge is to see how that issue affects different communities, and to work in coalition with other groups with common goals.

In school, we started to realize this—that we were all fighting the same battles. Now I think this is a focal tenet of the work I do—it's all connected. A single-issue approach isn't enough, because we gotta be taking it all into account. If we don't we cannot be good allies to one another, and as history shows us, we often end up working in our own self-interest.

HaC: So how did you end living up in San Francisco?

Amy: I had been in San Francisco the summer of 1997 doing media advocacy work.

HaC: What does that mean?

Amy: Basically it's socially responsible journalism and social justice propaganda. I worked for the San Francisco Bay Guardian, which is one of a very few independently owned, alternative newspapers in the country. It was a really good experience. I also got to see models for organizations doing media trainings that merged politics, community and advocacy. I loved it when I was here in San Francisco. It immediately felt like a home. So after I graduated, I came back. Now I work at an arts organization doing publications management.

HaC: Do you eventually want to do activist work full-time?

Amy: Definitely. I'd like to be involved in training non-profits in aspects of propaganda and representation. I have been involved with media and arts trainings with youth, talking about how we use both media and cultural work to communicate our messages. Right now, I am working to form an organization to do political education and arts/media with queer youth. The goal is to help radicalize and be a conscious force in the building a queer youth movement that works in alliance with other youth orgs. I am learning a lot about being accountable to the community you're serving, working with other groups, having a finger on the national pulse of activism. I think my time here in SF has really prepared me for that.

HaC: What about SF have prepared you for that?

Amy: Well, I really came to SF as a student. I thought of it as an educational endeavor. I am a student of the movement in so many ways—learning and unlearning how and who to organize, how things fit together, learning from the experiences activists around me. I am learning, both through study and practice. The Bay Area is the first place where there is actually competition between activists for people and for funds, there are also arguments about different tactics and strategies, and there is a lot of dialogue between groups. I think that I have learned a lot from being in those discussions.

HaC: When you say that you are a student of the movement, what do you mean by "the movement"?

Amy: I think that "the movement" is represented by many different groups doing work with a common goal—radical social change. But there are many different ways to get there. Right now, I am most immersed in and learning from the youth movement, which, nationally, is focused on building up the ability of young people to lead the struggle for social and economic justice. Whether it's protesting the IMF, fighting against police brutality, tearing down the prison system, or organizing against laws that scapegoat young folks of color, it's really a movement made up of youth with a totally positive vision and tons of energy. It's also a movement with a long history—some of the folks I work with now are old-school activists who were in the Black Panthers and SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) and who are amazing mentors.

I think today's movement is taking on the defining issues of our generation—the expansion of the prison industrial complex, youth criminalization, globalization and continued state violence. This movement is being led by youth, and there is a very focused effort on having young women, people of color and queer women at the focus of the struggle—those are the folks who are leading that movement.

What is most inspiring is seeing young folks—14 and 15 years old—up on stage and throwing down some of the most amazing analyses about what's going on around them, about why their school is so messed up, about why all their friends are in prison. The Bay Area really saw this movement crystallize around a recent California ballot initiative to mass incarcerate young people, Prop 21. Youth came out in large numbers to fight this, and even though it passed, we actually defeated it in all of the counties where the youth were the most active and visible. Voters we talked to were totally outraged when we broke the real meaning of the initiative down. The struggle now is to keep strengthening that movement, broadening to other counties, other states, in order to both react to attacks on our communities and be proactive about the need for radical change.

HaC: Who are some of your role models both punk and non-punk?

Amy: God, there are so many. All women who have been involved in revolutionary movements, Malcolm X, Leslie Feinberg, Martín Espada, who's an amazing poet, and most importantly, my mom, my sisters and my friends.

HaC: What advice would you give to other young people just starting out as activists?

Amy: I would say that educating ourselves is really important. It's not exclusively the place to start, but whether you start with it or come to it eventually, we need to study our histories and hidden histories. We need to study social justice movements, organizing strategy, theory, and we need to question how history applies to what's going on today.

Also hooking with a group of friends and doing teach-ins, political education, and seeking out activists. Sometimes they may be in communities hidden from you—I grew up in Philly and had no clue about so much that was going on. A few years after I moved from Philly I would meet people who were active in Philly when I was growing up, and I had no idea that they were there. It often takes work to uncover and tap into that. There's a reason it's so hard to plug in to revolutionary movements. The State, as it's set up, makes it hard. If it were easy change would be happening a lot faster.

Don't be afraid to create your own organizations, whether it's a full-scale non-profit organization or a community organization; don't be afraid to invent something that isn't in existence where you are. That's something I've really had to come to realize about myself—that I can sit around and criticize all I want, but when it comes down to it, it's my job to learn from the past, build on it given what's going on now, and to invent or re-invent spaces for conscious political action. It's about filling in the gaps, and working in coalition to support one another's work.

I sure don't have this all figured out. But I think that some of the most important advice to give to folks—especially white activists looking to do multi-racial coalition building or people looking to work with the working class—is that when you cross these borders that have been erected, you must be clear about where you are coming from. You must be respectful and also be checking yourself—know when to support, when to step out and when to step in. There's no map for this, but we need to be learning as we go in a way that's principled and respectful.

HaC: Anything else?

Amy: Well, it's like Toni Cade Bambara said: it's the job of the revolutionary artist to make the revolution irresistible. In this way, we are all artists, and it's our job to expose this shit for what it is.

You can contact Amy at: amy@resyst.org

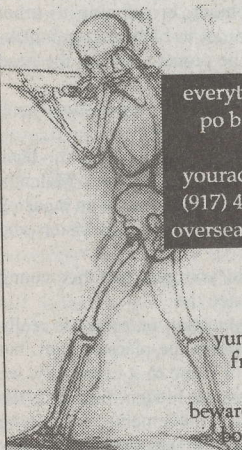
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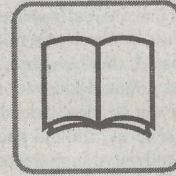
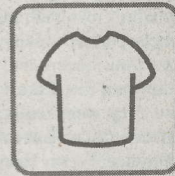
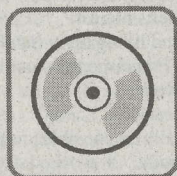
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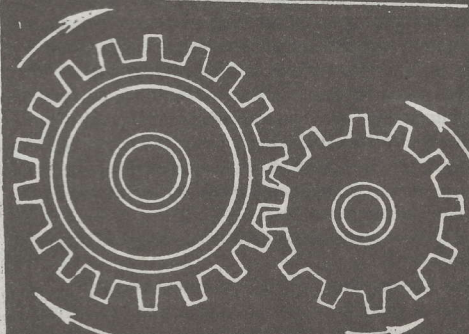


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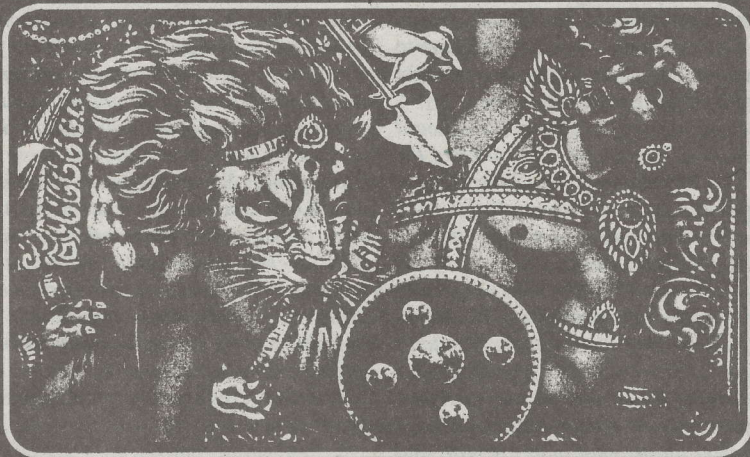


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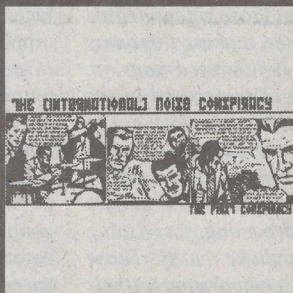
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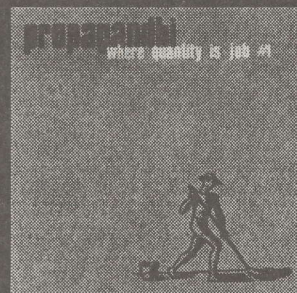
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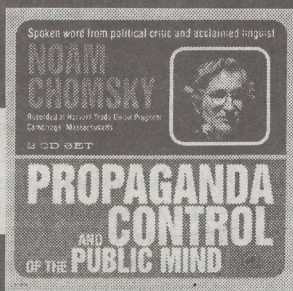
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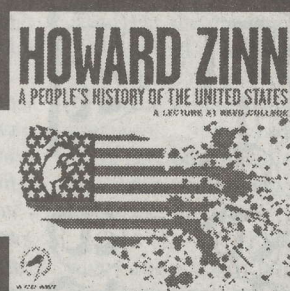
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Three-Fifths Past I Perpetuated Hate And We Still Can't Talk

Clarissa lay on her back staring up at the stain on her ceiling. With her eyes she traced coast lines across the old plaster; the gray blemish's resemblance to that famous island off the coast of some foreign continent kept her endlessly amused. It was around 2 a.m. The buzzing of the neon sign outside the hotel window reminded her of the fleet of insects that used to serenade the country side back at her childhood home. The painfully nostalgic rush brought on by this machine imitation of life, sent a specific chill down Clarissa's neck, causing the hairs to stand at attention and summoning an onslaught of vivid scenes begging to be transcribed.

I could always hear the blues. I heard them over the deep melodic reverberation of the southern cricket symphony. I heard them, like a machete, splicing their way through the thick humidity of a Carolina summer. I even heard them above the racial slurs, above the snap of my father's whip on the back of the man accused of looking at his daughter the wrong way. With every forward step that white America took, I couldn't help sensing its reverse. With every African finger that snapped under the boot of the slave drivers, on plantations or in the city, the more I wished that I could peel off my skin, nap my hair, and sing songs like the ones that were born from the

because survival is the only original sin.

I threw the covers off, exposing my pale skin. As I struggled, shoelace over shoelace, I noticed my gray shadowless body looked like an apparition caught in a moonbeam. I ran down the twisting staircase, past the grandfather clock from Germany, out through the side door, and into the field behind the manor. The further I distanced myself from the big house, the stronger the music became. As I neared the small brown shack, centralized like a nervous system amongst the slave quarters—this is where they fought the numbing!—I heard drums pounding like ventricles, sending beats and harmonies through my veins. A flood of butterflies invaded my insides as I made out figures through the grim ridden glass panes. Sorrowful voices cleared tunnels of being and canceled out history right before my eyes. What lay before me paled in comparison to this timeless entourage of melodic myth, these notes in my ears seemed to transcend anything of the flesh. Somewhere, everywhere in the sound, happiness and sorrow plumaged into one another, collapsed before me, and regenerated once again as I laid my eyes upon the young girl in the center of the room.

Clarissa had been trying to write about

by Emily Heiple

decrepit shack in my back yard. Songs filled with truth, not filtered bullshit that seeped from the mouths of the people I could never call my own.

The first night that those voices drifted above the pine tree fortresses, making their way through the back gate of the hollow eyed mansion, and into my room by way of the cracks in the window, I thought that I was hearing the voice of the ever present angel in a reoccurring dream I'd been having about my own death. It was one of those moments when you awake in the middle night, sure that you're still dreaming, yet wishing with all your heart that it might be reality. Those moments are so scarce in comparison to their opposites. Those hopeless terrifying dreams that are seemingly inescapable. Leaving you alone in an area as unexplainably large as the cosmos, giving you extensive emotional freedom, so much that you hold out your wrists begging to return to the servitude of the barren wasteland called true life.

The music made the hairs stand up on my arms. A sudden image of empty graves and crickedy ships, legitimized by wealthy landowners who surface on barren shores, white wilted flowers replacing and springing from the red clay earth, bombarded my consciousness. I strained to hear the music above the noises of the nocturnal insect war going on outside the window and over the faint bellowing of my father's soothing snore. Like the subtle approach of the midnight train, they lifted, high, high, above the blanketed darkness, clear into the outskirts of the atmosphere, bouncing sound waves off stars—IT was the angel! Only it wasn't coming from heaven, rather born from a place set free by its own grit and hate and lust. Somewhere like purgatory, where no one asks for forgiveness

the past, the tyrant, fucked up, guilt-ridden past, but nothing seemed to come out on paper as it had once felt. She pulled the stiff covers over her face, trying to keep the Manhattan winter from nipping away at her naked body and the concave of unwarranted memories from her head. Her eyes burned with the weight of uneasy sleep as her mind raced to usurp buried memories. That unsettling image of her home nestling in a white valley built on wealth and Europe and eradicated pasts, birds with the souls of homeless earth toned people soaring above her, caught in the winds of hate and greed. That place where hypocrisy and testosterone dominated the not-so-free market.

At least here it's sex, drugs, and God, she thought to herself.

She lit a half-smoked cigarette that was still lying on the window sill from the night before. The nicotine took the weight from her eyelids and soothed some of the knots in her belly. She didn't have a clock in her room, but she never slept deep enough to lose track of time.

The noise from the dark street below let her know it was Saturday, and Saturdays she certainly didn't work. Ralph argued that if she'd work she'd make twice as much money in one night than she did the entire week, but she needed that time for herself. Spending those hours of desolation walking the streets of Harlem, trying to understand what it means to belong somewhere, were an addiction. Most people around the neighborhood knew her as the white whore who worked the Hotel Plessy. She heard men licking their lips and slapping their thighs as she walked past, women talking about how the white bitch wants to spread her white seed to their dark men, both seeing her as a devil invading their neighborhood. Her "pure" white blood was not

so pure anymore, not after twenty years of selling her loins to the Harlem Negroes. This was a line of respect that most white prostitutes would never cross, yet Clarissa couldn't give it up.

I keep trying to lose myself in the shadows of brownstone, buildings with neon lights leached on like vibrant tumors—Isn't this path of life about finding yourself? I was surrounded by whites, an outsider inside myself, hating every moment of it but never knowing how to resist. Now the only whites who dare to step foot in this neighborhood come to see the 'primitives' sing their songs and dance those bourbon jigs. And the only blacks that will give me the time of day never stay longer than a half an hour, scooping up their pants, running for the door, tripping over untied shoelaces, not even leaving enough room for a cigarette under the covers. And I understand their anger and their fear, nobody wants to be washed away with the idle, quiet American current. None of its conscious, rather drowning below the surface, beneath some shrouded set of blinders that none of us can seem to locate or describe. Of course we don't give ourselves the chance to try...

She put down the pen and threw the covers off of her. The red and yellow lights from outside filtered through the thin curtains hanging

out the sadness. Sometimes Clarissa sang with them, to herself, just for fun. But she could never get too lost in their words, those were their blues, she had some of her own.

Six days in a row she'd walked past Ahab's Place and each time she found herself fixated upon the poster outside the dive. On the poster was a picture of a woman singing, the main attraction—her name was Eve Glory. Ever since she'd seen that face a week ago, memories of anguish and beauty flooded her mind. With them came anxiousness, fear, and this odd sense of excitement, some unexpected new appreciation for moments and objects of no normal consequence—like signs buzzing, birds humming, the scent of snow, even old Ralph's stuttering problem that used to annoy her.

It was one of those underground private joints, like an experimental microcosm for the rest of the neighborhood. When junkies heard about a new set of wings, they flocked there first. Whether it was drugs or music or dark beautiful faces that they got off on, these doors were the fresh eyes of Harlem and Clarissa was walking right through them. All thirty heads turned when her stark white presence broke the calm ambiance, but like Ralph, they seemed to hear her plea for forgiveness. It was in the way she lost herself in

she realized why the poster struck her so deeply. It was those eyes, like diamond pecans. Ruby red lips against smooth December darkness. It was her.

That voice, the angel weeping in my dream, cowering at the gate of heaven, awaiting me with something to say...But she never says it, not until now. She's so beautiful, dark and underfed, hair like a raven's nest. I am separated by so much more than this dirty window pane, an entire ocean and kingdom of heritage stands between me and this music, me and this human. And my mother asks why I feel so alienated? She's singing about her sister—Is it me? Could she ever call me that or have too many years and too many miles and too much anti-cultural baggage built blockades against any possible love and understanding? She sings about the sun and all the others play so hard because they too miss it so. That's my sun you sit under, it's our sun, it's our moon shining over my head on your winter solstice. And it's as bright as her dark skin.

The white woman in the corner of the room remembers why she loves Harlem and the blues and voices from her past.

The bartender keeps the drinks flowing like that busted fire hydrant on 132nd.

Two men in the hallway prick their veins with some new, unknown substance that they scored from the blind man on the corner who told them it was derived directly from the adrenaline gland of a living human and that it was about to sweep the country with a wave of numbing mutilation.

The moon rose high above the city of Manhattan, catching a few dark corners in its luminescent glance, revealing a sense of hope amongst the matrix of urban drifters, chasing after highs and lows.

Clarissa sits in the corner of the room, watching herself watch the girl from years ago; she's standing outside a crooked shack much like this place. Time, temperature, latitude—all distinctly different, yet the same dichotomous urge for unity and Marcus Garvey and an answer to why slavery still exists—after all these years. Her mouth opens slightly, maybe to sigh, maybe to ask why she hasn't yet spoken out, why she still sits on dark clouds with silver linings because she can and no one will ask her to move to the back or to refrain from drinking out of those fountains labeled "PURE for WHITES ONLY."

Clarissa doesn't recall if she spoke aloud, but she must have, or else Eve Glory can read lips and eyes. Because with her voice she swept up the room, pressing Clarissa hard against the gaping wound in her throat, turning her white skin purple. She allowed the blood to seep in and out of her pores, to collect in her smile, to drip off her eyelids with an easy breath of tears as Eve's words saturated her:

"Wrote this song last night... Blues song... Not bout no man, not bout no oppressive land... my mothers and my sisters, lost on some passage through the middle... raise em up from ghost ships on the bottom of da Atlantic... recognize words that can't be spoken over lines of race... all my sisters are down like me, all my sisters wear frowns like me... We both scrappin for equality, my oppression ain't so different from yours. We all women, yes we are, sometimes what wrongs you also murders me."

from the window of her seventh story hotel room. She put on her shawl, her early Saturday morning pumps and her feathered boa. On her way out the door she flicked the light switch, leaving the empty room doused in a faint shade of red.

"Hey Ralph," she passed the hotel manager as she left through the back door of the lobby.

"Oh, now where the hell are you going Clarissa? What about clients?" He paced after her into the damp alley way.

"Have you checked the time lately Ralph? Today is officially tomorrow and tomorrow is Saturday; my day off. I'm going out."

There was nothing he could say. Clarissa always did what she wanted, he knew that. He also knew that no matter how much free will she seemed to possess, she never stopped gasping for breath. Every time he looked into her eyes, he saw this omniscient gray glow of satisfied self-hate. Hell, he didn't have to look into her eyes; it surrounded and suffocated her every move. It weighed down on her like an avalanche of gravity, as if she lived on Mars where the atmosphere endlessly implodes, destroying itself. He always thought it peculiar that she didn't dress herself up in it, as most people did.

"You going to the Palace, sweetheart?"

"No Ralphy, someplace new tonight."

The Palace was her usual hangout, but she could never socialize there. She just went for the music and the bartenders who never asked questions. She knew everyone's name through slight of mouth whispers and conversations she latched on to. Rarely did they go out of their way to speak to her, she kept huddled in the corner with her eyes and ears on the old time blues boys and girls who came to pour in the gin and pour

the crowd, unlike most white people who feel it necessary to absorb all the attention in the room—even if it is negative, as it would have been in a place like this. She disappeared into the corner, stumbled over a table and sunk into a chair. She peered across the room. Through layers of smoke, she tried to get a feel for her surroundings.

The bartender was over eighty, the crowd was mostly male, a stench of gin ran in and out of everyone's words; sex and body odor hung in the air. Two tall skinny black men filled the background with voices from a piano and a saxophone. She stopped a waiter on his way by and ordered a Fireball on the rocks. She didn't really want a drink but she needed something to fumble over, rather than the blank stares she was getting from across the room. This is why she loved Harlem. No matter how rejected she felt, at least she could breathe these split seconds of exhausted truth. Even if she couldn't understand why humans hated themselves so much, or why rainbows never lasted more than a few moments—regardless of her ignorance, she knew that even when things fall apart, eventually somebody figures out how to put them back together. Her eyelids pressed tight against one another as the saxophonist spoke into the microphone.

"Hey ya'll, cats and kittens, brothers and sisters. We have somethin' special tonight, and damn is she hotter than an Arkansas July. Yes, Yes, for the first time here at Ahab's, I proudly present the blackest beauty in Harlem—Ms. Eve Glory!"

The crowd wasn't half as excited as the saxophonist. A few people cat called, hooted and hollered, raised their glasses. Others clapped and some just sat there, waiting for the drunken State to overthrow the crown. Through smoke and dust,

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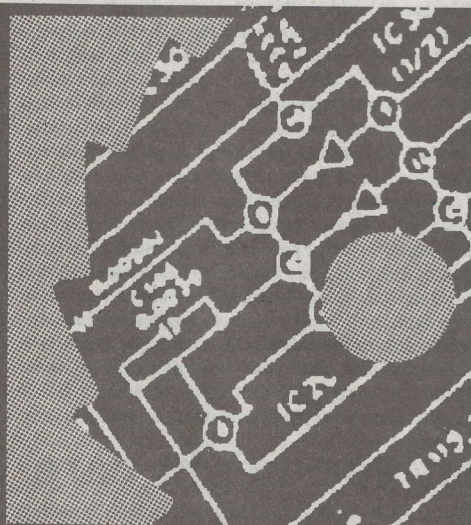
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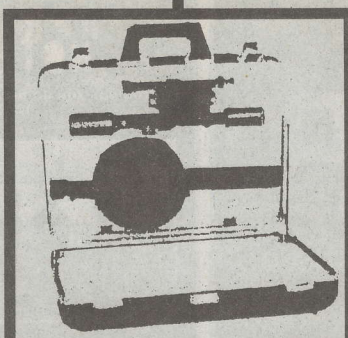
In the fall of 1998 at Neah Bay, Washington, the Tribal Council of the Makah Nation voted on a controversial decision to start hunting gray whales. The whale is largely tied into Makah culture and religion and this is seen in relics and artifacts. Following this vote, several prominent environmental organizations, including whale conservation and animal rights groups, began a campaign to save the whales asking the hunts to be ceased. In the 1920s the Makah voluntarily stopped hunting because of declining whale populations. Whaling was declared illegal in the 1940s. The decision to start re-hunting whales came a few years after they were taken off the endangered species list. Makah for the hunt have cited the historical 1855 treaty between their Nation and the US federal government which details the subject of whaling. They have cited this treaty as a legal practice of their sovereignty. The International Whaling Commission has granted the Makah a permit to kill 5 whales per year until the year 2002.

People on both sides have made this issue black & white, one side going to great lengths to protect the whales and protest the Makah and the other side saying that the hunt is their right, set on carrying it out. The issue is not so simple and clear-cut.

The case against the whale hunt

It's sometimes assumed that all Makah people support the hunt but the truth is, like many other communities, there are conflicting opinions. Several of the oldest living Makah, with the financial support of conservation groups, published a statement in a Washington newspaper clearly opposed to whaling. Printed in this ad by the Elders was that Makah "haven't used or had Whale meat/blubber since the early 1900s." Also stated was that this wasn't done for spirituality or culture but simply done out of greed to make money by selling whale meat. Whale watching was considered as an alternative. There were also plenty of people asking if the whale hunt was carried out for cultural reasons, why were the hunters wearing jeans, using shotguns (modern weaponry) and riding in motor boats?

Pointed out by the opposition is that the Makah Tribal Council, who held a referendum on this issue, is supported by Bureau of Indian Affairs. The



ravilution

AR groups have taken a completely wrong approach to this issue. Many of these groups and individual environmentalists are appearing (unintentionally or not) to be very racist and insulting. What many of these organizations have done is hyped up this issue to the point where many Makah, indigenous people, and their supporters are fed up with hearing rhetoric from outsiders. Eco-groups are trying very hard to get worldwide attention in order to fight against the Makah (including Makah against whaling). This has pushed people to support the whale hunt even more.

Here are some examples how some of these groups have worsened the situation:

1. Harpoon a Makah

One big mistake these eco-groups made was to protest the whale hunt on one of the Makah's cultural holidays. On this day indigenous people from around the world were invited to celebrate festivities. Environmentalists, who do not protest (commercial!) whaling on Japanese, Russian, Icelandic, or Norwegian holidays, went to Neah Bay and carried banners and signs calling for a boycott against Makah. There were derogatory signs such as "Save a Whale, Harpoon a Makah." Great way to persuade hunters to stop the killing, guys!! Even greater way to convince pro-whale Makah to join your forces! These protests still continue on a regular basis. The idea of mass boycotting the entire Makah people in itself is offensive. If conservation groups claim that many Makah people are opposed to the hunt, including the traditional Elders, why are they boycotting those same people?? This is the same theory that justifies sanctions against many starving Iraqi children by the US government, that of destroying human lives economically and in order to "save" them.

2. Redneckkks for Mother Nature

Some environmentalists will take their case and look for support among people in positions of power. This may help their case, but in the issue of the whale hunt this made it much worse. White supremacists such as David Duke are using the popular subject of environmentalism to gain support and further their cause. There are Americans who hate people of 3rd world origin and use immigration as a scapegoat for

justifying flesh eating, but killing a single whale to feed a community is a lot more practical in many aspects than killing hundreds of fish or shrimp! Another supporter of the anti-Makah forces is Congressman Jack Metcalf, a far right-wing Republican who is also opposed to Native rights and sovereignty. His record on environmentalism is horrific. It's been said that Metcalf is joining the protest to save the whales as an excuse to fight the Makah. Metcalf is known to justify his attacks on the indigenous by talking about how (rich) white men like him are being oppressed and discriminated against by powerless minorities with all their special rights. What's even more sad is that demented individuals like these can easily be re-elected because not only are they in the pockets of anti-Earth corporations but they also have the mass support of sell-out "conservation" groups. People like Gorton and Metcalf who literally profit off of harming Earth's life and sanction the harming of human lives, have no right to tell people how to protect and honor the Wild. Environmental groups who support such sick people have no right to tell anyone how to preserve Nature either!

3. Makah: a bigger threat to the Earth than global warming

Looking at the environmental records of indigenous people, they are not, were they ever at war with Nature. Most destruction of life on Earth is caused by governments, multi-national corporations, and the uncaring, selfish masses of various wealthy nations.

According to US law, indigenous Nations are sovereign. The US government does not have complete authority over them. Through a referendum, the Makah have chosen to hunt a maximum of 5 gray whales every year. Advanced industrial nations and private corporations were and are responsible for depleting marine life and destroying eco-systems. Commercial whaling decreased whale populations. Endangered species are endangered because of those nations that allowed the widespread slaughter of animals. Countries that massacre a highly obscene number of whales every year are Japan, Iceland, Norway, and Russia. Like seafood companies, they have entire fleets dedicated solely to killing whales and turning whale parts into marketable products. Three hundred plus environmental and animal rights organizations endorsed and/or paid for a newspaper advertisement asking the Makah not to kill a whale. A whale not sold to foreign markets, but used to communally feed a tiny population. Why aren't these 300+ groups pooling in their money to attack powerful, highly profitable, giant whaling fleets in other continents? Why aren't these organizations asking Americans to boycott tourism in those nations? Why aren't they focusing their resources used against the Makah to bring worldwide attention to those nations that are actually exterminating the whale population through high tech killing weapons? Off of Mexico, Mitsubishi plans to build a salt works factory

COLUMNS

Things people write thinking that you might care.

BIA and various Tribal Councils around the country have histories of corruption and mistreating Natives; the BIA is also under the control of the US government.

Some Makah that opposed the hunt sided with various environmental groups, which is where most of the opposition came from. Of course, many environmentalists were opposed to the hunt for obvious reasons which don't need to be explained: preservation of the whale population, animal rights, marine ecology, etc. There is also a fear that if allowed to continue, the Makah could start commercial whaling and mass slaughter whales like businesses do in Japan, Russia, Iceland, and Norway.

Although there were Makah who were opposed to whaling, the majority who voted overwhelmingly supported the hunt.

Environmentalism gone bad

Like stated earlier, this issue has been made black & white. I'm a vegetarian and a supporter of animal rights, but I strongly believe that ecology and

eco-decay in the US. Likewise various powerful people such as Senator Slate Gorton have been supported and have shown support for many prominent anti-Makah environmental groups. Gorton has received awards from marine ecology groups like Sea Defense Alliance and Sea Shepherd for his stance against the whale hunt. He also has a record of being anti-Native, as he has tried to legislate the ending of Native rights and tribal sovereignty. He has received financial backing from many mining and lumber companies who want to destroy resources on reservations. Gorton is also tied to one of America's largest seafood companies of the same name, which just proves how dumb some of these enviro-organizations can be. Marine "conservationists" have absolutely no problem with companies that probably rake in more money than all Native American incomes put together by selling millions, if not billions of corpses of fish, lobster, crab, and other innocent sea animals. But they gladly protest in full force a lower class community that kill 5 whales a year. I'm not

which will tamper with migrating whale breeding grounds. Japan kills something like 500+ whales a year and sells whale meat commercially to markets in Asia. The Norwegians plan to kill a few hundred short of a thousand whales this year. Where are those 300+ groups banding together to fight both these powerful companies and governments?

It's important to note that commercial whaling prospers because of consumers. Why aren't the more wealthy, prominent eco-associations, some bringing in more money than an entire community living on a reservation, mass educating the consumers that largely help and support the industry to exist and go on? All these environmentalists, all these organizations, attacking 2000 residents on the edge of Washington state. As if the Makah Nation is some huge multi-national corporation making millions of dollars by killing a whale. There are concerns that the Makah will start to whale commercially and that the number of 5 killed each year will reach higher and higher if allowed

to do so. It was voted that the whale meat would be strictly given away to the community and not sold. Commercial whaling is illegal in the US and Canada and even if the Makah wanted to, they would not be allowed to do so. By law, they cannot hunt in international waters, only in US territorial waters. To sell whale meat in this country would be virtually impossible. Ecologists want to dissolve the treaty between the US and the Makah allowing the hunt; why not really save the whales and push the international community to tell those whaling industrial nations who rely on global trade to end their hunting? Are eco-groups asking to dissolve the treaties between the US and with those rich nations?

How whale hunting can be stopped effectively

The reason many Americans are in support of environmentalism is because of mass education. Recycling is popular because eco-groups have reached out through the media and educated people through schools and other venues. Now imagine if those same conservation groups threatened to boycott mom and pop stores in small, low populated suburban neighborhoods that didn't recycle. Or took an elitist approach and acted like they knew what was in the public's "best interest." Environmentalism would not progress and would not be where it is today. The position these anti-Makah eco-organizations have taken against the whale hunt just shows how some of these groups can make bad judgment calls. It also makes you wonder just where their priorities are.

An important thing to pay attention to is that the opposition is carried out largely by outsiders who have no understanding of the Makah. Many are mainly well-to-do prestigious eco-groups; some of them have made alliances with various well-to-do racists. Many of their members are people in better off positions, and the majority of them are privileged whites. People completely outside a sovereign Nation, having no understanding whatsoever of what it means to be indigenous in a country that has been attacking you for over 500 years, have no right to dictate the internal policy of a people. A people who are economically disenfranchised, no less! The comments some environmentalists have made also show just how ignorant they are. Many of them pointed out that Makah wear western clothing and use modern machinery to carry out the hunt. First of all, the reason a rifle was used in the hunt was for one simple reason: to humanely kill the whale. This was suggested to the hunters by a veterinarian as simply harpooning a whale will prolong the whale's suffering. (Compare this quick method of killing to the cruel techniques in the meat and fur industry, where animals are still conscious while being trapped, skinned, sliced up, or electrocuted.) Second of all, for all the ignorant people who think all Natives should live in teepees, it's the year 2000! Just like Christians in Israel don't go to church riding camels and wagons like the Hebrews did two-thousand years ago, indigenous people don't ride horses wearing feathers and deer skin as regular clothing. If "advanced" cultures can use modern technology and still practice their culture, then the Makah should be able too.

The whale hunt issue has to be resolved internally by the Makah Nation. If these eco-groups say that so many Makah are against the whale hunt, then it is the job for the anti-hunt Makah to turn up the heat on this issue.

A side note: Whale Conservation groups cannot be taken seriously because they are single issue groups. If you ask the same people who want to save the whales about vegetarianism, a good number of them will tell you devouring beef is okay, hunting geese is okay, eating tuna fish is okay, but consuming marine mammal flesh isn't. They won't lay down their lives to protect a deer from being shot but they'll stand in the way of the hunting of what they view as "exotic" or a "magnificent creature," i.e. a whale or dolphin. This blatant speciesist (discrimination on basis of an animal's species) opinion automatically will be written off by pro-hunt Makah. It is completely inconsistent. Single issue pro-whale groups cannot expect to gain any

sympathy. They should have no say as they have no solid, convincing argument to present to Makah hunters. The meat industry is much more harmful to the environment, to rainforests, to soil, to aqualife, etc., than some people killing 5 whales a year.

Environmentalists are more than welcome to help out those anti-hunt Makah and provide them with resources to educate others so that discussion to stop the whale hunt can be carried out. They could also take a non-offensive approach and educate people on alternatives to whale hunting. The wealthier enviros could financially help Makah promote eco-tourism and business; many people travel to Seattle and Canada and pay good money to ride boats and whale watch. Animal rights groups could show the benefits of vegetarianism on health and on nature, and those indigenous people who follow this philosophy could show how to apply it to everyday life. Here in Chicago the Animal Defense League will sometimes spend a day educating the public and giving away free food to show people how tasty vegan food can be. At least one of those 300 eco/AR-groups must be capable of doing that on the reservation once a week instead of protesting and carrying offensive signs. Eco-organizations could show how land producing crops will feed more people than meat and promote sustainable agriculture. The key word is "show," not force or shove down their throats. A simple "you shouldn't kill whales, they're such beautiful animals" isn't going to cut it. What kind of stupid argument is that?? No alternatives have been presented or any assistance offered by these environmental groups, which just goes to show how little understanding these outsiders have of the whole situation. In the end, thanks to a lot of some of these idiot protesters, many people have been pushed to support the whale hunt even more. Those Makah that might have been sympathetic towards whale protection may have been completely turned off by the approaches taken, adding more to the pro-whaling numbers.

Protesting, calling for a boycott, giving bad publicity, worsening tribal-tensions internally, cooperating with racists to serve a cause... all against one tiny population of poverty-inflicted "Indians"?

It's revolting.

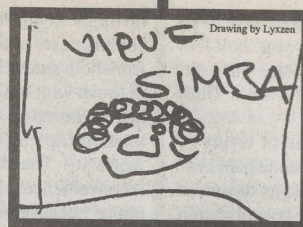
Ravi Grover/PO Box 5646/Naperville, IL 60567-5646; sanyasi@juno.com

—Veg. 'zine project: contribute some recipes for this upcoming 'zine please, vegan or vegetarian. Contributors get credit and free copies. Unlike most veg. 'zines this will not be sold, but given away for free everywhere. Its circulation will rival that of HaC. OK, not that high, but it will be a lot. E-mail or write me for more info. I still need more recipes.

—Occidental Co. plans to drill for oil in Columbia on the U'wa tribe's land, against the U'wa's wishes. Vice Pres. Al Gore owns 500,000 shares of stock in Occidental and has the power to influence this oil company's policy. Gore has actually been questioned by several mainstream news reporters as to why he's not taking a stand on this issue. E-mail him and tell him to actually live up to his environmental record that he keeps talking about and demand that Occidental leave the U'wa people alone: vicepresident@whitehouse.gov

—While you're at it, go visit: <http://rainforest.care2.com/front.html>. It's the same thing as the hunger site—every time you visit, sponsors donate money to the Nature Conservancy and in turn that money is used to buy rainforest land for protection. It's no cost to you, so there's no excuse not to visit all the time! —E-mail Paul Watson: seashepherd@seashepherd.org & paulwatson@earthlink.net. Tell him his organization has no right to call themselves "environmentalists" when they are allied with anti-Nature, anti-indigenous racists. Gorton and Metcalf.

—Special thanks to Arthur Miller, Beth of ISCO, and John Reese of Seattle.EF! for info on the Makah. For news updates e-mail: isco@efn.org



You hated needing me. You hated being needed. You hated having to take someone else's feelings/wants/needs into consideration. You felt constrained by the love, both that you felt for me and that I felt for you. You resented the feelings of being constrained. You therefore resented me, as I was the object and the giver,

of the love.

You hated the feeling of weakness it gave you to love someone this much. You hated the feelings of missing someone and loving someone as it made you feel less in control. So you denied that you did so. But we both know that you did. It's funny how something that you felt so strongly disappeared overnight once it became inconvenient. When it didn't match you schedule. When you had to take into consideration someone else's schedule.

You were so bitter [and still are] that I existed and had such a 'grip' on you. But don't you understand that it wasn't me that had the grip, it was your love for me that was the force? That the reason you couldn't walk away wasn't because I was so controlling, but was because you loved me. And because you, part of you, didn't want to give up being loved. But the other part, the part that couldn't cope, hated it so, and that part won. It's so sad.

You were so scared. Scared to need someone. Scared to commit to someone. Scared to fully love someone. Afraid to have to deal with the issues that it brought to the surface. You claimed that you didn't deserve my love. That you were not worthy. That I should love another, as they were more suitable. You didn't want to deal with your insecurities. Didn't want to have to cope with the fear that love brings.

Love, both the giving and receiving of it, is a scary thing. To give love makes you feel so vulnerable. It is the bravest emotion in the world—to utterly love someone with no hesitation or reservations is to make yourself open to anything. It is a terrifying concept. You have to love yourself to be able to do it. To receive love is equally scary. You have to love yourself to be able to do it. You have to think yourself worthy. You have to want to be loved.

You resented me for loving you. You had anger that I missed you. That I wanted to spend time with you. That I wanted to be with you. Whilst you loved the adoration, the love was another story altogether. You wanted the presents and the compliments and the puppy-dog eyes. But you didn't want the relationship to progress any further. You wanted to stay on the starting-into-each-others-eyes level. But they never do. Because, goddamit, people get attached.

People can't stay with the surface bullshit. People need more. People fall in love and want to be with the one that that are in love with as much as possible. People need more than a few days of eye gazing when convenient for you. People want depth. I wanted depth. I wanted someone who would be there for me. I wanted the person that I was in love with to be the person that I would call first with good news. To be the person that I would call first with bad news. And that doesn't make me a freak. That makes me a person in love.

But all that scared you so. All that symbolised that you would be chained up and limited somehow. That my love would somehow hold you back from the life you wanted to have. You resented having to call me. You should have looked forward to it. Fine, if that's the life you wanted, to be this 'free, wandering, spirit,' but that comes at a cost. To be 'free' also means to be lonely. To be without commitment also means to be without love. All love comes at a price, be it your commitment to them or theirs to you, placing some restraints upon your 'freedom.' And most people think that's okay.

And you, you did too, until you started hating it. It's not the biggest sacrifice—to have to call someone. It's not the biggest inconvenience. But oh, in the macho

world of 'men hanging out' it's degrading to have to go and call the little woman, right? Makes you look less of a man. Makes you feel 'controlled.' Is this life a sitcom? Are we living life like this, really? I wasn't. Until you started.

Never had a man accused me of trying to control them in this way. Never had someone hated me for loving them. And continues to do so, as despite it all, my love is indestructible. Asking for consideration and attention is not trying to control. It is expressing my needs in the relationship. It is explaining what I need to feel respected and valued. But, of course, you didn't respect me. And you certainly didn't value either me, or our relationship, so no wonder you resented me for asking you to act as though you did.

To be hated for loving you. To be resented for wanting to be with you. For you to feel so bitter for loving/wanting/need/missing me. Well, sorry old bean, but that's life. You may not like it, but people have this unfortunate need of others. We are social beings. We are emotional creatures. We are not machines. We have souls. And when we fall in love, we place demands on others. And we offer ourselves to appease their demands. It doesn't work only one way. And it doesn't work when one offers themselves under suffering.

You hated me so much for needing you. You "lost all respect" for me when I became so "needy." Pah, that's bullshit. You have never respected anyone your whole life. You do not understand the concept. You only think you do. The person you really hated was yourself. You hated yourself for not being strong enough to be lent on. That when push came to shove and the one time I really needed you, you were not strong enough. You sat there crying, saying 'I don't think I can do this.' I told you to pretend. And you did. Somewhere along the line I forgot that you were pretending, I'll admit to that mistake. But you should have reminded me. Instead, I was a constant reminder to you of your own weakness. And how you began to hate me for that.

So what that you weren't there for me at that moment? You were for me at many others. And I never resented you for it, which is why I didn't think about it until months later when analysing why you hate me so. And that seems like one of the reasons why. That, coupled with the issues of me demanding things from you. But you never understand that it's not because I wanted to control you. It wasn't that I wanted to change you because I wanted to manipulate you for my own ends. I didn't want a puppet. I just wanted my needs met. If you couldn't meet one of them, it was up to you to tell me. Not up to me to read your mind. Not up to me to be made to feel like shit for wanting things that other people would not begrudge giving.

But you hated to give. You loved to receive.

The only things that you liked to give were on your terms and when convenient for you. But life isn't just you. And a relationship isn't you alone. It's you with another, and it has to take into consideration their needs/emotions/feelings/terms/conveniences. And you changed. I saw that. And you hated me for it. An example would be that during the first year of our relationship you bought me your favourite books and CDs as gifts for me. During the second you bought me things that you knew I would like. That would be favourites of mine if I had ever heard/seen/read them. You looked at things from my perspective. And you hated me for making you do that.

As if I could make you do anything. As if I were capable of controlling and manipulating everything to be just as I wanted. For it wasn't this idyllic relationship for me and something that you had to suffer

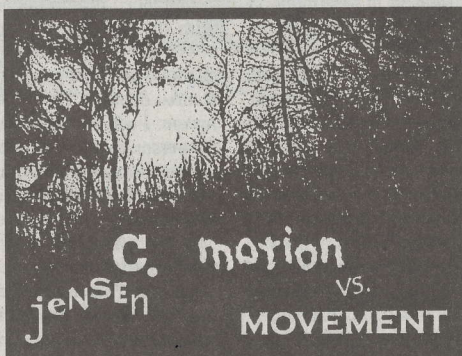
through in martyrdom. All relationships involve compromise, and this one involved a great deal of that from both sides. I knew that you minded having to keep in touch with me. That you felt like it was a constraint. But I ignored it. I sometimes felt the same. Being in a relationship can do that. But it doesn't mean it's not worth it. That being loved and known is worth the inconvenience of having to call someone from a pay phone because you aren't going to be home when you said you would. It's worth having to sit down and write a letter rather than hanging out with your mates. It's worth it, because you want to talk to that person, you want to write to that person, you want to show that person that you love/respect them. Because you do. But when you don't—I guess you hate them for expecting those behaviours from you. I guess you hate them for a million things. I guess you just hate them.

But of course, you don't tell me. You just hate me. You just accuse me of trying to control you. You are, of course the victim in this situation. It's not a result of miscommunication and living lies. Your lies. It's all my fault, of course. How convenient. Shame it's not true. Shame you still believe it all.

It's been over a year and you still hate me. I stopped hating you a long time ago. I still love you. And you even hate me for that, calling me "submissive." I don't think so dear. I think that I have merely worked through a large part of my anger regarding the shitty way that I was treated. No mean feat, I can tell you. But you, you still hate me. You are still so angry. But are you really angry with me? Or with yourself? If you are angry with me then I think it's for the same reasons as before. That you hate me for loving you. That you resent me because you still love me. And you have so much bitterness towards anyone who has the gall to cause you to feel any emotion that you can't control. To put you in a relationship where you might love someone so much that you might have to compromise your almighty 'freedom' to be with.

Oh, the whole things is just so sad. I wish it were not the way that it is. I wrack my brains every now and then for new clues, new answers, new resolutions. But none are forthcoming. I have been over everything with a fine toothcomb, to see what I could have done differently. The only thing I could have done, was to place no demands, to not communicate what I wanted/needed. Oh, cool, to have been submissive. I thought you hated that? I thought you despised weak people? I think you do. And I don't think that you do despise me. I think so much of this is a classic case of projection. And that's so sad. I want to help. I really do. I want to be there for you. I still care. I still love you. I am still in love with you. And, despite it all, I think I always will be.

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Rewards for Teaching the Right Demographic:

Don't believe the hype. There are a lot of press reports floating around these days about "raising the educational standards," "making teachers more accountable," and "restoring the public's faith in the educational system." Do not fall for the lines. They are all false. This is so much political smoke-and-

mirrors, all dressed up as reform.

The real problem is simple, although it rarely sees the light of day: in this country which not only calls itself a democracy but prides itself on being *The* world democracy, we have an entirely anti-democratic education system. This comes as no surprise to many of us, who realize that most aspects of true democracy also elude us in spite of whatever democratic costume we wrap around this oligarchy. Still, the educational

disparities are shocking, and may sit at the core of any explanation of why we have not yet achieved a working democracy. Were we to make quality education accessible and equitable to all Americans, we might some day see a healthy democracy emerge from our current morass.

Racism fuels the oligarchy and the oligarchy fuels racism. It is no mistake that the people who suffer most from current disparities in the quality of education are people of color. Educational inconsistencies which are altogether too consistent with race lay the foundation for both racial oppression and racial privilege. Children are not born ignorant; or, if you would like to think of it this way, all children are born equally ignorant. Social conditions, the experience of each child, shape his or her outlook on life, and clearly not every child receives an equivalent educational experience in this country. We like to blame the parents for the failure of their children; messed up kids come from messed up homes, right? Even if this were true, it seems rather undemocratic that birth should be a lottery, wherein those born to the "right" parents succeed and those born to the "wrong" parents fail. The role of democratic society should be to smooth out the irregularities amongst various birth circumstances, to "level the playing field" so that how hard you work—not where you live, how much money you have, or who your parents are—determines your success in life.

Our playing field could not be more un-level. We allow a system of local property-tax funding of education to begin the mess, so that poor neighborhoods have the lowest spending-per-pupil ratio and affluent neighborhoods have the highest. Then, we reduce our assessment of education to simple numbers, test scores which help stratify the whole system into different "intellectual" niches. Finally, a selection factor takes its toll—the most qualified, open-minded teachers tend to teach the students who are already most advantaged by the system. Why? Because teachers are rewarded, both financially and professionally, for teaching the "right" demographic. On average, the highest paid teachers teach the students born with the fewest cognitive disabilities, the students least affected by the ravages of poverty, and the students who arrive at school with the best home preparation for learning. Similarly, even amongst teachers who are paid the same, the best teachers are "rewarded" by being assigned to the most motivated, best behaved students, and therefore reap professional benefits for their competence.

Really, I am no different, although I try to be. I teach some of the poorest students in the country, although there are many who are much more poor. I spurn much higher salaries offered by nearby suburban schools in favor of teaching bright, wonderful, vibrant but very needy students in Brooklyn—most of whom, not coincidentally, are people of color. Score one for me. But do not nominate me for sainthood: I do not teach the most needy kids in the city, in the local district, or even in my own school. It may sound too perfect to be true, but it is *the system* which prevents me from reaching the most needy students. I am rewarded for teaching the "right" demographic.

My school is one of several middle schools in the local community school district. Every student in our building has a "zone school" for both elementary and middle school, the school he or she is assigned to by address. We have to take any student in our zone who wants to come to our school. We do have an option, however, to allow students from within our district to come to our school—even students zoned for another school. We are not obligated to take these students; the school's administration can select which out-of-zone students we accept.

This sets up a de facto "school choice" system within the district. Much like many proposed school choice solutions to education, there is competition within our district for the most qualified, motivated and prepared students—the least needy students. Our school competes to attract these "top" students. Because our school is well-run, well-funded and well-staffed, we tend to pull students from the

"right" demographic away from other schools. By attracting some of the least needy students, our school becomes a much less demanding place to teach. This attracts more qualified, more dedicated teachers to our school. We also receive all kinds of extra funding [read my next column to learn how we received over \$10,000 to buy bicycle equipment for the school], which makes our school even more attractive to both students and teachers. It is hard to know what got the whole process rolling: did the school's quality draw in the "right" teachers and students, or did the "right" teachers and students produce a school of high quality? From my experience, it is impossible to tease cause from effect—continual increases in school quality and student quality feed on each other.

It seems like our school is the perfect poster child for the whole concept of school choice. After all, we have managed to pull together an incredible array of programs, most of which benefit the school as a whole and not just the students who choose to come to our school. And I am proud of what we do; regardless of how prepared they arrive, students leave our school with greater opportunities than their peers in nearby middle schools. But there is a major, often hidden downside to the school choice process which elevates our school. For in elevating our school, we are pushing the other schools down. This occurs almost invisibly, but it's an obvious consequence of competition between schools; there will be winners and losers. We win because our "zone" population is rather small; most of our kids choose our school, which means that we were able to select most of our students. We choose the kids who are least needy. The most needy kids from outside of our zone go to the other middle schools, and so the needy are concentrated in certain buildings. Paradoxically, these same buildings also attract the least qualified and least motivated teachers and benefit least from the district's limited resources.

Our little district in Brooklyn can be seen as a test case for school choice, and the results are clear: school choice only exacerbates existing disparities in educational opportunity. Students who are least needy end up with the best teachers and disproportionately enjoy resources which should, at the very least, be evenly spread amongst all children. School choice is no solution because, in essence, it already exists *between* communities. The privileged already exercise the option to move into districts with the best educational opportunities; the underprivileged, because of their lack of social mobility, cannot benefit from this inter-district choice, and must accept what is handed to them. How different would intra-district school choice be? If there were no zone schools, if our school was not compelled to accept any particular student from the district, *the problem of inequity would only increase*. The concentration of the most needy in the worst schools would only accelerate. Choice only furthers the advantages already enjoyed by the privileged. Schools and teachers get rewarded for teaching the "right" demographic, leaving those deemed "wrong" out in the cold.

If competition between schools—a.k.a. "school choice"—does not seem to be working in New York City, how about competition between teachers? "Merit pay" is a proposed system which seeks to inspire quality teaching by offering financial incentives to the best educators. This all sounds so great, and seemingly lies parallel to what works in business: people are promoted for doing a good job, not just for surviving another year. It sounds good to me in some ways, too, because I certainly bust my ass a hell of a lot more than most teachers and would not mind being rewarded for this effort.

Such a system of merit pay was recently proposed in New York City as a means of elevating the academic competence of failing students. In an attempt to "raise academic standards" there has been an "end to social promotion," which basically means that students are not promoted to the next grade level simply for being one year older. This presents the problem, of course, of what to do with failing students. You cannot keep the

most needy students in the sixth grade until they are eighteen years old. The solution to this problem proposed by the Board of Education is mandatory summer school. I suppose that the thinking goes: "If it did not work for the first ten months of the school year, perhaps it will work for the last two." I am skeptical about this philosophy, and apparently the Board of Education is as well. So, in an effort to address the needs of these students, the school system is offering bonuses to the teachers with the highest percentage of students who test out of summer school and into the next grade. On the surface, this seems like a great way to encourage inspired teaching.

However, my own experience suggests otherwise. I have had my own little micro-lab investigation of how merit pay might function, and things look bleak. I teach one of two advanced classes in Earth Science, which culminates in a final state examination. The results of this examination are significant for the school, so I feel some pressure to produce a high passing rate. I work really hard to prepare my students throughout the year. Another teacher, a veteran from my parents' generation, also taught this same program for years. We paralleled each other, preparing two different classes for the same exam, but the difference between the quality of our teaching was drastic. While I produced endless labs, discussions and demonstrations, he basically taught by assigning and, on occasion, going over questions on the board. Often, his students sat for entire class periods doing nothing. Under the philosophy of merit pay, one would assume that because I worked much harder and was a better teacher my results would far outpace those of my veteran colleague. This, however, was not the case, because as a junior teacher I was assigned to the "lower" class, those who entered the room with fewer basic science skills and understandings. I consistently had a passing rate that was close to that of my colleague—a feat considering our different starting places—but never did I achieve the superior results that would have resulted in merit pay. Under a merit pay scheme, this veteran would have been rewarded for teaching the "right" demographic. Keep in mind that these results are purely anecdotal; realize also that larger surveys show similar results.

In reality, merit pay is a disaster, because it does not encourage quality teaching. Rather, it rewards educators for choosing to teach the "right" demographic. We cannot blame teachers for pursuing these financial incentives (that is the idea of an incentive, right?), and the best way to receive these incentives is to teach the least needy kids. The best teachers will apply and be accepted to teach the students who *just barely failed*, while less experienced and less competent teachers will be assigned to the students with more radical needs. This is just the way that the market works, and once again the proposed "solution" seems likely to make the problem worse. Not surprisingly, teacher response to merit pay for summer school has been extremely negative, and the Board of Education has had to scale back its summer school system due to a lack of applicants for summer teaching positions.

Our educational system penalizes the most needy kids. This reality could not run more counter to the ideal of a level playing field, and in the end, to true democracy. If we want a truly level playing field, there need to be rewards for teaching the *truly right* demographic: those students who are the least advantaged by the life circumstances they experience. If we are to tolerate vast disparities in the amount that different teachers are paid, we ought to be paying the highest salaries to teachers who work with the lowest-achieving students. If we are to tolerate vast disparities

in the professional prestige and resources afforded to different teachers, we should feel obligated to offer the best working conditions and material resources to those teachers who by choice work with the neediest students. We would not even have to get into the murky social swamp in which affirmative action finds itself mired; in fact, the policy of rewarding educators for teaching the right demographic—the neediest (lowest-achieving) students—could afford to be color-blind and still be effective. Oh course, my "Rewards for Teaching the Right Demographic" program would disproportionately *benefit* people of color because, historically, educational disadvantages have disproportionately *deprived* people of color. How else can we smooth out the culturally-mediated disparities in birth circumstances and create a truly level playing field? For how much longer can we blame students for being born into the wrong demographic?

As one surveys the landscape of educational injustice, it is amazing how seamlessly our discussion jumps from race to class and back to race again. This is no coincidence, for race and class are two inseparable constructs that huddle together within American society. Some would say that really this is all about class—that more poor white Americans are cheated by the educational system than any one group of poor people of color—and this *is* about class. But we cannot forget that poverty and the educational system that sustains it *disproportionately affect people of color*. And this is no mistake. There is a tendency to care less about a problem that primarily affects "other people," and racism alone allows the American elite, and the majority of the population at large, to accept vast educational disparities. This tendency is reflected in the current wave of impotent reverse-effect "solutions" offered to our compelling educational problems.

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[Patience is a pre-requisite for all correspondence.]



HeartattaCk readers are probably too young to remember, the PMRC was a crackpot group of politicians and religious leaders who tried to ban rock music. They were all about stamping out "immoral" rock music like Bruce Springsteen, Metallica, and of course the 2 Live Crew. I won't sit here and defend the merits of 2 Live Crew's music but it was the PMRC that gave us the stupid "Parental Advisory" stickers on records. Luckily those aren't enforced anymore, but there was a time when it was illegal to sell records with those stickers to minors. Jello Biafra really got into it with this mob and I'm sure he's got two or three double LPs of spoken work ranting about it. I'm personally looking forward to joining the millions of American conscientious non-voters on election day. Whoever you vote for, the system wins.

This issue's theme is race. In my opinion the race, like so many other elements of American society, has become totally subjected to commercialism and corporate interests, thereby robbing it of all its original cultural significance. Exactly when and where the first race was held is open to speculation, but the true DIY spirit of racing has its origins in the backwoods of the south. During prohibition and the depression one

of the only areas of economic activity open to poor southern hill folk was brewing moonshine whisky. This whisky, previously mostly consumed locally, was suddenly a hot commodity in urban areas like Memphis, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Nashville. The automobile was the perfect vehicle for smuggling this product to market. However, local and later federal agents were dispatched to seek out the remote stills and arrest the smugglers. This led to some ingenious backwoods mechanics to start customizing or "hot rodding" the cars used for smuggling so they could out run the revenuers. It was only a matter of time before one driver boasted to another "my rig is faster than yours" to which the reply was something like "oh yeah, prove it" and the first drag race was born. One can imagine in 1920s and '30s rural America how exciting something like the two local moonshine syndicates racing their souped up cars on a dirt track would be. Racing was in the American blood, particularly in the South, to stay. There is a great movie *Thunder Road* starring Robert Mitchum which although set in the '50s dramatizes the life of the moonshine smuggler.

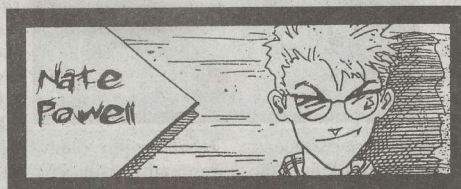
In the early 1960s my dad lived in New Orleans where my grandfather was stationed for a few years. Interstate 10 had just been completed through the city limits but not yet linked up with the rest of the system. Thus a four lane stretch of fresh new concrete cut right through the blue collar sections of town. In the true DIY spirit the kids tore down the barriers to the freeway ramps and set up their own DIY drag race track. Local kids, many still in high school, some working in garages and gas stations, labored night and day in driveways, and front yards in every working class neighborhood of New Orleans. Beater cars were bought for 10 or 20 bucks and hot rod motors built up by hand on living room floors and lowered into them. Junkyards were stripped clean of performance parts. My dad and my uncle had only my grandfathers 52 Studebaker to work with but they rebuilt the engine from the bottom up for maximum performance. My dad told me about hopping junkyard fences late at night and using a pretty girlfriend to distract a guy while they stole the tires and wheels off his Mustang. On Saturday night the gleaming concrete of Interstate 10 was transformed into a DIY motor speedway as kids from all over New Orleans raced in 8 classes for cash, fame and glory. My dad's crew, the Congress Street Raiders, even temporarily forgot about other criminal activities to get into betting on drag racing. But this was not to last. It was only a matter of time before the cops showed up and shut down the races. One Saturday night as the kids packed into their cars and headed towards the action there were cops at every entrance to the freeway in town. So here we see the true spirit of American racing, the kids working on their own cars with their own skills create speed machines to challenge the system. The authorities shocked by such wanton disregard for the speed limit and private property cracked down on the kids. DIY racing continued from coast to coast, particularly in the south and in California until the early '70s.

The days of true DIY drag racing are over. Today's multi-million dollar NASCAR racing spectacle has as much in common with the races my dad drove in as the Super Bowl does to a game of two hand-touch at a punks picnic. The only DIY motorsports which remain are the demolition derby, motorcross and some muddin' events. As is so often the case in America everything, cool, unique, interesting that rises up from the bottom is commodified and sold back to us from the top. The spirit of the race lives on.

The classic existential road movie *Two Lane Blacktop* starring James Taylor is one of my all time favorites and makes a great double feature with *Easy Rider*. The main characters are drifters who roam from town to town in search of a race, not as a hobby, but as and entire way of life. Race to live, live to race. There

is something very deep and telling about movies like *Two Lane Blacktop* and *Easy Rider*. Something foreigners might have a hard time understanding. That restless impulse in the American spirit to just hit the road, to blaze a trail into the unknown. It's not just advertising hype that we associate our cars with freedom. There is a certain lure of the open road. I love that part in *Mad Max* where the Night Rider yells out "I'm layin' down a rubber road to freedom!" as the police chase him down the highway. And lets not forget the *Wild One* with Marlon Brando, a true classic of the young rebel and the lure of the open road.

Just as an aside, since this is the race theme issue, here's another story my dad told me about a race. This was probably about 1967. By this time my Grandfather had transferred to Washington, DC and my dad was living in an apartment complex in Hillcrest Heights, Maryland. In those days there wasn't much suburban development yet and highway five quickly left the city behind and stretched out into the wide open of darkness and tobacco fields. One night my dad and four of his buddies were crammed into a souped up car and cruising up and down highway five looking for a race. In those days one would hang out at drive in restaurants or cruise up and down the road checking out other cars. A race could be talked up in parking lot or arranged by hand signals at a stoplight. My dad and his crew met up with a drunk surly guy in big powerful car who wanted to race them for cash. Bets were laid and a finish line determined. To even out the weight my dad and one of his friends had to ride in the drunken man's car. As the light changed and they sped off into the darkness my dad felt his foot bump into something under the seat. He reached down and felt a gun in its holster. As the driver was totally absorbed by the high-speed action my dad was able to reach down and slip the gun from its holster. He then passed it to his friend sitting next to him who was wearing a jacket. This cat slipped the gun into his pants under the jacket. My dad then reached down again and felt another object, this was a wallet. Intent on plundering it he flipped it open and felt... A BADGE! The Hillcrest Heights gang was involved in a drag race with a cop! The first heat was inconclusive. At the finish line my dad and his friends managed to talk the cop into another race this time with all the kids in their own car, back to the original start line. The cop agreed and the race was on. But as the finish line was reached and the cop slowed to a stop, my dad and his mob kept going racing back into the city and anonymity. My dad later stuck up a pool hall with that pistol, but that is a whole 'nother story.



takeover tactics, perusing the disturbing tome *Battle Strategies of Attila the Hun*. It occurs to me that in my leftist abstractions, this guy is "the enemy," whatever that means, apparently a ruthless, predatory machine. I want to figure this guy out but can only peer over his shoulder at the lines he's highlighted to improve his business strategies. God damn, this is so silly and I've only got to strike up a simple conversation with him but what exactly is it that holds us apart?

It sure would be convenient to go for the throat with our clashing ideologies, but who says this guy even buys into the doctrine of "the empire"? After all, the power of any dominant economic structure is its propensity to take away the possibility of any other options. Then again, what happened to humanism, to the great existential questions of trial and the dead Arab by the river and all that? The subjectivity of our experience is overwhelming but as our civilization rests on its feigned belief in the individual, in human progress, we must also adhere to our responsibility to act on our power and privilege for the better good. And so yes, I

am sitting next to the enemy, anticipating battles that will never arise.

Lately, options are all around us but it seems they've all been covered up by our own standards of validity and achievement. DIY as a philosophy has given us so much but now it's phased out by its proliferation, replaced by our need to work together with those resources and opportunities we've hunted out in the last decade, all pooling to overturn all the little enemies in our lives, to disarm them and reach out to more and more people with the idea that it's all so much easier than it seems. Still, as arrogant little monsters we have an awful tendency for self-righteousness, for marginalizing aspects of forward-thinking movements that don't quite work at the same level or strike the same target or stab as deeply. Maybe it's a sectionalized or regionalized perception, but last weekend while Good Clean Fun played, Issa brought up something really important, all about this decade's "awareness" of animals and consumption and viable alternatives on a very broad spectrum, making vegetarianism a seemingly tired "norm," thus pushing veganism as the only truly respectable lifestyle choice for all these stinky kids; he went on about how this absolutism can be such a turn-off for some fifteen-year-old just getting into activism or whatever, when any progressive thought and consideration should be admirable as a tool for stepping out.

While back in Arkansas for a week or so, I spent a lot of time watching sloppy, angry, hairy high school bands from rural towns, full of anxieties and frustration and hope and energy but without the focus to use it for or against anything. These kids make the best of their resources and the ideas and music to which they've received exposure (a lot of "crustache" rap/metal fusion is represented of course but I need to someday accept that it is, in fact, a viable means of expression and at least a starting point). I loved the honesty and energy of these bands and just wished there were some way to spread information to them, to encourage communication—to present options, you know? Hardcore and punk kids are so quick to speak out against intolerance and marginalization but seem just as quick to sneer at some metal kids or funny goth types or whatever. We're all riding on the same discontent, you know? Is there some inherent disqualifier in having never heard Downcast or Fuel?

So a plan of action was made in Little Rock to bring together tons of kids from the sticks, test the limits of convention, spread information, and get a shitload of free clothes to give out at Food Not Bombs. Soophie Nun Squad and a couple of solo projects set up a free, "pirated" show in a Funwash laundromat at just after midnight one Saturday, surrounded by a few middle-aged types cleaning their duds and completely freaked out at the sight of thirty kids throwing a dance party while waiting for their clothes to dry. This was organized within 24 hours of the actual show and attracted some more rural kids just as we had planned. For the occasion we produced small 'zines containing our statement of political aims, reasons for having the show, beneficiaries, a little editorial and some addresses of people, bands, 'zines, and labels we mutually respect, to be handed out, hopefully received by kids and adults who wouldn't otherwise have access to such information, who might hopefully explore it further.

We hope to continue shit like the Funwash show, getting more ludicrous and intrusive by the event but never breaking the law (and that's the strong point of this particular act of protest)—the point being that yes, the police came to my door the next morning for organizing a bunch of legal customers to simply behave out of context, and that's all we wanted to prove. It's a solution to boredom, to having to spend money for entertainment, to using amps and shit for our expression... We gotta encourage everyone to break those conventions, to shut down false dignities (the master of our volition); we're trying to rent tee times and play shows on 18-hole golf courses in the middle of the day, skits and pranks and dance parties on the side of the freeway or at rush hour in an intersection,

puppet shows and percussion just outside the movie theater late on a Friday, fifty kids playing dead in a McDonalds... this is the basis of creative protest and I know it's nothing new but it sure is overlooked. By removing socially constructed situations' veil of illusion, by denying the convention that fogs up our vision; we're electing to make up our own rules and our own world, and that shit is crucial.

I feel like we, as a community of kids who have chosen to use our voices and our very presence as weapons, have no choice but to expand the context of our rebellion, to move beyond musical pretense and the convention of the "underworld" (admittedly a meaningless term). I remember being blown away reading about how Born Against played in a Kinko's at 3 a.m.; the magic only rests in the ability to take the next step and make our own history! Step out for its own sake, to jar the plastered walls between "us" and "them," because there really is no such monster. It's been said before, but people are just people, kids are just kids, support and change and excitement and conversation can come from very surprising places.

As human beings, we all live under a thousand different iron fists and our distrust and alienation from each other is perhaps the strongest possible weapon against us, robbing us of that very humanness, reducing each other to numbers and statistics. Was that *Attila the Hun*-reading motherfucker the enemy? Well, hell yes, but I still could've started beboxing and freestyling with him on the plane. Yes, it is possible. Just look at all the strangers' eyes on the sidewalk, screaming for one little gesture of interest and commonality. It is the same fucking team no matter what we may scream through PA systems, and the same invisible overlords crush us, and it's our responsibility as heads and bodies with ebullient spirits to pave a means for those who won't speak, finding new ways to reject, construct, and pave a divergent future. Blow the lid off your town.

I'd really like to hear feedback or maybe stories from other kids who are into contextual terrorism. Maybe it sounds trite and diversionary. Let me know.

Nate Powell/7205 Geronimo/N Little Rock, AR 72116/no e-mail for a while.

It couldn't be helped. I was in London for a few days with a friend and we were both thinking, "What the hell, let's go to the Millennium Dome!"

After over £800 million pounds spent (about 1.4 billion US dollars!), controversial newspaper stories every other day in the European press over here, and some extremely questionable intentions by the British Government, we intriguingly decided to check out what the fuss was all about, swallowing my pride all the way! If you're never heard of the Millennium Dome before, the plan was devised several years ago by the British Government and unveiled on January 1st this year. It was planned as a massive national exhibition to be shown in the year 2000, to show everything "wonderful" about Britain, and housed inside an massive stadium built on derelict land in East London. Exhibitions includes such things like "cutting-edge" design, technology, telecommunications, advances in finance (for the few), and the rest of the things that are generally bound together and generally associated with the term "progress."

The Millennium Dome is in fact a means for a select few British corporations to contribute towards developing consensus for their actions amongst the public; mass consensus being the fundamental power-base of their relatively new-found power. The dome also allows the opportunity to supposedly reflect some "pride" in a country gradually sinking like the Titanic. If Britain is on a slippery slope, then the Millennium Dome is like a tiny life-raft, helping to keep afloat a minority of corporations, whilst the rest of us

sink on the ship at the expense of the few who've sailed into uncharted waters. Instead of spending the much needed money on the crumbling health, education, housing, and other social provisions, the Government would instead waste its money on an exhibition!

Controversial is not the word. The vast majority of people in the UK think the Millennium Dome is a huge waste of money, an exhibition that incidentally, is being taken down at the end of the year! But before the cries begin and I lose a few "punk-points" by visiting the dome, unsurprisingly, I have to emphasise that I DO think that the money would have been far better spent elsewhere. Not to be simply poured down another plug hole, like the ridiculous amount of money wasted on military spending for example, but put towards something actually beneficial for the community for example (which does occasionally happen here, albeit in comparatively minimal sums). There's also the underlying reason why the dome was built in the first place. Amongst others that I've already mention, there's the supposed international "prestige" the country gains as Britain attempts to cling on with all the threads it can, to show that "we" still deserve to be treated as a primary first-world power on the international stage (putting the dome into a similar basket as Britain's defunct Trident Nuclear Weapons arsenal).

We arrive via the slick new tube station, pay the 20 quid entry fee each (about \$30!), and get our tickets. We're encouraged to firstly visit the "Sky-Lab" cinema in an adjacent building to watch a half-hour specially made Blackadder episode (quite a funny historically-set British comedy). The "Sky-Lab" concept sounded intriguing, even though we had little information on what it actually was. We stroll over to the building and walked past the largest branch of McDonalds in Europe... Arriving at the "Sky-Lab" cinema, we quickly discover that despite the name, it's a pretty drab looking cinema, sponsored by the media giant Sky. The feeling of something "not being quite right" gets a little stronger. But I attempt to justify it to myself, kind of understanding the necessity for the dome to gain sponsorship from the private sector if it was to be built.



Richard Corbridge

passage of time before entering the big Y2K project. That was until we reach a scene where Blackadder has traveled back in time in a time machine constructed by Baldrick. Blackadder has to impress Queenie with a gift. He pulls out his wallet, fumbles with his Visa card (!) and eventually shows a certain supermarket savings credit card, explaining how the card works... after which the scene moves on. Wait a second! Was I imagining that?! We both look at each other with mouths gaping wide open... Corporate advertising being blatantly slipped into an episode of Blackadder? The horror! The distaste in my mouth gets a little stronger, hardly believing the boundaries that have just been crossed.

We moved on to the dome itself, being totally impressed at the sheer scale of everything once entering the dome. It's enormous, visually incredible, and pretty overwhelming. All the exhibitions are arranged circular with an enormous arena in the centre for performance arts and the like. I'll skip the specifics of what we thought of each of the exhibitions and performances, aside to say that we were totally impressed with the vast majority of things we saw. Like entering a "body" zone, which was a giant sized asexual human being which you entered through the foot, then walked around inside seeing different parts of the body, like being greeted by an enormous blubbery heart and giant public hair lice! Everything was pretty much "hands-on," mixing multimedia with all kinds of displays, gimmicks,

technology and other forms of exhibit materials. The transport section was really interesting (despite being sponsored by Ford). The "Relaxation Dome" was great, entering a hollow bauble type dome, chilling out to trance-like surreal colour changes and ambient music!

Predictably, there was a considerable downside which sticks in my mind as prominently as the positive aspects that I took away with me. First, the corporate advertising and sponsorship was so incredibly strong everywhere—it really unnerved me. Much of it was pretty subliminal also, which was even more worrying. Aside from being lined with all the corporate names, each of the major exhibits was sponsored by a particular company. For example, The Body Zone was sponsored by a massive pharmaceutical chain. An exhibition on communication was sponsored by the telecommunications giant British Telecom.

Worst of all in my book, and what wound me up the most, was the exhibition about the future of work, along with its positive messages of "flexibility" and part-time working, centred around "our modern, busy lifestyles." The work exhibition is sponsored by Manpower, the UK's largest temporary recruitment agency! I'm fully aware of the changing nature of work that's occurred around the world over the past 10-20 years, and the future shifting patterns of work being predicted. Workers are being expected to become far more flexible precisely because of the amount of temporary low-waged, poor-quality, de-unionised, demoralising jobs being introduced, resulting from changes in the wider global economy. Telephone call centres are the factories of the 21st century, make no mistake. Working through such temporary agencies myself for over a year has given me first-hand experience of working in such demoralising climates. (Thankfully, I've since found myself a far better job working for a small local charity.) Manpower's attempt to cohesively the public into believing this change is somehow "inevitable" is, in my mind, an incredibly dangerous line of thought. Even more worrying is that school of thought being associated with a national institution such as the dome, amplifying the message a thousand times over.

Another extremely dubious aspect of the dome were the "voting cards" people were given on entering the dome. I could be mistaken here, but the impression I get is that these voting cards are given to people paying in advance by credit card. Those paying by cash, like us, didn't receive the cards. Throughout the dome, you're asked to "vote" on certain subjects, like for example "Do you think cars need to be banned from city centres?" giving a yes or no answer. After all, we supposedly live in a participatory democracy, so this is giving the people's thoughts on such subjects, right? I'm not so sure. The supermarket credit card incident in the earlier Blackadder episode at beginning had me thinking that in the same way that some supermarkets use the data from such cards to study and analyse your shopping behaviour to build a picture of your tastes, habits, likes and dislikes, are these voting cards being used in a similar way to gather information on individuals? They were in a similar format to credit cards, swiping your answers through the "voting machines" (sic) to centrally record the data. Who analyse the data? What is that used for? For what purpose? It seemed suspicious that the cards were only issued to those paying by credit card, i.e. those who've already supplied their name, address and bank information. It struck me that the data collected could potentially contribute to a "bigger picture" that corporations are already attempting to build about us all, shared among the private sector on some distant computer network, just like the supermarket cards already do. I couldn't help but feel Big Brother was looking down on us all...

On the whole, the Millennium Dome was certainly an interesting experience, and I realise that the dome had to secure the funding from somewhere. But what a waste of money the whole project was! On reflection, it's interesting to see how the corporate world is attempting to justify itself and it's practices in today's

world. The Millennium Dome is one small part of this "consensus building" process towards its practices among the general public, which in the UK is still an unresolved battle. Identifying and challenging such power bases locally can only contribute towards the bigger picture of change globally. Oh, and if you're coming to England this year, you've been warned about visiting the dome!

I would like to take his time to address something twisted that has been lingering in this 'zine's letters section for several issues now—the Christianity in hardcore debate/social epidemic. Although I stopped seeking out shows 8 months ago, I cannot recall ever being belted in the face with a bible at a hard core show, nor can I recall kids wearing crucifixes outnumbering those with Minor Threat T-shirts. However, since this seems to be an intense problem for others, may I suggest some methods of coping beyond writing redundant letters to *HeartattaCk* month after month.

For one thing, you could always just beat the shit out of them when they're all standing there with their rosary beads, clogging up space in the pit. Or you can just look through the pages and pages of this 'zine and see ad after ad for bands so boring, stupid and bad that perhaps going to church on Sundays might actually be more entertaining than a Saturday matinee anyday nowadays. Maybe an even more productive route would be to address your rebuttals straight to the source it came from—which is normally why most letters are followed by an e-mail or snail mail address. This method might be more appreciated by humble idiots like myself who are getting really bored reading this crap.

As far as the intense and refreshing "Christianity does not belong in hard core" battle cry goes, I'm sure the crisis could be solved if the captain of your scene police unit contacts the local church to kindly ask their followers to stop infiltrating your scene. This should work.

We ARE aware that loving Jesus is not mentioned on our scene membership cards. So what, there are a few deviants. I'm wearing a Britney Spears button on my sweater right now. Fire me.

P.S. Correction! In issue #24, Felix constructed a seemingly respectable "History of Rock" piece, but he slipped on his disrespect for The Beatles with "One down and four to go." When one member of the Fab Four is dead, this makes it "one down and THREE to go." Felix knows that I like him, but I hereby suggest he gets hooked on phonics.

P.P.S. You can address my ignorance to me personally at jenhate@hotmail.com, not the letters section.

I have been writing about the Do-It-Yourself ethic, self-employment, and entering the "workforce" for a while now. Having spent the last year working for someone else, and been recently laid-off, I have learned some important lessons.

For one, despite all my concern about not allowing myself to get comfortable with a life of dependence on "superiors" for my income, I must admit that I was beginning to like the ease of not having to worry about insurance coverage and a weekly paycheck. This isn't to say I wouldn't have been able to walk away from this job, but I generally liked the people I worked with and the work I was doing. It was easy to go to work every day and not think about it too much, and it was great getting a regular paycheck!

I imagine this is what happens with most of us, except that we stay long enough to step into the family/house/car game that is so debt-heavy that we are

trapped. Soon we just give in and center our focus on what measly vacation time we are given, and begin to look toward retirement. The idea of striving for the right to break free of our repetitive schedules, and the control of the bosses is more than we want to consider. Suddenly, the thought of escaping the life-path we are placed in seems almost impossible.

Secondly, I learned that benefits are the bait that leads us into this trap. Full medical coverage at a pittance of what I had to pay on my own was great. This job was also the first time I actually was paid while on holiday and was able to start thinking about saving for retirement. But, I now realize that getting used to those benefits (which are unfortunately luxuries for many of us) started to suck me in. Having

benefits for that short time put me in a position where once I was threatened with losing them, I wanted to rush to find another similar job to maintain my coverage.

Standard benefits should be available to everyone, but they aren't. To ensure that we can keep these "perks," we must stay a part of the work force—a part of the system. Since these benefits are often not available to us at such an affordable rate when we are self-employed, we find ourselves scrambling to get back to work for someone else. When the seven of us who were laid-off were given our walking papers, we were given four days before we had to get our own insurance, or continue with our current benefits for a much higher price. This creates a panic situation—we are worried about the lack of a paycheck, and suddenly we are getting huge insurance bills. This situation almost ensures the need to immediately get another job—especially for those of us with families, a home, etc.

The situation I was left with sucks, but isn't by any means catastrophic. I am single and relatively debt-free; losing a job is more of an inconvenience than anything. People lose their jobs every day in this country, and most of them have families and debts that leave them desperate, clamoring for any new job that can keep them afloat and their families fed. There is some unemployment compensation, but not enough—just little enough to ensure that they will step back into the little notch that society has carved out for them in this system.

I am not happy to have to find a new job, but I am satisfied with my experience. I tested the waters, and am now certain that such a life isn't what I will do with the rest of my days. It is expected that I will rush back to the first job that I can find. I will not. Why submit to the pressures in this society to be employed 52 weeks a year? Why must I participate in this structure?

We are expected to work our days away for the goals of someone else. Our other interests and dreams are left to the weekends as "cute little hobbies." If we aren't getting that paycheck every week, and aren't working as many hours as the bosses will give us, it is assumed we have failed. It is taken as fact that we

all want to sacrifice in order to acquire the most amount of money possible. It is expected that we will "grow up" and "settle down," as if debt is a decree of adulthood.

Somewhere along the way, debt has become a sign of success. An expensive education and home ownership are certifications that we are "productive" members of society. It is debatable whether or not the debt incurred by a higher education is worth it. I don't regret my education, but the monthly bills I will get for the next 10 years were the first step to insuring that I had little choice but to step into the everyday-workforce.

The next move to lock us into the debt cycle is to lure us into the world of credit cards. Sold as a sign of "adulthood," credit cards are offered to college

students like candy. Nothing will ensure that we will keep that shitty job like a 15% interest rate! I bit on the credit card bait, as many do, and I will be fighting my way free for longer than I ever imagined.

I have too much debt for my own good—from my education, and credit cards, but I am in a better situation than most people are. In the end, I am still forced to take a job in order to pay off this debt. The reality is that I have taken the first step down a path I don't want to follow, but I plan to turn around before it's too late. Without my debts, my life would be full of many more options right now, but I must live with my choices for a while until I earn that freedom.

This freedom I am talking about is different from the freedom sold as "The American Dream." "The American Dream" involves home ownership and debt—"The American Dream" is debt. An image of the happy American has long been that of a family with all the trimmings of a suburban lifestyle. With these sought-after trimmings comes a debt that enables us to purchase our "dream." Once this "dream" is achieved, there is a long road of payments and interest before the debt is erased. At this point, the trap has been sprung and there is little we can do but step into our place as another 40 hour-a-week, 52 week-a-year robot.

Today, consumer debt in the U.S. has risen to disgusting levels. In 1997, the average debt as a percent of personal income had now risen to an estimated 85%.* The percentage of households with zero or negative net worth (greater debts than assets) has increased to almost 20%—that's 1 in 5 U.S. households! The result of the economic structure in this country in the last 30 years is a decline in income and job security and an increase in debt. We are slowly becoming a society enslaved by the aspirations for the material gain we are taught to expect, but are unable to meet economically. These desires, combined with the economic warfare that has been waged upon us by those in power, is burying most families in this society deeper and deeper.

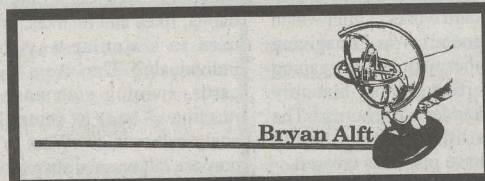
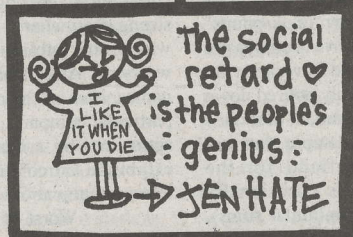
The fact is that this capitalist society cannot survive without consumer debt. If Americans didn't spend more than they earned—taking loans to buy large items they could rarely buy with cash—the economy would quickly run out of steam. Those in power need us as indentured slaves and the system is sucking us dry.

Keeping us in debt ensures that we are controlled. When we owe the sums of money necessary to buy those standards of the American Dream, we usually will never risk breaking free of the 40 hour-a-week life. We must play our role, be productive, and stay out of trouble. If we do this successfully, we may have our home and car debts paid off in time for retirement. What no one mentions is that, at the rate indebtedness is rising these days, we will all die in debt. *Z Magazine, May 1999.

Bryan/Contrascience/PO Box 8344/ Minneapolis, MN 55408; balfi@isd.net

Guest columnist: Johan Vogels

I'm Johan, a 20 year old hardcore kid from the Netherlands in Europe. For years I have been reading *HeartattaCk* now and something that always struck me was the little amount of coverage concerning DIY hardcore and punk in Europe. Okay, the reviews do cover a reasonable part of Euro stuff, but that's only the musical side of our community. In order to participate in bringing our community under your attention I will try to regularly submit columns to *HeartattaCk* which cover what I find cool and motivating in our hardcore and punk community. So here we go. The is a story written and edited in the last couple of days after I came home from the "Do Something Days" which took place on the 25th and 26th of March. Try to cope with the



fact that English is not my primary language.

I'm home now, for some twenty minutes. About 6 hours ago I left the little village Houthem, which is situated in Belgium at the French border by the coast. I drove Arno home where he gave me a cup of very strong coffee and after that I left to finish my little road-trip of this weekend. Another hour and a half alone in my car, listening to some Christian radio-frequency who tried to convince me that God inspired rock music truly kicks ass. But they didn't really convince me tonight. Maybe some other time.

I spend the weekend at a farm rebuilt into a truly amazing and nice accommodation. Four people who are active within the hardcore scene organized the "Do Something Days" here. A pen-pal of mine sent me a flyer and I tried to organize some kids to come along with me. In the end it was Arno and me driving there. The idea of these days was to do something more than music or music-related business. The organisers organised several workshops in which we could participate, stands with challenging literature, sleeping places (which were the best I have ever seen in my life) and even some music for one's enjoyment. On Saturday Arno and I arrived around 11 o'clock in the morning. Not many people were there yet and we were instructed where to put our sleeping stuff and that kind of stuff. After a while of sitting down there, meeting the organizers and saying "Hi" to the kids we knew, the first activity was planned. This was a game set up by two girls and it was about trading our profession and talents for other people's talents and professions in order to get things done which we needed to have done. My role was a waiter who was good with cats and dogs, at diving and something else that I forgot. I traded my skill to watch after dogs and cats for having my bike repaired and so on. It was a fun game and made us look for creative solutions for our problems instead of just buying them off. Through this game we got to know each other a little bit, which was nice because I knew no one there except the Paprika-kids (A DIY cooking collective from Belgium) who did the cooking on these two days.

After that a workshop on the anti-McDonalds day took place where there was discussion and creative thinking on actions for this particular anti-McDonalds day. A little talk by a Kurdish-student from Leuven, Belgium, who originally is from Turkey hit me very hard in certain way. I possessed the knowledge of the repression of Kurdish people by the Turkish government but had never met a Kurd. Hearing someone who actually is a Kurd and is originally from the place where the repression takes place made this world-problem very concrete and real for me. This guy does not only talk about the problems, but also actively works on them and he told us about a trip he's organizing. This means that he brings Western-European people over to Turkey to work collectively on several problems the Kurdish people suffer. Also the picture-book he carried with him full of horrible pictures different journalists took added to the awakening of the Kurdish matter.

In the evening we did a political debate in the form of a role-play on the a new law within the Belgium parliament. This law says that couples do not have to be married to adopt a child, but ought to be heterosexual. In other words, this law forbids any gay couples from adopting a child. We were separated in five groups. Three different political parties from right-wing to left-wing, an organization of worried parents called to life by an extreme-right-wing female politician and last but not least the gay people themselves. This was really cool, keeping in mind we played this debate with only gay positive and gay people. This role-play was part of an excellent workshop on the R.A.F. (translated it goes like this; Pink Action Front) and even more on plain homosexuality. This was the coolest workshop I attended. People were actively communicating and it was a hell lot of fun because we seemed to be really into it. Me at least. Globalization was up next. Discussing the W.T.O. and M.A.I., the conquest of multinationals and the globalization really made me tired. Interesting though, but if we would have

another discussion on money and economy I would have crashed, I guess.

After this workshop it was already fairly late. Three bands were about to play and after that it was disco-time! A couple of people dressed up cool with tiger-shirts, glitters, lots of wax (Nico!), stud-belts and a lot of strange and cool flashy clothes. The bands played and after that we danced with a couple of people on Abba, B-52's, Fame, Grease and more. Many people were tired though, and the plan to go to the beach was pushed aside. Instead we gathered a group of people and made a night-walk. We didn't really know where we were heading but after a couple of Rise Above, Youth of Today, Congress and Liar songs we crossed the French border and walked into a small village. The center of the village was pretty nice even though there was no activity anymore. It was 2.00 in the night I think. We hung out in the garden of the church and made some fun in a kiosk. We discussed the stars on our way back and I realized that I was hanging out in the middle of the night with a bunch of kids that I didn't know this morning whose only connection with me was an interest in using hardcore as platform for ideas and change. And I felt good about that.

A short night later I woke up, only to find out that several body-parts of me which didn't make it into my sleeping bag that night were pretty cold. And I so hate waking up in cold. But a shower, a couple of "Good mornings" and a great breakfast later I was myself again, which of course was a good sign. We started this morning with some warming-up games presented to us by Ed. Ed made us stand in a big circle and let us do all kinds of wacky things such as running to the middle and screaming our names, letting someone push us through the hall while keeping our eyes closed and a ball game that nearly killed a couple of people. Great!

The first workshop of today was one about anarcho-feminism. Quite interesting even though it was pretty basic. Critical Consuming was up next, but I skipped that one. I preferred sitting down with a bunch of people and talking about 'zines and hardcore... relaxing I mean. Ed came upstairs then, ready to tell us his experiences about Kosovo. He worked there for an organization called Balkan Sunflowers which resides in Germany. They try to improve the situation of the people who fled away by organizing parades and other activities to benefit the hope of these people. It was cool to listen to him talking about it and inspired me to check my possibilities to work through such an organization this summer as well. We headed for the end of the day. Jan, one of the organizers, arranged a bus at 17.30 to pick up the people who were there by train and the last workshop started.

This workshop managed to get every single soul in the building together and listen to and partake in it. Porn was the subject and I don't know if it was because of the subject or because it was the last one that I drew so much attention. Anyway, this workshop was really interesting as well. We discussed our personal view on porn, what we wanted it to be and what we thought the damage was that it caused to this society and women. It was a nice discussion but I pitied the fact that few people really talked. Still a taboo or is there no need to discuss such a subject? I go for the first one. 17.30 was close and we rounded things off. People left after sharing addresses and e-mails, hugs and handshakes. We remained with about ten people. One of the participants in the porn-workshop did a performance to round the weekend off. I had never enjoyed a performance like this so I was curious what it'd be like. I expected something like dancing but boy, was I wrong. The performance was rather emotional. Sara sat down on a toilet with a diary in her hand, reading little extracts about love, pain, despair and missing someone. I still don't know if I liked it, but I have the deepest appreciation and respect for her performance and guts to do it. Closing the door and flushing the

toilet rounded her performance off. It was done.

An slipped us some food in and after that we said our good-byes. I had a long trip in front of me. But I was happy, filled with motivation, inspiration and enthusiasm. On our way back Arno and I discussed the weekend, agreeing that it was great to do something like this in such a fun way with people we had never met, agreeing that this was a positive (I hate that word) way of using hardcore as platform of ideas and communication. And you know what? I have been into SXE and hardcore now for some six years, but the way I feel now and on the "Do Something Days" are the same feelings that remind me of the days when I started to explore the DIY-hardcore scene back then. The feeling of being a threat for the things I hate in this world, a threat for the conservative attitudes in the hardcore-and punk-community. Listening and observing here made me realize that hardcore definitely can be a serious threat to this society, something that I almost forgot because of the lame and conservative attitudes that always seem to be a majority everywhere you go. I really liked that. I delicate kick against my arse. I hope, and will try to contribute to that, that this will not remain a one time happening. This is the spark to instigate the fire to burn harder, to even start burning again (excuse me my lame metaphors). This is a little bit of hardcore that I lost among the way to grow up and become mature. This is what puts us to action. And we definitely will, count on that! Thanks to the organizers Jan, Maureen, Sofie and the other guy and all the people that were present and did their fair share.

People who want more information on the DIY and European hardcore and punk community can contact me. Also if you want to know more about this particular event or want to hear what comes from this such as the 'zine they are making, contact me. People in Europe who organize anything in this vein, contact me! I want to help you out, visit your event and be a part of the action. Take care and love.

Johan Vogels/Van Douverenstraat 56/5961
JJ Horst/Holland/Europe;
wendellelliot@hotmail.com.



Listening to music is one of the ways I learn about the lives and thoughts of people. I have found a special place in my heart for jazz, blues and improvisational music. Following is a list of a few people who have influenced my thoughts on how the human race gets along with itself. Music can communicate emotion and ideas directly through the walls we build around ourselves if we give it a chance. Listening to people whose life experiences are very different from our own helps to expand our ability to empathize with opinions and ideas we cannot fully understand. The music these people have created can provide another way to think about so many of the things we each take for granted.

The Art Ensemble of Chicago • Anthony Braxton • Cecil Taylor • Marilyn Crispell • Muddy Waters • David Murray • Sonny Sharrock • Sam Rivers • Lightnin' Hopkins • Mary Lou Williams • Henry Threadgill • William Parker and In Order to Survive • Horace Tapscott • Sun Ra and the Arkestra • Thelonius Monk • Amina Claudine Myers • Ornette Coleman • Leadbelly • Charlie Parker • Albert Ayler • Fletcher Henderson • Duke Ellington • Etta James • Muhal Richard Abrams • The World Saxophone Quartet • Zusaan Kali Fasteau • Taj Mahal • Fred Anderson • The Ganelin Trio • Miles Davis • Bessie Smith • John Coltrane • Charles Mingus • Steve Lacy • Sonny Rollins • The Billy Tipton Memorial Saxophone Quartet • Billy Bang • Kahil El' Zabar • Archie Shepp • McCoy Tyner • Abbey Lincoln • Bobby Watson • Geri Allen • Elvin Jones • Derek Bailey • Eric Dolphy • Randy Weston • Pharoah Sanders • Rahsaan Roland Kirk • Tim Berne • Ella Fitzgerald • Masada • Raphe Malik • Loren Mazzacane Connors • Don Cherry

An invaluable source for information about

jazz, blues, and improvised music is a monthly journal called *Cadence Magazine*. They publish detailed reviews of recent and reissued recordings and in depth interviews with working musicians that document the expansive histories of their art.

Sometimes the most difficult listening is the most rewarding. Sometimes our lives can be fundamentally changed, but we won't immediately realize what happened. Sometimes an experience can strike like lightning, altering the way we think dramatically. Music is only one way to find life changing experiences. Take in all the diverse sounds and voices that exist.

THE NUCLEAR THREAT THAT NEVER LEFT:

"Maintaining the legitimacy of nuclear weapons in this country will drive proliferation in other countries." —Hisham Zeriffi, scientist at the Institute for Energy and Environment

The upkeep and preservation of the United States nuclear arsenal relies on the existence and production of a gas called tritium. Tritium is a radioactive hydrogen isotope that is extremely unstable. In fact it is the only one of six radioactive components of a nuclear weapon that rapidly decomposes. It decays at the rate of about 5% per year and has a half-life of 12.3 years. The reason tritium is so important is because it produces an enormous amount of energy when it reacts with other nuclear components, making the so-called nuclear fusion process possible in weapons like the hydrogen bomb. So in lay man's terms, it is used to increase the destructive force of nuclear weapons.

Some tritium is produced in the upper levels of the atmosphere by the bombardment of nitrogen and cosmic rays. Rainwater also contains minute amounts of tritium but in order to harness mass amounts of tritium for weapons, it must be made in a special kind of nuclear reactor. Tritium has not been produced in the United States since 1988, when the government shut down its last weapons reactor in Aiken, South Carolina. Since then tritium has been recycled from decommissioned Cold War weapons and injected into still-active bombs. Now the Department of Energy has given permission for tritium to be produced at the Watts Bar nuclear plant found along the Tennessee River in Spring City, TN.

Watts Bar is owned and operated by the Tennessee Valley Authority, a federally chartered corporation that was created by President Roosevelt (FDR) during his New Deal plan. It markets electric power to utilities and businesses in the region/state. For half a century, the federal government has worked to separate civilian nuclear facilities from military nuclear facilities. That barrier has been torn down, but why? Originally the government was to build a new proton accelerator along with a plant to surround it on the Savannah River. The proposed \$9 billion dollar project (over 50 years) cost three times as much as using the less effective reactors at Watts Bar, but it would have generated far less nuclear waste and would cut safety problems for both the region and the plant in half. Using the reactor at the Watts Bar facility will only cost \$1.1 billion over a 40-year period and may even churn profits for the TVA Corporation. Thus both government and big business profit off of nuclear weapons.

The Department of Energy itself is under a congressional mandate to have enough tritium on hand to maintain over 6,000 plus nuclear and thermonuclear warheads. This mandate was given right after a new US/Russian arms control treaty was signed. Irony to the end, yes? Many think this will boost nuclear activity in other countries like India, Iraq, Iran, North Korea,

Pakistan, and others. The government will need the mass amounts of tritium by 2005 according to a presidential directive. The Watts Bar nuclear power reactors are now licensed under the Atomic Energy Act. The production of tritium in their reactors though can only occur if authorized by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, who is the final say on all nuclear affairs.

This goes to show you that the nuclear threat still exists and will continue to exist, even though it doesn't get the media coverage previously given during the Cold War. I wrote this because it scared me that this was happening in my own backyard without anyone's knowledge. The above is just a general overview of the situation. There is tons I don't know and probably a lot more happening. Please speak out against the preservation of the United States nuclear arsenal. Write to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission at NRC/Office of Public Affairs/Washington, DC 20555.



to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission at NRC/Office of Public Affairs/Washington, DC 20555.

"From dehumanization to arms production. For the benefit of a nation or its destruction. Power is power, it's the law of the land. Those who live for death will die by their own hands. It's your choice. Peace or annihilation!" —CRUCIFIX

GOD FREE YOUTH:

Let's put this on the table. This is an opinion; it is my opinion. Christian hardcore is an oxymoron. Punk is not about one issue. I don't want to listen to a band sing about straight edge or veganism or girlfriends or whatever else in every single song (even though I am drug free and vegan), without bringing up various other ideas. Just like I don't want to hear a band sing bible verses and prayers in every song. It's fucking mindless and it's brainwashing. From the time of its origin, Christianity has spread into unwelcome territory in order to convert. From the Holy Roman Empire to the conquistadors to the colonial missionaries to the TV evangelists, the spread of religious institutions has continued, forcing myth and fiction upon non-believers. Christianity has more than ample space to preach its ideology, considering it owns an arsenal of outlets, from media to government parties. They also have labels like Tooth and Nail, which masquerade as punk or hardcore. These bands aren't punk and neither are bands that focus wholly on any other religion or single idea. Punk is about doing things yourself, questioning, and not being held down by the rules of institutions that have tried to keep you in line. Punk is not submission. Punk is activism (or at least it should be). I seriously could care less if a person is Christian. There are Christians in the scene that I am friends with and actually do get involved without trying to convert; instead they leave it as a personal belief and that's that. I may not agree but who the fuck am I to tell people what to believe. But if all you are about is spreading your "love for god" or whatever else, get the fuck out. The punk scene is not for you. It's pretty funny that punks are more "Christ-like" than the Christians are. The institutions of churches have oppressed and controlled through contradiction and bullshit from day one. Hell, the Christian band MxPx is on tour with a 3 thousand-dollar guarantee and they say they are punk for Christ. True hardcore bands on the road live day by day happy just to play, get gas, and maybe a house to sleep and eat at (kinda like the humble Jesus in the bible, huh?). I saw some Christian hardcore scene page on-line that said "hardcore for Christ not for the scene." Well if it's not for the scene, then your not a part of it so stop leeching off of it and get the fuck out! I've also seen patches that say drug free for Christ. Well guess what kids, Jesus wasn't straight edge; remember the water to wine thing? Anyway, I could go on and on but I won't. I just felt like adding my two cents. Normally I wouldn't focus on it at all but it just seems like the whole world is turning back to the right wing, including the hardcore punk scene. The punk scene is

no utopia and never will be, but goddamn it's so frustrating sometimes.

"A perfect abstraction, the stage of utter nothingness. That outer limit of the highest abstraction of thought, that utter nothingness, is God." —Mikhail Bakunin

Here is a question for the "Christian hardcore" kids. Why do you continue to believe in a thousand-year-old myth that has been changed and passed on for generations through brainwashing, forced conversions, war, genocide, parenthood, governments, classes, and oppressive natures? History shows a trend that every culture man has created and been apart of have created a religion to follow, to explain the unexplainable, from cavemen and their gods of hunt to the Greek gods of Mt. Olympus to the modern day Christian god. I don't deny that Jesus was an actual human being, and a philosopher at that, but to believe that he is divine... the son of man... is baffling. What makes it so apparent to you that god exists. Is it because that is what you have been told or something you experienced? Have you ever questioned your faith that you believe in so strongly? And when I say question I mean tear it apart at its foundations, totally destroying any previous leanings? If you have and still believe fine, but I've only actually met one or two people who have ever been able to actually say they honestly have. What makes god so alive? Why do you submit to him? If anything it has been a tool used by the rich and the powerful to justify and maintain control. Seriously think about it and give YOURSELF a serious answer.

GAY POSITIVE GO!:

A big fucking hooray and standing ovation for Vermont and other states moving for equal marriage right for gay couples. It's long overdo—gay positive FUCKING GO! Also, if you want to get pissed off about the oppression in the world around you, I highly suggest that you go to www.godhatesfags.com. It's absolutely disgusting and ignorant, but it exists everywhere around you. Keep your eyes open and your voice spoken! Watch out for that pendulum because it's swinging back to the right and it's swinging fast!

OTHER CRAP:

You'll notice I changed my heading picture, and with good reason. It's amazing how people change (or grow) and boy have I changed over the last two and a half years. I drew that face when I was still in high school, when I was a different person. I was a kid head over heels in love with a girl that I thought completed me and made every breath sweeter. But all things come to an end and over time I awoke from that dream and grew the fuck up. I learned and experienced new things and places and that boy who drew that picture and wrote that monogamy column in the sex issue put down his drawing pencil and moved on. I know this is a totally unnecessary explanation but it makes me feel better I guess. It's my column, isn't it?

Thanks again for reading, I really appreciate all the response mail I've been getting, both positive and negative. It's nice to think that this column is useful for some people. It's also nice to get feedback because I'm nowhere near perfect and I definitely don't know everything. It's great just learning from each other and sharing ideas. Remember there is no progress without discussion and I'm exited that there is some!

Love: Jonathan Lee

164 St. Agnes #3/Memphis, TN 38112; remusisthebrd@aol.com. To book your band at DIY Memphis call (901) 325-4041 or e-mail diymemphis@aol.com

PS: Check out the Remus And The Romulus Nation/Pezz split 7" on Soul is Cheap Records. It benefits the Tennessee Coalition to Abolish State Killing and comes with 3 booklets and two pamphlets, not to mention two political melodies from both bands. Seriously, this benefit is so very important, so please support us. Thanks.

Guest columnist: Emilie Hardman

I don't expect anyone to know where Alfred, New York is. Usually, trying to explain where it is goes something like this: "Do you know where Buffalo, NY is?" "Yeah." "Ok, Alfred's about two hours from there." "Isn't there anything closer?" "Umm... you know where Rochester, NY is?" "Yeah." "OK, Alfred's about two hours from there." "Oh."

"Quiet little town" would be an understatement, unless it's a Friday or Saturday night when all fifty feet of Alfred's downtown is alive with drunken college kids. Big, beautiful evergreens and oak trees surround Alfred. Deer, possum, woodchucks, foxes and feral cats roam the edges of town. People leave their house and car doors unlocked, even leave spare car keys in their ashtrays. The population in general is pretty small and the punk population decreases by 50% when either my friend or I leave town.

When bad things happen in Alfred, everyone says, "I can't believe that happened in Alfred!" Even I got sucked into the comfort and perceived safety when I moved here last year to finish my degree at the University. I had lived in some politically dangerous places in Asia and Africa and then come back to the US to finish school. Somewhere along the line I started feeling that I was safer in the States, but now I realize that it is silly to feel that way.

Believing that it is safer in one country more than any other, one city or town or neighborhood more than any other buys into a huge pack of lies, the "land of the free" for one, the "served and protected" for another. Roots of these feelings also twist into things like ethnocentrism, racism and classism as in, "It's not safe here because it's a politically unstable '3rd world' country" or, "This is a bad neighborhood because no doctors, lawyers or politicians live here." The fact is, at this time and this world, nobody is particularly safe anywhere for a lot of reasons and those of us who are subversives, revolutionaries, punks, thinkers and doers, we are particularly unsafe. As some know and many fear, our political actions, affiliations and even beliefs can put us in danger anywhere.

I've been thinking about the issue of self-protection a lot lately because well, something wicked has this way come and it is plaguing the streets of my "nothing bad happens here" college town. The past few months have been a strange string of break-ins, thefts, destruction, auto-theft, harassment (sexual and otherwise) and rape. I've always thought that I could take care of myself basically. I'm small, but tough, is what I told myself. Lately though, I haven't been feeling so tough. I've been afraid to walk alone at night. I lock myself in, compulsively checking to make sure the lock is secure.

My behavior sounds like I'm following the advice given to wimmin who want protection against rape. They are told to follow a curfew, stick with their girl friends, lock themselves in, never dress provocatively, be afraid, be very afraid at all times because it's when *you the womyn* drops guard that bad things will happen. I'm playing into that mentality, even though I've always been a fan of the feminist response to such advice: who's raping whom?

Obviously, the issue here is larger than rape. This is about protection against all the things that happen and make us afraid, make us limit ourselves and live new, less threatening, less productive, less fulfilling existences. I'm talking about the right that we have to protect ourselves from harm. I'm talking about the need to protect ourselves because so many of us are flashing red targets. If you think we're past all of that because some co-opted form of punk has made it on MTV and now no one cares if you've got a mohawk or whatever, you're dead wrong. People who really are punk, are

major targets for abuse. If you don't believe me, look at Brian Deneke, the punk kid who was murdered in Texas and if that doesn't convince you look at his murderer, Dustin Camp who got off with a pat on the back for ridding the country of a freak.

You could get a knife. Some of my friends carry one tucked in boot or pocket. It makes them feel safer. You could get a gun. I know there has been debate about gun ownership in the punk scene and I think it's worth doing a little research on. I suggest reading Felix Havoc's article, "Turn up the Heat: A Firearms Primer for Anarchist Punks," in *Profane Existence* #18 or in the new *Profane Existence* book, *Making Punk a Threat Again*. Also, in *Angry Women Vol. 1*, Andrea Juno and several of the wommin she interviews discuss the need to arm oneself.

Havoc and Juno make great cases for gun ownership. I even buy a lot of what they have to say and I agree that self-defense is an integral part of day to day existence and as a bigger issue, an integral part of revolution because you can't be active if you're just constantly afraid, but I am still working through my thoughts about taking another person's life.

Guns kill. Even if you don't mean to kill, you could kill someone. Perhaps I shouldn't linger so long on the issue of whether or not I would kill someone who planned to rape or kill me. I can justify it easily with logic, but there is something in me that questions killing, because I want to believe there are better ways. Also, I think a gun extends itself in dangerous ways. An unintended user might make use of the weapon in horrible ways. Additionally, I imagine even having a gun would make some people jumpy, so imagine a situation in which you a being robbed, the person's intent is not to harm you, but to get a few bucks, you're scared though and go for the gun. Personally, I am not interested in killing someone who might just want my wallet.

I'm looking for empowerment, not additional fear. I am looking for ways to protect myself and to feel secure enough to be able to do the work I need to do. So I started doing research on self-defense methods that unlike knives and guns do not carry the risk of potential death.

There are of course, general self-defense techniques that you can learn. Most of these do not require any weapons except your own strength and/or knowledge. The idea of self-defense appeals to me in terms of knowing how to protect myself and not having to go beyond my own body and spirit to do so. Monks, who were often threatened and harmed by those who did not support the work that they were doing, developed many of the martial arts. They took the force used against them and sent it right back at the assailant. In this way, they were able to preserve their commitment to pacifism, because they never used their own force. The problem with that now is that the force generally used is not force that can simply be turned back on the assailant, that is, unless you have a bullet or knife deflector. But, even if the attacker is unarmed, are a few classes of martial arts training going to be enough to help you?

Maybe I'm a cynic, or maybe I'm 5 foot nothing with my vegetarian steel-toed boots on and a realist. Tough as I might like to think I am, I have doubts about really being able to protect myself in a dangerous situation, especially if the other person is armed, or if it's not just another person, but other people. You know the joke about neo-nazi skinheads right? How many of them does it take to change a light bulb? Ten, one to change it and nine to watch his or her back. They (or any potential attackers) travel in packs and taking out one is challenge enough.

There is a range of self-defense martial arts that might be right for you though. Kenpo Karate, Ju Jitsu, Kung Fu, Choi Kwang Do and Tai Chi are some of the most commonly taught. Many community centers offer self-defense training for wimmin as do college campuses or wimmin's centers. Also, rape crisis centers sometimes can provide pamphlets or videos that give rudimentary instructions for specific self-defense moves.

Men are probably out of luck for training that is specifically geared to self-protection against rapists and muggers because many classes try to preserve a wimmin's only space to help participants feel comfortable. I wish that, in this case, the sex segregation was not stressed though because it plays right into the hands of the old, wimmin=victim, man=attacker split. Look around for classes that aren't segregated or go for martial arts classes instead.

Self-defense martial arts are something to try, and they're a nice idea to boot. It's a non-violent method of self-protection. You can even get some good exercise while you're learning. However, placing the stress on learning self-defense maneuvers, and that is where the stress is placed particularly for wimmin, is a problem. It's just not always going to work and though the recommendation of self-defense is generally made in good faith, it works to stress the notion that only 'criminals' (and of course, the government) are armed.

Now, I certainly don't like the picture of a society where everyone is running around armed, but it is an injustice to be in constant danger and to be denied the means to protect yourself from it. I'm also opposed to wimmin constantly being framed as too soft and delicate to possibly take action on their own behalf in any other way than with a few watered down martial arts techniques. Of course, here it sounds like I am advocating guns and knives again, and if that's the only thing that is going to help someone feel empowered, well, go for it, but there are other options aside from killing.

You could buy a personal alarm, but really it seems to me to be nothing more than a glorified whistle. There are many variations, some even project a tape-recorded message like "Fire! Fire!" because guess what? Not many citizens come a runnin' to aid victims. I know people who carry devices like this or rape whistles, but aside from making a lot of noise, the only protection it can offer you is as an object to lodge in an attacker's eye. Since that final brutal option is all the help that a personal alarm really gives, you might as well save the money and reach for your keys if you're willing to go the mile and harm someone in such a way.

Gouging someone's eye out doesn't seem real pleasant to me and neither does the next option, but neither is being a victim, so you've got to do what you've got to do. If the attacker is male, self-defense experts assert that if their testicles are grabbed, firmly pulled and twisted quickly, pain intense enough to immobilize them will occur. It's not something to be done lightly. I understand that if the man on the receiving end of the testicle-twister can actually die if he doesn't seek treatment, which apparently he'd have to be a moron not to do. Anatomy isn't my forte, so don't ask me how he could die, I've just heard that it is possible.

An option for those who want something other than self-defense training or the trusty testicle-twister, is pepper spray. Pepper spray or mace is easily obtained and there are no laws about carrying it. The sprays are generally in a \$7 and \$17 price range and come in a variety of size options from about six inches to something that could fit in the palm of a hand. They can be clipped to your bullet belt or studded hoodie pocket.

Effectiveness of the spray varies with the different size options. Generally what you're going to find is the smaller the sprayer, the shorter the distance it will spray. The longest range of spray that I found was 12 feet. Most of the more expensive (i.e. above \$10) seem to spray within an 8-12 foot range, which is really excessive. Many of the companies that manufacture these play on fear and irrationality. It is a dangerous world, but not everyone in a 12 foot radius is out to get you and spraying everyone in that radius with mace is probably not advisable.

When you spray a person, their eyes slam shut, they choke, cough and their skin burns like hell. Some of the more expensive options also have UV dye that makes it possible for police to identify the assailant, if you want to call cops into the mix that is.

A variation on the pepper spray theme is the

pepper foam. It is a shaving cream-like substance that blinds the attacker and when it is wiped away, the pepper is ground into the skin, which I imagine is unpleasant. This spray comes in a larger bottle and is best used when you are up close and personal with the attacker. Stun guns are my favorite option. They are a self-defense item that must touch the attacker to work. This feature helps you out of potential legal trouble because if you were able to touch the attacker, the attacker was probably touching you and their intent to harm will be clear, which legally justifies your actions.

Low-end stun guns can be purchased for about \$19 and the most powerful stun guns, with the most options, are about \$240, effectively denying most of us access to them. The least expensive ones do seem functional though. The major drawback is that the low-enders are generally between four and six inches, where as more expensive stun guns can fit in the palm of your hand.

A creepy fact about stun guns is that they were designed for the FBI, so you'd be using a tool of government. Since I'm not talking about armed revolution, but rather self-protection, I have questions about using a police weapon. I suppose it would make sense if you are primarily looking for protection against police brutality, but to turn on others with the weapon of police seems contradictory to the work many in the punk community have done with bringing issues of police brutality to light. Then again, it might better to use a tool that will not have any long-term effects on a person than to use the standard police fare, shoot-to-kill-guns.

Stun guns work by sending a pulse wave into the attacker's body that overpowers their neuromuscular system. It penetrates clothing up to two inches and cannot be deflected by bulletproof vests. The waves that are sent through the attacker's body mess with their voluntary muscles from the point of contact and downward. The person might fall because of muscle failure or collapse due to intense nausea. They can also lose their bladder control and their memory temporarily. Throughout their body they will feel hot pain that is described as "a million needles racing through the body." The attacker can be immobilized for up to an hour after being stunned once with the gun. After the hour, everything should be fine, although speech might be slurred initially and two mosquito-like bumps will be present where the pulse waves entered, but those fade in a day or two.

A close relative of the stun gun is the Air Taser. Tasers look a lot like fancy water guns and most come in the cheesiest of neon color combinations. If you are looking to spend about what you would on a toy water gun however, look elsewhere because the Air Taser costs between \$250 and \$600 for the privilege of self-defense.

That is not to say that Air Tasers are ineffective, just inaccessible for most. As with many items that are unobtainable for those of us without trust funds, tasers actually work quite well. The taser shoots out 2 probes of compressed nitrogen. The electronic output of the probes interferes with the communication between your target's brain and muscle system-immobilizing them.

The major difference between a taser and a stun gun is that the taser's output must have continuous contact with the attacker to continue immobilizing them. There is a mechanism in the taser that automatically renews the charge so that you can place it on the ground and run. I imagine it is something like an electronic net. The "net" is only in effect for fifteen minutes though, so you've got to get moving. The idea is that you call the police who come riding it, take away the attacker and pat you on the back. That is what makes

me the most uncomfortable about this, and actually any of the self-defense methods.

Let's imagine that you've have been attacked and you report that you've just been attacked and have either injured or immobilized the attacker. There you are, waiting for the police to arrive on the scene. You are nervously playing with your dreads or spikes, thinking about how today really wasn't the best day to wear your "Officer Friendly?" shirt or your "help the police: beat yourself up" patch. In front of you on the sidewalk is a now humbled person. The police arrive. They look at the immobilized attacker. They look at you. They arrest you both.

That's exactly what happens in many domestic violence cases if the victim managed to get a punch in during a routine beating by his or her partner. The situations are comparable and given the law's affinity for dichotomy, there must be a victim and a perpetrator, fighting back interrupts that dichotomy and so police arrest both parties. Add to that the established police/punk relationship and I fear that for fighting back against crime, we get jail time, but I say take your chances.

Anything is better than living like a victim.

The Start Of Something New Daryl Vocat



I suppose I was bound to write about music sooner or later.

Over the past while I seem to have developed a love/hate relationship with hardcore. Unfortunately it has mostly consisted of me loving to hate it. For most of my life I have lived in Regina where there was/is not a ton of access to hardcore music. During

that time I could never get enough hardcore. I anticipated every show months ahead of time. I longed to live in a bigger city where there are more shows with more bands. All this wanting...

Now I am living in Toronto and I've got all the shows. All the hardcore I was craving, only it isn't at all. Or maybe I just haven't found the "good" people and bands yet. I can't say that I have gone to many shows since I have been here, but when I do I often wonder why I bothered. I suppose I should get right to the point. I have never seen so many hardcore bands in such a short time, but I have also never encountered so many macho tough guys either. It seems like when I wasn't looking all the jocks became punks. It's ridiculous. I go to shows and all these tough guys are kickboxing. It is the most hilarious thing I have ever seen, but I also find it REALLY off-putting. The humour aspect of it tends to wear off just after the first song.

A while ago I saw Buried Alive. The screamer for the band seemed intelligent and said some reasonable things only to encourage people to beat the fuck out of each other in the same breath. And the tough guys did. Imagine if you will a 15 foot wide open space and lots of tough kids running and doing somersaults into the people on the edges of the circle. To call these "mosh pits" is erroneous. Only about three or four guys can go in the circle at any given time because they thrash their arms and legs around so violently that no one can stand within four feet of them. It is totally beyond my comprehension as to why these guys assume that people want to be kicked/punched and ran into when they go to see bands.

It is usually at this point in the show where I start to A) cover my head and hope people don't land on it, B) grab/feel dicks and asses, or C) fight back. I seem to feel especially justified in option B. I hate to resort to fighting back because it seems like that is what

they want. Sometimes I'll just grab their clothes and ask them what the fuck they think they are doing. When I grab their asses I always get a surprised look and most of the time they avoid me after that. I think some of them must like it though, the ones who keep coming back for more. I figure if these guys can take the liberty of bashing into me, which I obviously don't want, I can take the liberty of copping a feel, which they likely don't want either.

I look at all these hot sweaty boys running around and wonder how anyone can not find this homoerotic. I always get all excited when people take such great leaps to sing into the microphone. The parallels to sucking cock are so obvious. This is how I deal with this. This is how I deal with the macho idiots. I eroticize it, I make my lust for them known. That's so gay.

I keep going to shows because I know there have to be decent people in this city. I also get to thinking that maybe the reason I am not meeting any of them is because they gave up on all the tough guys long ago. I guess it's also because I never usually end up talking to people at shows too. Curse this being shy business. Where are all the people who aren't into kickboxing, who have respect for other people in the scene, who want to dance at shows? "Didn't we learn anything from Footloose?"

There is this local band, Countdown to Oblivion, who sound great and seem like they could be great people; I don't know, I haven't talked to any of them. When one of the guys in the band thinks it's a good idea to spit root beer on everyone or throw water or wet toilet paper at people I have to wonder what makes this acceptable. Is it wrong to not want to have shit hucked at me when I see bands? Is it wrong to get pissed at the lame ass kickboxers? Do other people have the same shit in their cities? Where are the wimps and geeks? Where are the homos?

This all kind of brings me to the band Good Clean Fun who get my vote for the best "new" band as of late. I only discovered these guys recently and kind of feel like they are the band I have been waiting to hear for a long time. They are intelligent, fun, funny and have a sense of humour and are really positive. I only wished I had found out about them sooner. I mean how many bands would actually be willing to cover a Prince song? It is things like this that help me through the day. Good Clean Fun just rolled through Toronto and it was great. They were being silly and playing great music and being intelligent without all the macho garbage.

It sort of seems like I am naming names and pointing fingers, and I guess I am to a certain extent. I can't say I want tough guys in the scene. I can't say I enjoy the constant threat of danger at shows. I want people who aren't afraid to wiggle their asses and get stupid. I want people to talk to each other rather than beating on each other. I want to stay up late in the night arguing. I want to share food. Maybe hardcore is the wrong place for me to be looking. Prove me wrong.

As always, communicate: Daryl Vocat/241 Logan Ave./Toronto, ON/M4M 2N2/Canaduh; safe23@hotmail.com

As an aside, if anyone is interested in playing shows in Regina get in touch with The Cronk!: 4006 Lakeview Ave./Regina, SK/S4S 1H9/Canaduh; (306)586-8296

Posi!!



The March 2000 issue of *Atlantic Monthly* features an article written by J. Bottum, entitled "The Soundtracking of America" in which he examines the modern American's fascination with music. As Bottum correctly observes, music is one of our most celebrated and appreciated cultural forms. For the average American, Bottum argues, music is everywhere—in movie theaters, restaurants, elevators, retail stores, and the doctor's office.

Americans are always in a soundtrack, anticipating "life to come with background music; a constant melodic commentary on the movies of our lives." To a certain degree, I can identify with this soundtracking. When I was younger, particular songs would inspire me to stand in front of my bedroom mirror, imagining a film scene in my head in which I would act out a particular character's role along with the music. Certain songs will still have me in front of the mirror, situating myself in an imaginary music video I create in my head as the song plays on. I think we all experience this when reading 'zines, which are so often written alongside the unique soundtrack of the 'zine writer. Often 'zine writers even include the tracklisting of their preferred soundtrack: listing top ten albums, referencing certain artists, etc. And I think Bottum's observation is right on a more subtle level. Many of my day to day activities hardly possess the excitement and dramatic quality of most soundtracked movies or videos, but I can't count the number of times I have been with friends and said, "Doesn't it seem like we are in a movie right now?" There is a constant desire to make ourselves and our lives seem so much bigger than they really are. If I can think of myself as the star actress in my own life, guided by the soundtrack I have selected, it makes the mundane and banal all the more bearable. However, such soundtracking is not purely innocent—it permits and perpetuates a certain degree of self-absorption, narcissism, and abstraction from the "real world." It allows and maintains distance between the individual and her surroundings. And during those moments in which it becomes apparent that life is nothing like a movie or a music video, the individual actually begins to resent her surroundings—her real life.

Moreover, the soundtrack demands particular kinds of emotions, and to the extent that popular music provides the pool from which most Americans choose, "we are soundtracked nowadays with relentless demands for only the most obvious and officially appropriate emotions." Therefore, we are pressured to conform to the dominant soundtrack—we should be as bubbly and cute as Britney Spears in "Crazy," as pseudo-intellectual and misunderstood as Michael Stipe in "Losing My Religion," as gentle and sweet as Sarah McLachlan in "Angel," and even as aggressive and self-absorbed as Fred Durst in "Nookie." And even if we do not actually listen to any of these songs (as we punks claim to despise everything "popular"), they are everywhere, creating the mood, setting the stage for us, and expecting that we fulfill our roles. These emotions and dispositions reinforce "normal" youth culture and "acceptable" behavior.

This soundtracking is actually not the main argument defended throughout Bottum's piece. He contends, most basically, that the proliferation of music in both public and private life has encouraged a degree of emotional numbness and superficiality. Music, he argues, "is not a rational art and therefore cannot express an actual idea," but instead relies on an emotive response from its listeners. And the proliferation of music coupled with the lack of any unified cultural purpose has led to a certain degree of numbness to its emotive potential. What I take him to argue is that we have music scattered everywhere but lack the means through which we can make sense of it. He hopes that we might revitalize "a unified idea and a public metaphysics, a purpose and meaning for our all-encircling noise." And here we might want to ask him a number of questions: First, what exactly is a "rational art" and by what standard would we categorize and order art? Moreover, must we insist that emotive response to art somehow weakens its import? We might want to question a rigid distinction between the "rational" and the "emotional." Finally, and most importantly, is it appropriate to speak anymore of a "unified idea and public metaphysics" in such a diverse and unequal society? Could his so-called "unified purpose" simply serve the interests of power, which is less interested in the business of unifying society and more interested in forcing "ideas and metaphysics" onto people who do not want them? Bottum's suggestions sound dangerously close to a

justification of monolithic culture and conformity. Perhaps one good thing about the proliferation of music and other (sub)cultural expression is that it resists this monolithic, conformist, conservative, and perhaps elitist conception of culture.

He does make one interesting point regarding our increasing emotional numbness, though fails to draw it out to its logical conclusions. He argues, following philosopher Alasdair MacIntyre, that "[we] translate everything, even morality, from a system of ideas to be judged true or false to a set of emotions to be judged only pleasant or unpleasant." This is significant, though for reasons that neither Bottum nor MacIntyre spell out. Our numbness is not the result of our willing retreat from morality or justice into the world of pleasure and displeasure, but the efforts made by consumer society to steer us towards self-absorption and the pursuit of our own pleasure. As consumers, we need not think about issues of justice or morality—in fact we shouldn't—rather our primary concerns should be immediate sense gratification and emotional contentment. To the extent that we think about issues of justice and morality, we will question consumerism and so many other features of contemporary politics and society. Concerned with our emotions, we remain consumers—we continue to pursue what "feels good" at regardless of its implications.

I have strayed beyond the topic of music a bit, though it is necessary to think about music as an integral component of consumer society. The soundtracking of our lives requires that we buy more and more stage props, decorate ourselves with more and more costumes, and obviously, purchase more and more songs to fill our soundtrack. To some extent, we are all caught up in this web, and I am particularly guilty of this last offense. Most of my time and money is spent on adding to my own unique soundtrack, with trips to records stores at least a couple times each week. But before I address the issue of consumerism and the music industry, I want to take a look again at Bottum's argument (not because I think he is right as much as I think he has opened up a dialogue that mustn't end with his fairly limited and elitist approach to the issue). Throughout his article, Bottum draws upon the music criticism of Marxist cultural theorist, Theodor Adorno. Adorno was a German philosopher instrumental in the early formation of the Frankfurt School, a group of Marxist-Freudian philosophers, sociologists, psychoanalysts, historians, and cultural theorists. What Bottum takes from Adorno is limited indeed. The Marxist element, which was the driving force of Adorno's writings on culture and aesthetics, is virtually absent in this liberal bourgeois American commentary. Moreover, Adorno's work on culture and aesthetics has not been well received by many leftists and Marxists, who argued that his elitist conception of art and music failed to capture the potentially positive impact of popular and/or "low" culture. Many accused Adorno of overestimating the debilitating and numbing impact on what he called the "culture industry," which we might call "the media." However, many of Adorno's insights prove indispensable to a thorough consideration of consumer culture.

Adorno developed a concept he termed "regressive listening," which is the result of the continuous assault of popular songs on our daily lives. Regressive listening is promoted and perpetuated by advertising and "the machinery of distribution." As regressive listeners, we are contented, passive, apathetic listeners (and here is where his Marxism emerges) willing to accept the rules and dictates of the culture industry and its support system—capitalism. Moreover, he argues that the culture industry makes the promise of genuine fulfillment that it will never fully satisfy, so as to keep us in perpetual anticipation of fulfillment. To the extent that any one product never completely satisfies us, we remain consumers, hoping the next product and the next one after that might actually bring us gratification.

In many ways, we can interpret pornography working in precisely this way. It offers an image of so-

called sexuality, it arouses and stimulates, but never satisfies. Our self-satisfaction (read: masturbation) never quite reaches the level of our initial anticipation, so we are left wanting, in fact needing more and more arousal. We purchase more pornography, seduced by yet another mirage of sexuality, and, yet again, fail to receive full satisfaction from the product. We are transformed into perpetual consumers by a sex industry that has a larger gross income than many small nations. Pornography is the ultimate tease. By extension, all commodities serve as a tease—a tease against which we are perpetually disempowered and spoon-fed self-image, sexuality, beliefs, and habit. As Adorno argues, "All it actually confirms is that the real point will never be reached, that the diner must be satisfied with the menu."

Adorno hoped that we would not be satisfied with the menu, but rather seek out and affirm alternative forms of expression and critical reflection that will resist the imperatives of the culture industry. Bottum seems to suggest that this is an unrealistic hope, pointing not to our contemporary stupidity but our irony. As ironists, Americans know a great deal about music, realize the superficiality of their knowledge, and nonetheless import false meaning to essentially meaningless expression. And presumably, as ironists we recognize the insidious nature of the culture industry, yet become content with our false fulfillment and illusory satisfaction. Bottum fails to speak in terms of industry, in terms of consumerism, or in terms of capitalism, which I see as the fundamental weakness in his article. When we think about music, whether popular music, classical music, or underground music, we must think about industry, consumerism, and capitalism.

I would like to consider a couple of questions regarding the relationship between music and industry, consumerism, and capitalism. First, is Bottum correct when he asserts that music remains within the realm of the emotive, with "no intellectual content, no idea in the melody"? Second, are there any genres of music that resist commodification? Finally, how might we think about participation within a music subculture in light of some of these observations? How does underground music fit into an analysis of consumer culture? Regarding the first question, I think music can express an idea. No doubt lyrics express particular ideas and contain intellectual content. Bottum dismisses lyrics, at best, as "bad poetry" and, at worst, as insignificant ranting designed simply to add another dimension to the song's sound. However, his elitism becomes most apparent in these kinds of statements. Does it make sense to talk of "good" or "bad" poetry in the context of intellectual content? I find very little intellectual content in much of what is considered "good" poetry. However, consider these lyrics by Megadeth's "Peace Sells": What do you mean, "I don't believe in God"?/I talk to him everyday/What do you mean, "I don't support your system"?/I go to court when I have to/What do you mean, "I can't get to work on time"?/I got nothing better to do/And, what do you mean, "I don't pay my bills"?/Why do you think I'm broke? Huh?/If there's a new way, I'll be the first in line/But, it better work this time. I don't know if it makes sense to talk about these lyrics in terms of "bad" poetry. Moreover, they mustn't be reduced to simple sounds devoid of any content. Rather they express ideas to their listeners. Should Dave Mustaine be expected to be, among other things, a great poet? Even if Dave Mustaine is a great poet, is great poetry the best means through which he can communicate his ideas to his listeners? Even if Dave's lyrics are not particularly innovative, they nonetheless bring new ideas and novel forms of expression to a group of listeners. It is crucial that we contextualize lyrics and determine what they are doing and saying to particular people in particular circumstances. Therefore, we should resist some universal standard of judgment, some loaded word like "poetry," and easy dismissals.

Music can express ideas regardless of lyrical content. It can push musical concepts—tonality, rhythm, etc.—to its boundaries. Moreover, music can resist

classification and reject the inherent limitation of genre. It can resist conformity and expectation, thus challenge the legitimacy of musical boundaries and categories. Such resistance is an expression not simply of mood or emotion, but of idea. It might take the form of resistance for resistance sake (which would be something we should certainly be reluctant to embrace), but musical transgression might also have a clear direction and aim in its resistance. It might open the way for novel forms of expression. Let's turn to the second question and consider whether there are any music genres or performances that resist commodification. Musicians (for those that actually care) are not the only artists who struggle against commodification. With technological advancement, including photography and film, came the reproducibility of visual art. And with mass duplication comes the potential for commodification. For example, the image of the Mona Lisa—probably one of the most duplicated artistic works of all time—is no longer confined to a museum. One can see duplications of the Mona Lisa on post cards, the Internet, television and in art books. Some argue that art's duplication makes it more democratic, more accessible to a wide range of viewers. Others argue that it commodifies art, transforming artistic creativity and expression into yet another commodity to be bought and sold on the market. Many artists, frustrated by commodification of their creative expression, have developed works that, by their very nature, resist reproduction. Some create works that will self-destruct upon viewing. Others produce interactive works that depend upon direct viewing. Many use materials that are not easily duplicated or photographed. And others develop works that require the artist's and/or viewer's direct participation. These and other techniques subvert the norm of duplication and commodification.

One might want to ask the extent to which these artists actually depend upon and sustain the logic of the marketplace, even as they try to resist it. Do they depend upon commodification as that very thing against which they revolt? If duplication and commodification were to disappear, would we consider such practices creative expression? But is it fair or reasonable to presume art should transcend our real world conditions and provide a glimpse of ideal possibility? These are all tough questions, but I am not an art historian or an aesthetic theorist, so I can't begin to answer them.

However, I can begin to draw the parallels to music. Some have suggested that music is particularly conducive to commodification, due to the easily reproduced studio recording. But can we think of music that opposes commodification in the way that some artistic works attempt resistance? Perhaps certain genres—noise, experimental, etc.—resist commodification by virtue of the fact that only a select few can appreciate their sound.

Music artists might attempt to create music so discordant that it defies norms of performing, listening, and appreciation. Such music will never become a commodity because it will be disagreeable to so many listeners. These experimental sounds, while often remaining beyond the grip of consumer capitalism, often create their own elite circle of experts. These experts are the musical avant-gardes. While in many ways, this avant-garde resists the practice of commodification, it nevertheless adheres to an equally problematic elitist conception of art and culture. If one has the time, money, and know-how to dive into the world of contemporary experimental music, she can resist the logic of consumer capitalism all she wants. If she doesn't have the time, money, and know-how, are there any other options for resistance?

Music might also resist commodification to the extent that it depends upon live performance (though Adorno would have certainly disagreed with me here, and elsewhere, for that matter). Clearly, tons of music industry-created bands can go on tour and play live music. However, when I talk about the oppositional potential of live music, I am thinking about those artists and bands that can only be truly appreciated during live performance. Live music has a kind of exhilarating

power that can't be packaged and sold, no matter how good the live recording. I assume plenty of deadheads or phishheads might concur on this matter (that is not to say that the Grateful Dead or Phish resist commodification—the stickers, the T-shirts, the neckties, the posters, and ticket sales have made members of both bands some very wealthy dudes). Consider how many times you have said, "Yeah, this CD is good, but it certainly doesn't capture the band's live energy." The CD is certainly a product, but it might be misleading to call the live show a product as well. And here is where my analysis circles back to punk/hardcore. Perhaps we might attribute this unique status of live performance—both in resisting commodification and creating an underground subculture—to the oppositional potential of punk/hardcore. Perhaps we might also want to encourage more live performance as that which cannot be packaged and sold, but rather requires direct viewing. Finally, we might reinterpret live performance to require more positive interaction between artist and spectator, for example communication and dialogue between people on and off stage. Thus, not only would live performance require direct viewing, but it would also require direct participation. Also, such boundary crossing between band and audience might demystify the status of the musician, thus enabling appreciation beyond an affirmation of the "really great band" or "really great artist." Audiences could begin to encounter music on its own terms—what it does, what it says, etc.—rather than get caught up in stargazing at the particular musician on stage. This is one important potential—the dissolution of hierarchy between band and spectator—that distinguishes punk/hardcore from mainstream music.

However, we ought to be careful not to make music a purely subjective experience as such an attitude so often perpetuates the logic of consumption. Music is not simply there for me to consume, but something that transcends my own personal reaction to it. Perhaps this is one of the implicit points in Bottom's article—the false notion that music is simply mine to be devoured on as superficial or sensational level as I choose. Perhaps he, too, resists the notion that music is something that should simply give me pleasure and that I can judge it according to the pleasure it yields. When music is regarded in these terms, it is all the more susceptible to commodification. It has all the more potential to turn into a product designed to make me feel good, or feel excited, or feel aggressive.

Finally, do punks/hardcore kids have to worry about commodification? I would say yes. First, punk/hardcore is not beyond the sphere of the market. This underground is precisely that—an underground. However, the logic of the dominant culture seeps through the soil and into subcultural practices. We can see this in the professionalization of punk, the influx of capitalist entrepreneurial practices in the hardcore/punk scenes, the professional aesthetics of zines and record covers, and the depoliticization of youth subculture. Therefore, there is potential for colonization both from without and from within. Dominant culture might co-opt particular aspects of hardcore/punk, introducing them into dominant youth culture—as we have seen with Rage Against the Machine, purple hair dye, and girl power—in hopes that they will generate profit. Perhaps more alarming is the fact we might change punk/hardcore from within, adopt and internalize the norms and principles of capitalism, of patriarchy, of white supremacy, etc., and model our own subculture after the image of dominant culture.

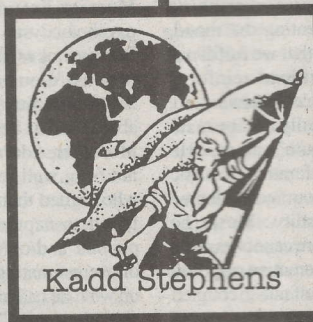
This brings me back to Adorno's writings on regressive listening. While he was specifically dealing with the way we hear music, the concept of regressive listening might prove useful in an approach to participation in music subculture. Martin Jay, a

historian of Western Marxism, characterizes Adorno's view of regressive listening: "The result [of regression] in popular music was particularly sinister, as listeners were programmed to accept music that eschewed any coherent development and presented instead...the 'ever-same', which subtly served to reinforce the status quo as inescapable fate." Thus, regressive listening forecloses the possibility of music appreciation that escapes the rules of the status quo. Music particularly suited to regressive listening is commodified popular music. We might hope to resist regressive listening in developing ways to play, listen to, and appreciate music that resists commodification. We might cultivate progressive listening that disrupts the authority of capitalism. In this article, I have only initiated a sketch of what such progressive listening might entail—genre bending, redefined live performance, the demystification of the rockstar on stage, and an active resistance against internal and external colonization.

Used vinyl from Ameoba Records and some free shit in the mail means that my stereo is on fire these days! The soundtrack of my life in these past few months: the black heart procession (enough cannot be said about this band—simply beautiful), Thin Lizzy, Goatsnake, Burning Witch, Jeff Beck, Milemarker, Crisis, Mr. Bungle, Isis, Get Hustle, Devics, Diamanda Galas, Severed Head of State, The Melvins, Fu Manchu, and, as always, Mr. Nick Cave and his ever infamous Seeds. While all of these artists do not necessarily resist commodification in the way I have described above, together they make a pretty bad-ass soundtrack.

Mimi Nguyen is a fellow grad student here at the UC and absolutely one of the most intelligent people I have ever met. She also happens to be pretty fucking punk, so you should check out her columns in *Punk Planet*. Jose Palafox is also a fellow grad student and another one of the most intelligent and inspirational people I know. And he does a column in MRR that you should also check out. It seems punk and hardcore kids are taking over academia...

I am a creature of habit. Therefore, let me close with familiar words. All thoughts, reactions, and responses are welcome and greatly appreciated. All hate mail and death threats will be thrown into the box labeled "hate mail and death threats." Robyn Marasco/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445; hereinhell@aol.com



My friends had a riot at Stonewall, and all I got was this lousy (white) sitcom.

Roughly two years ago, I set aside my studies at American University (Washington, DC) to pursue activist work, full-time. Many students and activists around campus are still dear friends of mine, and I still help out with work going on with organizing there pretty regularly. Subsequently, I've

remained on several issue-oriented e-mail lists geared toward AU students/faculty, and participate in discussions that arise therein, from time to time.

Below is the substance of an ongoing discussion that arose on the GLBTA list in early April regarding the murder of a West African immigrant murdered by police in the Bronx, and their subsequent acquittal on over 20 charges filed against them. To sort of preface what you are about to read—all bolded text is taken from an original, unprovoked message by a white gay male who attends AU, entitled "Diallo shooting was justified. (was 'Rational Racism')." I would point out that, though I broke his message down in several pieces, the bolded text represents the entirety of his message, thus leaving it entirely in context. Only one other person on the list attempted to counter the very repressive, racist content of this message—a gay Latino, who discussed his own experiences of white supremacy on a day-to-day basis.

My response to "Adam Galaxy"—subject: "rational, my

ass."

Contrary to my comrade, Che, I had no qualms about sending this to the whole list. In our community, we often talk about informational, propaganda-laden attacks of the right, and Adam's account of the Diallo murder was just that. There are very real issues at play here that Adam does not want to talk about, because they call into question things like white privilege. This is significant because in the LGBT community, we occupy the status of "oppressed" due to the heterosexist culture in which we live and to whose whims we are often subjected. Unfortunately, this often obscures our understanding of our position as oppressors in many instances (as men, as whites, as economically affluent, etc.). If we cannot deconstruct the existence and brutality of other forms of privilege within our community, our grievances and struggles are nothing but self-interested identity politics and (as far as I am concerned) are devoid of real vitality or merit. We can exercise primitive self-preservation, or we can resist oppression and violence, regardless of the victims. Adam is apparently comfortable with his status as oppressor (on a number of accounts). Below is my case for why the rest of us shouldn't be. Please excuse any perceived sarcasm therein, as it tends to be my mechanism for dealing with rage.

Being a cop is not the most safe job in the world. Being in a cop in NYC in the Bronx doesn't add any cushion.

Let's talk about why, Adam. See, under a capitalist economic system, you have this interesting thing called a "surplus labor class"—characterized by the people so impoverished and desperate that they are willing to work for any amount, under any conditions—just in case those greedy, whiny workers get antsy and mount some resistance to wage slavery. In the '30s, our government attempted to thwart a potential uprising among this class of people by instituting the welfare system, so that they could starve to death a little more slowly, and thus put aside any intention of just leveling the playing field by whatever means available to them. Now, after "welfare reform," we have decided that the state just writing checks out to folks doesn't generate enough wealth for the boys club at the top—so, we've invented the prison industrial complex (and all of the incredibly profitable industries that come with it) and have since taken first place in incarceration rates, worldwide (we currently incarcerate over 2,000,000 people). Given that our culture has resigned (almost exclusively) people of color to the role of surplus labor (and thus resigned them to starvation, essentially), and given that statistically our prisons are packed overwhelmingly with people of color—it shouldn't come as a surprise that the neighborhoods we've painted these people into and wiped from our minds are not exactly "safe." It should also come as no surprise that cops, who represent the very system that created this nightmare (not to mention the government responsible for things like the crack epidemic—or in the case of DC, swarms of undocumented Salvadorans fleeing a US proxy war complete with death squad terror—then forced to endure the nightmare of undocumented status in this country) would become the "targets" of those targeted by our economic system. I spent just 5 months living in the Shaw neighborhood of DC, and in that time I saw things (on a daily basis) that drove me to a nervous breakdown. I saw people dying from AIDS, 17 year old prostitutes with their throats slit by the same johns who rolled in every night—with Maryland and Virginia tags (DC's plague: the violence of suburban parasitism), and the National Guard setting up flood lights and generators to run out whoever they deemed undesirable (presumably drug dealers) while any white person in Dupont Circle could have worry-free access to drugs. Pardon me for not feeling sorry for the cops, Adam. The last time I was in jail, they handcuffed a Moroccan immigrant in his cell, and then proceeded to beat him until he pissed himself. I guess that was "rational racism," as well.

Certainly in my law enforcement experience, if I followed a perceived suspected criminal

with a background in illegal guns, I would be cautious of my safety.

As a white male who benefits immensely from the utter misery that a majority of the people in the world live in, you are probably correct in thinking that you might be the target of a "desperate" act. It's called economics, Adam. Desperate people aren't dumb. When you go out of your way to shop at sweatshop outlets sporting brand names, poor people know where the money is, and how to scare it out of you, when necessary. This also applies if you are wearing a badge that identifies you as part of the apparatus that assists in keeping this system of disparity in place. Notice your wording above—"perceived, suspected." The references become so bogged down in wordy, vague language that it's unclear where the accountability lays. Ultimately, we know who pulled the trigger(s), and we know who was unarmed. It doesn't get much clearer. The rest is white supremacy and authoritarian personalities that gravitated toward occupations that afforded them positions of utterly unaccountable power. Call it what you want—it's still offensive to the nostrils.

After seeing the suspect ducking and hiding, the NYPD officer announced himself as a police officer and requested several times that Diallo put his hands in the air. Moments like these are tense because the officer has no idea what the individual is going to do or how he or she may act. Diallo for some reason ignored all the request and then reached into his pocket and pulled out a black object.

Why don't you just say "speak English or get out of my country"? Never mind that these cops were not in uniform, and emerged from their vehicles with their guns drawn—according to several eyewitnesses. Apparently, if you don't speak/understand English, and can't identify an undercover police unit (or one that works by the motto "we own the night," as these cops did), you should anticipate winding up with bullet holes in the bottoms of your feet. Silly West African. He should have known better.

Put yourself in the shoes of a cop in the dark chasing someone who is not responding to verbal commands. This black object turned out to be a wallet, and yes the shooting was regrettable, but it was justified. The officers thought that they were in danger. As the lead officer spotted the black object he yelled "gun" and the gun shots were fired by himself and the backup officers.

Put yourself in the shoes of a (hypothetical) black police officer that, regrettably, emptied two clips of ammunition into an unarmed white man. Then engage your brain for 5 seconds. Then put your foot in your mouth, realizing that the 3/5 compromise meant that our system was founded on white supremacy and hasn't changed substantially for those unfortunate enough not to be descendants of rich, white slave-owning men. How do you like them apples?

Anyone who has studied law enforcement knows how quickly one can fire a gun and that police officers have larger clips. The number of shots fired sounds tremendous to the average reader of this story, but in reality it is very common when there are several officers involved in a shooting.

Anyone who has studied the psychology of law enforcement knows that those who gravitate toward it have extremely authoritarian personalities—and thus have absolutely no business handling anything lethal. Given your alleged background in law enforcement, none of us should be really be all that shocked at your shameless defense of these murderous thugs, at least not the psychology of it. You're privileged and white, and how dare someone not respond to your unapparent authority and unfamiliar language—especially when they're minding their own business and have no reason to believe they're being pursued by someone with a gun?

Immediately after the shooting, realizing the error, the lead officer frantically tried to resuscitate Mr. Diallo, pleading, "Don't die! Please don't die."

OK, this is just a case of someone not understanding basic human biology and physics, in my book. The guy empties his clip into an unarmed man,

and then begs him not to die. OK, so he's a stupid murderous thug. So what?

Concerning the trial, the jury included six white men and six women, four of whom were black. One black woman in the jury has close ties to the Bronx community where Amadou Diallo, mistaken for a serial rapist, was shot. The forewoman of the jury was also black.

Nevermind that you have to live in a cave in order to be selected for a jury, and probably would have to have no opinions that weren't cultivated by corporate media and propaganda. Nevermind that the prosecution deliberately moved the trial to a region that even the corporate media characterized as "police sympathetic." All that is down the memory hole, apparently. One woman had "close ties" to the Bronx? Are you really serious? OK, so one woman may have had some vague understanding of the impact that police violence has on places like the Bronx (although she is unlikely to really ever experience it). How about a jury where every person had more than a vague understanding of that impact? Those poor, poor cops. They have it so rough. The system pulls strings for them to avoid accountability for a brutal murder, and we're supposed to be sympathetic and believe that the racism implicit in that is somehow rational? Excuse me if I ask you to kiss my ass.

It is unreasonable to suggest that the officers set out to kill Mr. Diallo that night, or that when they got to the scene they all went crazy at the same moment and for no good reason at all killed this man.

Are there really any good reasons for killing people? I personally don't think so, but I'm sure the people of color forced to endure the police regime of the Bronx could think of a few. Maybe we should ask them, Adam.

The logical explanation is that the officers arrived at Mr. Diallo's apartment and individually concluded, as a last-resort response to what they reasonably viewed as a life-threatening situation, that deadly force was necessary and justified.

Please, be a little more wordy and ambiguous. Please, pretend that the situation is infinitely more complex than it really is. Please, show us all how white you really are. Case in point: "individually concluded," "last resort response," "reasonably viewed," "life-threatening situation," and "deadly force was necessary and justified." Did you lift those terms straight from the police accounts of it? Was deadly force justified when the guy was on the ground and the only targets left open were the bottoms of his feet? I guess maybe bacteria seeping from the corpse (three days later) could've been potentially infectious and life-threatening, but suggesting that his still warm, albeit dead, body was somehow life threatening is reaching. Your knowledge of the facts of this case is offensively selective.

This is why a jury of the officers peers (which included several black citizens) could not find them guilty. Race was not an issue in this shooting, and it sad that perhaps we look for race to be an issue when it is not.

It's sad when we expect race to be an issue for privileged white men who have no idea what it means to be other than white in this country, and then it blows up in all our faces. It's sad that AU prides itself on an alleged diversity that can more accurately be characterized as a diversity of the rich and famous worldwide, and we all affirm it with our silence because it doesn't mean one thing or another to us. It's sad that people had to literally burn their neighborhoods to the ground in order for people like us to notice that race really is an issue and that it hurts. Let's face it, if the revolution came tomorrow, and the bad guys won—we'd all sleep just as comfortably, for the most part. It would impact our lives marginally, if at all. The fact that an unarmed West African immigrant can be shot at 41 times and his killers are being defended by students who are purported to be pursuing a "higher" education indicates just that. These people aren't just dying under the regime of cops. They're dying EVERY day. They're dying

from the violence that is poverty—the very poverty that is an essential contradiction of capitalism. If all you're interested in is carving out a niche for gays and lesbians in the already existing, nonetheless disgusting and inhumane, system—then fine. None of this matters. However, as long as this marginalization and alienation continues, there will be people desperate enough to kill you for the handiwork of 8 year olds that you bought this weekend. We do not hold the monopoly on dignity. We're just the best at denying it.

Unlike most of my messages to the list, this one generated serious response, mostly negative, asking me to cease the discussion, as it was "not related to GLBT issues." To my surprise, a gay anthropology professor replied to those requests by recounting his experiences of police raids on gay establishments (bars, etc.) and how an insensitivity to such attacks on other marginalized communities could result in seeing such attacks on the "white" GLBT community become, once again, familiar. The above response to Adam was referred to, by some, as "ad hominem" and devoid of any factual content regarding the case. The flagrant exceptionalism displayed by these characterizations and defenses was simply being regarded as sensible self-interest and pragmatism. It was a "gay rights" listserv and many wanted to keep it that way. In my final message regarding the discussion, I posted the following:

My second message—Subject: Taking exception with exceptionalism.

"Once, I said, to a friend's annoyance, that gay white men must be the most bitter people in the world: Here they are told that white men own the world, but simply because of their sexual orientation they are ostensibly denied easy access to this realm of 'power', whatever that means these days. So, we're told that gay rights are important, and we're asked to fight, fight, and fight for them. But when there are gay rights, people of color will still be people of color, women will still be women, and they'll still be fucked while the happy white fags run off to the disco. My friend said I was being divisive." —Justin Chin, writing in *Queerly Classified* (an anthology of writing by gay men and lesbians about class)

Sorry if I ruined that warm fuzzy feeling we all have about living on the backs of others. If the shoe fits, I highly suggest burning it.

Goodnight everyone.

Howard Zinn once referred to history as "the winners' version of the story." For those of us genuinely concerned with moving toward a more just, sane world, resisting this concept of history (wherever it rears its ugly head, and regardless of who the winners are) is essential. Whether it's PeTA selling the animal rights movement in the Trojan horse of violent masculine sexual identity, the gay rights movement critiquing not a system of inequality—but a lack of access to the goodies it concentrates in a few hands, or any other movement that seeks to manipulate an already violent, exploitative and miserable system to serve their interests.

Abolish assimilation, in all its manifestations.

Guest columnist: Justin Slave Union

Sixty-eight days. Today is March 8, 1900 (according to my digital watch), and I have been living in my basement for 68 days.

My initial reaction was joy. Humanity can be a disgusting race at times, and the thought of escaping them and living in the peaceful atmosphere of my cellar seemed like fun. So late at night on December 31, 1999 I packed up all my canned goods that weren't already stored, and locked the door behind me. Less than three months later I am almost completely out of food. I am

writing this column via e-mail without even knowing if anyone is alive to read it. I have been having these dreams that the situation turned out as bad as predicted.

I'm standing in a crowd in my dreams, and we're all watching a large old fashioned clock in the center of town. As it strikes midnight, I look around and see run down buildings, devoid of any sign of inhabitation, and not another person in sight.

I usually wake up drenched in sweat, thanking God I had the good sense to take heed to the warnings. My whole savings, a modest \$900, dumped into canned food in late November, before the greed set into the store-owners, looking to make a profit off of the panic. I have thoughts of my family, and the life that I once lived. I hope that everyone I have ever loved made it through the apocalypse without a scratch, but I am not naive enough to believe this is possible.

In a world run by computers, the only thing that could've brought it to an end was human error. By doing so, humanity doomed itself. And because we're all so stubborn, I'm making a safe assumption that I am one of the few who survived it; one of the very few who took the necessary precautions.

Silly as humanity may have been, I can't help but cry when I think what happened to the rest of it. I do not believe there will be anyone alive at the other end of this computer to receive this column. I am simply trying to, avoid the panic that is setting in as my food supply diminishes. Whoever thought the end would come so slow.

Justin Slave Union/58 Grace St./Waterford, NY 12188/USA; salvation.s.slave@cowland.com

P.S. Hype is a waste of breath.

P.P.S. I still need bands for the workers' comp, an anti-employment compilation.

Guest columnist: Christian Whittall

Just exactly what do we mean when we use the term "hardcore"? Or "punk" for that matter? Is it an ethic, a musical style, a set of rules that defines a community, a way of life, or what?

There are several ways one can go about answering that question. First off, one can be proscriptive, that is, one can come up with a dictionary definition that strictly defines the terms and grammatical use of the above words that would enable us to call incorrect any use of these words that transgress their given definitions. Certainly this has been attempted many times, and I would have to say that his means of using the term hardcore is by far the most prevalent one, and takes up most of our time. One can usually tell if something is not hardcore, i.e., polka is not hardcore, Gregorian chant is not hardcore. Sexism isn't hardcore. Racism isn't hardcore. Conformity is not hardcore. Following strict grammatical rules, it seems reasonable to come to the conclusion that what is hardcore and what isn't must meet at some point and if we can find out where these points are, we can work out a working definition of hardcore that we can claim as our own and defend from invaders. This idea of language as a theater of war with ever shifting fronts is in keeping with the traditional notion that language has stake in a reality external to it and that mastery over language equals mastery over the world. Or at least that particular part of the world staked out by a particular word.

Another way of approaching the problem of ascribing meaning to the words "punk" and "hardcore" is to be descriptive. Instead of tying hardcore inextricably to a definition or referent to which we may always look to for guidance for all eternity, we would allow hardcore the breadth and freedom to look at us from all angles. What I mean is, we could look at how this word has been used in certain contexts in the past and in different situations in the present, that is, we would ascribe the attribute of motion to the word so

that it would encompass a myriad of meanings and definitions for different people and times, none of which would necessarily cancel each other out. This would be called in some circles the "dialectical" use of the term. This method also plays a large part in present discourse, but almost always on a subconscious level. Whenever someone writes a letter or a column in HeartattaCk for example, even if one doesn't even mention the word punk or hardcore, that person has ascribed to herself a dialectical use of those words. That person, in describing an event in her life, say, in an article for a magazine that dedicates itself to a concept called "hardcore," whatever that is, has in effect expanded on the use and connotations of that word, hardcore, even if she doesn't consciously use the term in her article. You can also look at it the other way and say that the term "hardcore" has given colour and meaning to a particular event in her life. This is a prime example of how life as we live it day to day is intricately and inextricably linked to language. We define it and it defines us.

This situation, which we cannot escape, can either imprison us or be our salvation. We all have been socialised into perceiving language as being something external to ourselves. This means, we have been taught to think that there is an extra-lingual realm we can all escape to and from which we can sort and define language to suit our needs. This idea has manifested itself most purely in the form of the dictionary. What could be more natural than a dictionary? When we give terms such as hardcore a dictionary style definition, however ambiguous, we have effectively created a prison for ourselves, and when we associate aspects of our lives with that word, we have made the choice to live in that prison. We have subordinated the infinite ambiguities and contingencies of every day life to something positive we can grasp and understand and trade with other people and that feels comfortable and makes us safe.

Safe from what? What are we all afraid of? The hardcore scene prides itself on one thing especially: passion. We love passion so much that, like the word "hardcore," we must make it seem real and have mastery over it. We do this, as I said before, by bracketing off from the concept of passion all things that are considered "unpassionate" until we are left with a pure unpolluted word/concept. So if someone does something for money, she is not passionate enough, and we DIY kids can consider ourselves more passionate that she is. If a straightedger slips up and has a drink, we can see his passion was not real, not pure, but rather a bid conform or get friends. This anal retentive regulation of the concept of passion doesn't bring us closer to the real feeling of passion we all have in our hearts, but further alienates ourselves from it, because true feelings of passion, regardless of what stimulates them, are so deep that they cut through any possible notions of ourselves as in control of anything or in possession of any power or freedom whatsoever, and that is the most frightening and horrific situation one can find oneself in and one we must escape from at all costs, despite the fact that it feels so good. Just because we acknowledge its existence, and talk about it freely doesn't mean we are in any more possession of passion than even the most conformist of our hated enemy. We have just found a more subtle way of avoiding its implications.

The above analysis was necessary to provide the foundation for what I really want to discuss and develop. By limiting hardcore to a word that fits into a strict framework of meaning and denotation, we have given ourselves the power to step away from it. We can call ourselves the hardest of the hardcore, but because we are so sure of what the boundaries are that define what it is to be hardcore, we know exactly where to escape to when the going gets tough. And it does get tough. So tough, that despite our passion we will always escape it if given the opportunity. It's like a pre-nuptial agreement: We buy into something that by definition is supposed to be forever on the condition that we can get out of it whenever we want.

I want to break through this hypocrisy at the core of this thing called hardcore, and to call its bluff by actually taking it seriously. Rather than regard

hardcore as a definable thing like any other thing that can be bought and sold, I want the word/concept "hardcore" to be a prism through which every other word or concept must be filtered. That is, I truly want to be hardcore; I want to live hardcore. And not just in a metaphorical sense. I want to actually be the word "hardcore." I want to eliminate the gap we seem to believe exists between us and language. We are what we speak and what we write. So when I say I am hardcore, I cannot escape that fact; there is nowhere to escape to.

I guess that sounds a little weird, but all it means is that every aspect of our lives and feelings can fall under the purview of our admittedly modest music-based counter-culture. Hardcore is no longer free from the writings of Western civilisation's greatest thinkers,

or the religion of Islam, or the history of tonal development, or anything. It is not simply a word or a concept like any other that sits beside them on a shelf, never to have anything to do with each other. It is not something comfortable to come home to after a hard days work, solace for the tired businessman. There is no room for a middle-ground. It's all or nothing.

Too often, hardcore is viewed as a scene, defined by certain ethical standards that contain and stifle passion while purporting to be its only vehicle. Passion, when confronted with incidents of oppression or injustice, does not express itself as pity, charity or moralising. Rather, these are means of neutralising passion and ironing out any possible incongruities between it and the crushing reality of the administered world. It is only when we realise that the conditions of

those we view traditionally as oppressed mirror exactly our own in this world that true passion is felt. We are all prisoners on this earth and one is not free until all are free. Passion arises when the chips are down and we are momentarily given reprieve from the mundane routine of self-preservation. This finds its expression in immense joy admixed with the sorrow of a mortal life. Hardcore means and is nothing unless it gives life to this feeling without impinging on it or providing us an escape from it. As I have tried to show, the consequences of this penetrate everything, right down to the very language we speak.

Nothing is sacred anymore. These are happy times.

Christian Whittall/72 Wychcrest Ave./
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VISUAL STIMULATION

by Andy Maddox and Marianne Hofstetter

The following videos were reviewed online using Instant Messenger. If you made a movie, a short film or a documentary and would like us to review it please send the material to Andy (see address below). We would love to give exposure to more underground video/film makers! So don't be shy.

We chose to review two video documentaries; Martin's documentary on Chicano hardcore Mas Alla De Los Gritos or Beyond the Screams and Song for Cassavetes by Justin Mitchell.

Mas Alla De Los Gritos is approximately 30 minutes long and features new and old Chicano bands, interviews and live material by Los Crudos, Kontraataque, Subsistencia, Life's Halt and others. This documentary gives a brief overview of the history of Chicanos and punk. It intertwines interviews, live material and personal observations by its maker, Martin of Los Crudos, and gives us an inspiring look into the Chicano hardcore/punk scene.

Marianne: So what did you think of the Beyond the Screams video?

Andy: Hmm... I'm torn on that one.

M: How come? Personally, I thought it was too short.

A: Well the short thing is part of it. I guess what it is, is that it is/was done very well, like the shots are good quality and it was edited well and everything...

M: I was really into it—especially the Los Crudos stuff. It was so energetic. I would have loved it if there had been an entire show at the end or more clips of other bands.

A: It didn't really go into any detail about anything.

M: I'm convinced that he could make a 90 minute film out of that.

A: That's the thing. It was a very good attempt and a worthwhile video and it's necessary because it is a subject that gets overlooked a lot... I just feel like with all of the resources Martin has, he sold himself a little short.

M: Kent told me that he had hours and hours of material and that half hour is what he edited it down to.

A: It just lightly touched on subjects and then quickly moved on, like I didn't learn much from the video. And I don't know too much about Chicanos in hardcore and I still didn't learn much which is unfortunate.

M: What in particular did you want to hear more of?

A: I wanted to know more of what the scene is like in Mexico, all it really said was there was one there but what is it like? I knew one existed but I want to know more about it.

M: He mostly just touched on things and then moved on. As with all things hardcore I guess we're encouraged to find out for ourselves maybe?

A: But aren't we doing that by watching the video? What are we supposed to do, go to Mexico?

M: I think we should just be very open-minded about Chicano bands and welcome them and get some sort of communication going. Like what are we supposed to

do about the fact that there aren't a lot of women in hardcore bands? One thing we can do is create an environment that's open-minded and willing to embrace new people.

A: True.

M: One thing that totally stuck in my mind was Martin's statement about white middle class kids writing songs about war. When he's in South America and he asks, "What do these suburban kids know about war?"

A: It's like upper class kids writing about being poor. M: It's easy to forget that we have a two class system in hardcore, too. While the majority of bands seem to come from a middle class background and there's also the poor.

A: In a lot of ways our subculture just mimics mainstream society which we are supposedly fighting to change.

M: I'm really glad he made that point because hardcore kids often seem to delude themselves into thinking we're all the same and we're not. I'm thinking of all the bands in Asia and in countries that are extremely poor or where there's a war going on. The bands that we don't want to listen to because we think their music is backwards and their recordings suck. Having said that I'm really not hoping for any more white boys writing songs about how guilty they feel about being the oppressor.

A: It should be about working together to make a difference and not worrying about whose fault it is. It's not about blaming each other.

M: Totally.

A: One thing that stood out in my mind was the footage of Jose from Bread And Circuits when he was discussing his involvement in various political struggles and they show that picture of him being carried away by the police and he's totally resisting and you can tell he is putting himself on the line.

M: Yes, that was awesome.

A: So many people in bands talk about making a change but never do anything, and here is someone in a band out there doing it, making a difference and fighting for what he believes in. It makes me really respect him.

M: There was some inspiring stuff in the video. What was great about this one and Songs For Cassavetes was that I saw myself in there. I mean I wasn't physically there, but it felt like I belong to that world and it was just so great to see something about ourselves that was made by "us" and not some stupid news program reporting on the Utah sXe scene, which is why I feel so bad saying anything negative about them.

Songs For Cassavetes is approximately 60 minutes long and features interviews and live material by such bands as The Make Up, Sleater Kinney, Unwound, The High Fives, The Peechees, Velvet Sidewalk and Dub Narcotic Sound System. The documentary is shot in black and white. The interviewees mostly talk about what it is like to make underground music and why they choose

to stay independent. The things they say go from inspired to sometimes just plain confused.

M: This documentary really worked on two levels; there was the info that you were getting on the underground music scene and network, but then the video in itself was also a piece of "art." It just looked so damn stylish.

A: Right. I liked that.

M: I thought it was done really, really well. Some of that material had a completely timeless quality.

A: Which I think was one of the points they made—that age doesn't really matter.

M: I definitely felt like my interpretation of being hardcore is closer to what I saw in Martin's video, though.

A: I know what you are saying, I can't really relate to those bands as much, either, but it still made a lot of good points and was very relevant.

M: If people are interested in buying/seeing it I think it would definitely help if they were at least into some of the featured bands.

A: I mainly got it for the Sleater Kinney footage.

M: I loved the Make Up bid. The swing dancing with Elvis? Awesome! The video was pretty entertaining.

A: I was really into one of the interview segments when the singer of Velvet Sidewalk talks about how it's weird how you become so immersed in the subculture of music that you only think about buying silk screen inks and making record covers and then you think of food... and you lose the ability to relate to people outside of the scene or whatever.

M: Mas Alla De Los Gritos just seemed more urgent, but I guess a lot of that has also to do with the style of music. The Cassavetes video was a lot more cerebral both in format and in content, and Martin's video came right from the guts.

A: Which I can relate to more, I feel more of an immediate involvement in it.

M: But I don't think I can say that one of them is better than the other.

A: No, just different.

If you are interested in Martin's video you can contact him via Lengua Armada Records (2340 W 24th St./Chicago, IL 60608). Unfortunately at this point we're not sure if his video, Mas Alla De Los Gritos, is actually on sale or if the version we reviewed is going to be the final cut.

If you'd like to know more about Justin Mitchell's documentary Songs For Cassavetes you can contact him via snail mail (Justin Mitchell/440 Raymond Avenue, #8/Santa Monica, CA 90405) or go to his web page (www.thebreadcumbtrail.com and pixelcast@yahoo.com).

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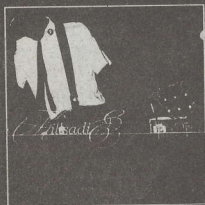
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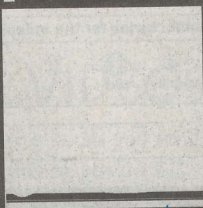
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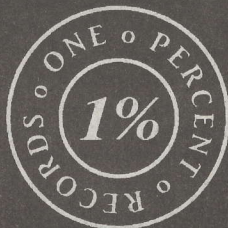
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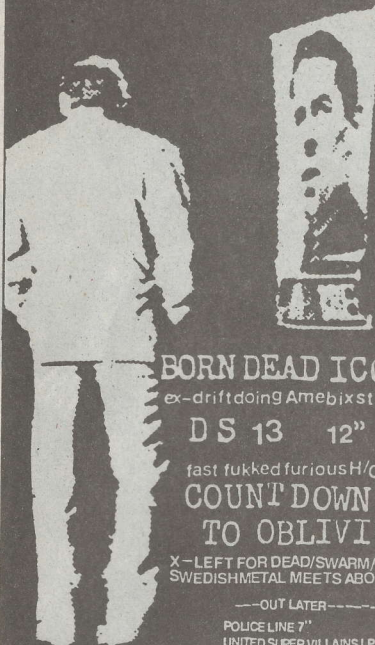
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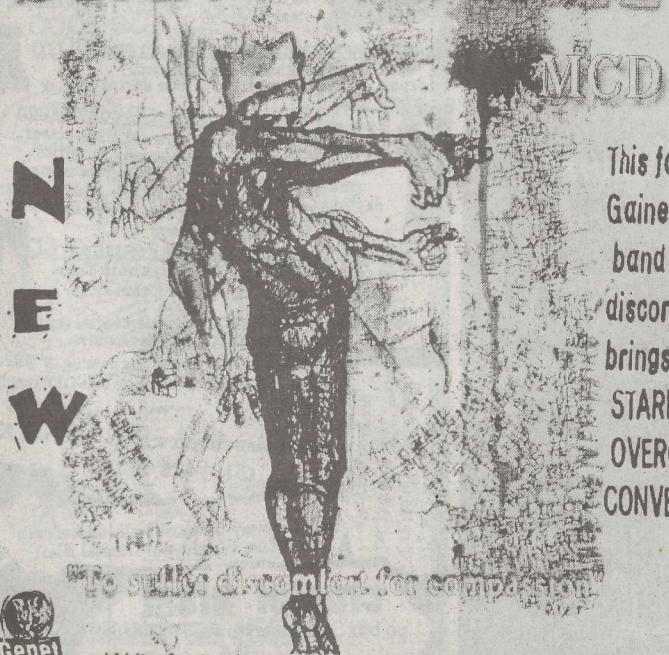
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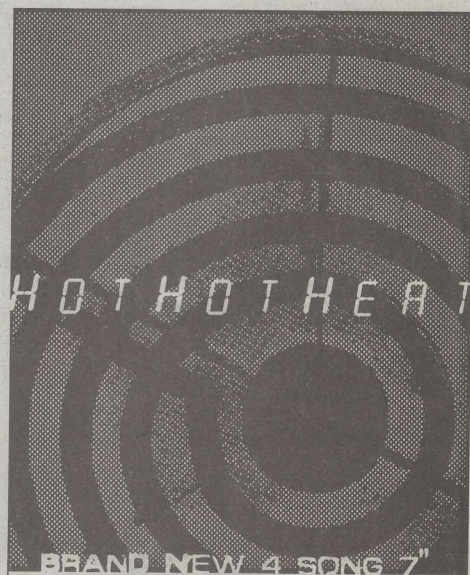
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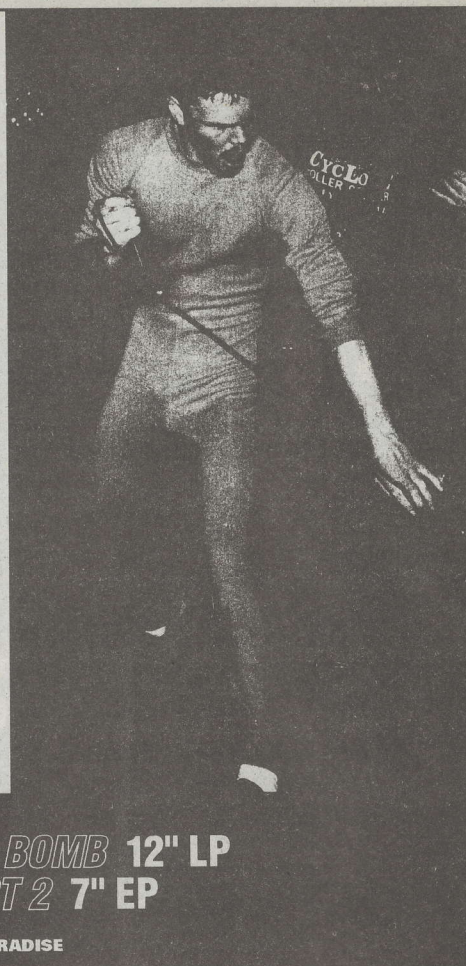
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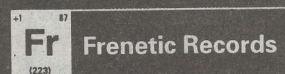
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CHUMPIRE/RAW POGO ON A SCAFFOLD • split 'zine/CD

In this special booklet edition of *Chumpire* Greg describes his early days growing up in eastern Pennsylvania. He then compiles an alphabetical list of some of the places and bands he has come to know over the years. Quite a few obscurities and a few better known combos are memorialized on the pages of *Chumpire #126*. Raw Pogo contains many reviews of bands seen or heard by the folks known as Planet and Beth. They spent some time in Tokyo and this issue covers some of the psychedelic and punk underground there, as well as a few U.S. bands. The descriptions are far out and compatible with the music in question. Lastly, there is a part of a story about walking around in Hong Kong. The 'zine comes with a copy of a CD which contains recordings from Planet and Beth and a Tokyo band called Hashigo. It was reviewed in the previous issue of *HeartattaCk*, but for those who missed out, Hashigo play long guitar drenched psychedelic drones with occasional noise. Planet and Beth play short and quiet twin guitar tunes that space out quite nicely. SJS (\$1ppd to Easy Subcult/1806 Eastman/Bethlehem, PA 18018)

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #14 with V/A • CD

The CD features previously released material from Consumed, The Gamits, Over It, As Friends Rust, Dwarves, Uncle Al, Saves The Day, Midtown, Turned Down, Grade, Crispus Attacks, Man Without Plan, Osker, Divit, Alkaline Trio, Throwaway Generation, Qualm, Twentietheight, Still Left Standing, Snapcase, Fit Of Anger, One Size Fits Most, Boulder, Downway, A New Found Glory, Naked Raygun, Homeless Wonders, Link 80, and The Eight Bucks Experiment. Interviews with A New Found Glory, Anniversary, Still Left Standing, Angels Never Answer, Consumed plus all the usual 'zine stuff. There is also a short story called "Brent's Song." A pretty good package for the price... check out some music, read some interviews or record reviews and look at some photos. KM (\$3ppd to *Rats In The Hallway*/PO Box 7151/Boulder, CO 80306)

STATUS #11 with V/A • CD

Seth really has his style down, and each and every issue of *Status* has that look and feel. *Status* has nice layout with good use of white space and it certainly doesn't look claustrophobic with tiny print like some 'zines (cough, cough). This time around the interviews include Good Clean Fun, The Dillinger Escape Plan, Grade, Le Shok, Holiday Matinee, Piebald, Turneddown, Reflector and a cool interview with Paul Kane from Double Entendre Records. The comp CD is more of a budget sampler than a true comp... Just a good way to hear a lot of bands for basically free... By A Thread, King For A Day, Treadwell, The Dillinger Escape Plan, and a whole bunch more. KM (Status Records/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

1848 • Eighteenfortyeight 7"

I get a very good vibe from this. The production is very raw, very hardcore, and the music is slightly melodic and emotive. It's really hard for me to come up with a comparison, but I think that's a good thing. I don't know why but I keep thinking that this sounds like a cross between Iconoclast and Avail. Or maybe it just sounds a little like that great Apple Pie song by Iconoclast. At any rate, I had fun listening to this and I loved their freedom of speech/pro DIY lyrics. MH (16303 NE 198 St/Woodinville, WA 98072)

THE 1985 • Obscured By Pink Clouds CD

Wow. This is awesome... but I'm not sure how to describe it. It's... rock. Twangy guitars, quirky keyboards, and moaning, whining, grasping vocals. I like it hella. I suppose it's a bit reminiscent of The VSS and other related projects, but that's not a great example. It's just good rock. It sounds lo-fi and scratchy at times and totally electronic and produced at others... hell, towards the end of the album there are electronic dance tracks... rather bizarre. The creepy, bouncy sound put forth is more than suitable for dancing. What need is there for electronic music? Yowzers... I guess it just adds to the eclecticness of this album. Once again, this album is great. That's great. That's great. ALP (Carbon Records/PO Box 10718/Rochester, NY 14610; www.carbonrecords.com)

THE 1985 • Nerve Eighty CD

New wave bass loopin' rock and roll. The high pitched vocal work puts this band in with others like Gogogoiheart or other bands bringing back the new wave from the '80s. I have been listening to their first LP and had been rockin' out to that for a while. Now this CD has become a staple in my CD player and when I went to get down with heavy bass Screemers style rock The 1985 come to mind immediately. Highly recommended. SA (Progeria/PO Box 81116/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

53RD STATE • Forward Motion CD

I initially thought that this was going to be an attempt at a funny straight-edge parody with one of the tracks being called "My Straightedge Youth Crew Has 10 More Confirmed Kills Than Yours Does," but it's not even that interesting. It's got its heart in the right place, but grates on this listener's nerves very quickly. Sounds like whiny Get Up Kids stuff mixed with some lackluster Hellbender. The whole thing sounds a little too much like demo tape material for me to stand listening to it on a CD. I apologize for being an asshole critic, but I'm afraid that this has little to sell itself to me or to anyone outside of their circle of hometown supporters. They've got some energy, but it doesn't manage to hold my interest for any amount of time. 14 songs, 39 minutes. DO (Secret Ingredient/7332 Schley Ave./Pittsburgh, PA 15218)

2 DEAN CREW • 7"

Wow, strange. This band is made up just of a bass, drums and vocals. While I'm a big fan of the guitar I'll have to admit that these guys got everything that they possibly could get out of their ensemble. I would go so far as to say that this record is actually better than 75% of the rest of the crap I get to review. It's really high on energy and power. I get a great vibe from this. Kick ass stuff. I'm impressed. MH (\$3ppd to Jason Garuby/13506 Heritage Pl./Fort Smith, AR 72816)

A-SET • The Way It Used To Be (It's Got To Be) 7"

Hey, hey, this guy used to be in Mohinder—but—hold your horses—this sounds much more like his later band Calm than the M band. The two songs you get here are folksy indie pop, somewhat similar to the Eels and Ben Folds Five as far as atmosphere goes. Not all that bad in my opinion, but it made a lot of people make the "eww" face. I kinda like it, it's pretty and sad in the way the Palace Brothers are pretty and sad. MH (Dogprint/PO Box 2120/Teaneck, NJ 07666)

AMBUSH • Revue LP

What happened? I remember playing the Ambush demo to Sonia when I first came here 9 years ago. Ambush was dark, heavy and repetitive and their English sucked. Then I saw them live about 5 or 6 years ago with, if I remember correctly, Rorschach's bass player, and they played a moody fucked up set that bordered on the insane. They and their music seemed to have been heavily influenced by Born Against and Rorschach and now this; mostly acoustic and slow to medium paced songs (and lots of them). I would still describe them as moody and weird but this time around they sound more like Joan of Arc or a band that would be on Kranky or Touch and Go. Does this make any sense to you? It doesn't to me... Their English is much improved, though. MH (no address)

ABSENCE • Lost In The Masses CD

Fuck, this is bad. Rage Against The Machine worship. I don't really know what else to say. I think there is a decent message here, but the music is intolerable. There will be a bad punk part, then a bad rap part, then a bad metal part... If you like a lot of rap with your funk metal, then, perhaps you will love Absence. However, I somehow doubt anyone outside the Saginaw, MI high school rap/metal scene would care much for this. If I hark back to my high school days, I can almost imagine a bunch of D&D freaks with black trench coats and mullets head banging away. You get the idea. BD (Union Maid Amalgamated c/o Joel Rash/710 Oak St./Flint, MI 48503)

ACRID • Eighty Sixed LP

Self proclaimed as "poison free emo violence," Acrid played medium speed hardcore with the occasional burst of double kick drum thrashing that was a bit metal sounding and very heavy with painfully nasty screamed vocal work. Dirty and ugly sounding hardcore guaranteed to damage your ear drums and annoy the neighbors to no end. These songs were originally available on their CD on Dirty Kidz records, but No Idea is now releasing that CD in two parts; *Eighty Sixed* being part one and *Sea Of Shit* will be part two. KM (\$7 to No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

AGNI HOTRA • Govinda CD

Chugga str8-edge with a funky element to it, some parts even remind me of Korn shit, especially the eerie high guitars and the overly dramatic vocals. Lyrically, they sing about animal rights, friends, str8edge and religion in the scene. Some of this is pretty goofy sounding with the cowbell hit, the wha-wha guitar and the funky bass lines. Recorded back in '96. They also cover "Straight Edge" by Minor Threat and talk some of the vocal parts. ADI (Projekt X Records/PO Box 37/58-310 Szczawno-Zdroj/Poland)

ALL ILL • Symbols Of Involution CD

Eleven grinding hardcore tracks from Spain's All Ill. The songs are fast and harsh with growling vocals. They do a cover of Project X's "Dance Floor Justice" but for the most part All Ill is much more akin to Monster X than Project X. Furious and crazed and certainly of interest to the horde of crazies that dig fast grind and crust and power violence. The CD has been released as a 7" by Sound Pollution. KM (B Core Records/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

ALL ILL • Symbols Of Involution 7"

All Ill, from Italy I am assuming, have recorded eight songs, one of which is a cover by Project X called Dance Floor Justice. This is mid-tempo to brutal thrash hardcore. Simple guitar rhythms with some sing-a-longs and a fierce lower end vocalist singing against the state and other bitter discontent. This record goes by pretty fast and nothing really stands out at me saying YES, but it ain't bad. Cool looking cover layout though. SA (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

ALL IS SUFFERING • 7"

Even though the recording quality is really shitty, this 7" is one of the best things I've gotten to review. Fucking fast aggressive hard core with blast beats. The song on the 1st side has a few blackmetal-ish parts. Side two has more brutal screaming and the beginning of the 3rd song has a quiet part that goes into a cool blasting fast part. The cover is fucking brutal as well. Good job, but too bad the recording quality is shit. Maybe a demo would have been a better format to put this on. ADI (Renaissance Records/406 N Mendenhall St./Greensboro, NC 27401)

ALTHEA • Ladders To Climb And Stones To Throw CD

Okay, I've reached the breaking point. It's time for an intervention. I guess it kind of sucks for Althea that they were the ones who pushed me over the edge. Then again, it's not my fault that they chose to play pretentious college rock. Here we go: This fuck awful pompous emo pap has got to disappear. All your bands need to go away, go away fast, throw yourselves off the next cliff and take all your pseudo-soulful la-de-da's, your puke-inducing string sections and bells with you, fuck off to emo hell where they'll rip off your limbs, barbecue your dog, and then have some fucking fifteen year old write a poem about the flowers sprouting on your shit-filled grave. Take your "publicity update" and shove it up your ass. Roll up that middle class pain and smoke it. Just like Tobias Beecher said after he took a shit all over Vern's face: "Fuck off! Fuck off! Fuck off!" Oh yeah, Althea plays 5 nagging emo tunes that feature tuneless vocals and sloppy guitar work. I'd rather be eating a cinder block. MH (Unshared Worldwide 2000/6161 86th Ave. N/Pinellas Park, FL 33782)

AMULET • The Burning Sphere CD

Damn does this have youth crew energy? I haven't listened to European hardcore enough. Last youth spirited hardcore album from Europe that reminds me of this amount of energy has to be Mainstrike. These kids, although they don't look that young, would do well out here in southern California's growing youth crew 2000 post go takeover. Vocals are low end and fierce yet melodically follow the energetic muted guitar riffs. There are enough sing-a-longs to boot, so I guess they passed that part of the youth crew hardcore test. This is intelligently positive and filled with enough energy to turn a show into a dogpile. Keep it coming Amulet! SA (Bridge Records/Box 1903/581-18 Linköping/Sweden)

THE ANGORAS • CD

I hated this at first but now I've decided that it's kinda fun. The Angoras are an almost all female band that do the rock thing. Seven songs in that Slant 6, Bratmobile (I'm guessing) way. Pretty good for that sort of stuff. MH (atrophy@theangoras.com)

ANOTHER REASON • Take Control CDep

Nine songs of solid straight edge hardcore that is influenced by classic late '80s bands. The CD has three more songs than the 7", one of them being a cover of SSD's "Glue." The sound is well done and the singing is powerful with a great recording. Energetic sounding '80s youth crew hardcore without all the metal influences of the '90s. A definite crowd pleaser for anyone that follows the Crucial Response releases. Straight edge and proud of it. KM (Crucial Response/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

APATIA NO • Hazlo Tu Mismo 7"

Here we have Venezuela's very own Apatia No in their second and best release to date. The theme of this record is "DIY" and inside the cover you will find writings by the band relating the DIY ethic to the ethics of those involved in the Spanish Civil War. Very interesting. This is angry youth screaming about their surroundings with their energetic punk hardcore anthems. There style is very raw, up-beat and melodic with great sing along parts. One of the most active DIY South American bands around right now. Simply great. MA (Noseké Records c/o Johnny Castro/AP 64670/ZP 1064-A/Carcas/Venezuela)

ARTIMUS PYLE • Civil Dead 12"

Eight tracks of His Hero Is Gone inspired hardcore that is extremely well done and very powerful. The songs on the Artimus Pyle 7" were pretty good, but not nearly as powerful and well written as the material on this 12". They hail from San Francisco and feature former members of Fuckface, and one active member of What Happens Next?. Anyone depressed about the break up of His Hero Is Gone will certainly be impressed by Artimus Pyle. Great hardcore. KM (Prank Records/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

ARKANGEL • Dead Man Walking CD

Back cover caught my eye with the blood and the front cover caught my eye with shiny silver writing. The guitar licks are pretty cool, using tons of riffs where it's like chu-chugga then evil-high-notes then more chugga then more evil-high-notes all rhythmically composed for maximum all out hard-core-jock dancing. Drums know their part in the quest to make your knuckles bloody, throwing double bass beats around and even a few fast punk metal beats. Singer has a full voice that's plenty pissed off and the lyrics are all demonic and evil (what a surprise). So now you have you above average mosh-metal-hardcore from Germany/Belgium, but I don't really care. Have fun moshing your brains out. ADI (Good Life Records/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

ASTRID OTO • 2nd 7"

I was sucked in by the first Astrid Oto record because it had a real fury to it and totally reminded me of The Avengers. This records is no different. I mean, the sound is so similar the songs may very well be from the same recording session. The packaging is covered with that lovely Aaron Cometbus art that adorns the records of his other bands like Cleveland Bound Death Sentence and Pinhead Gunpowder. But I think the sound of Astrid Oto better than those bands, and this 7" really catches a punk spirit well. Their upbeat style and harsh female vocals make a great combination. LO (Meconium Records/PO Box 25171/Raleigh, NC 27611)

ATARI • Too Tired To Drive Home 7"

Four more songs from this skatecore band. Youth crew hardcore with a sense of melody and no metal influences what-so-ever. Very East Coast and very much inspired by all the late '80s hardcore that came out of the East Coast before mosh metal became the all powerful force in hardcore. Atari does it well, and this 7" is a perfect follow up to their debut on Teamwork Records. Skate tough and don't forget your hardcore pride. Go! KM (Broken Man Records/PO Box 42513/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

ATREYV • Visions CD

These folks bust out with some fairly powerful hardcore. Some of the stuff has youth crew influence other parts have more Catharsis influence and the occasional heavy chugs are mixed in for good measure. They also throw around some singing parts which were OK at first then got too indie and annoying and dragged down the over all power that this CD first rocked me with. The singer has a nice throaty yelling/screaming voice that sets him above a lot of other singers who try to be gnarly. His singing voice is not bad either, but like I said earlier, the singing melodies get annoying after a while. All and all one of the better things to land in my review pile, and maybe they'll play here soon and I'll check them out. On a closing note: I hate it when bands write their lyrics in long lines making it really hard not to lose your place, so fuck it I'm not even going to bother. ADI (Die Trying Records/24657 Via Buena Suerte/Yorba Linda, CA 92887)

AUDREY'S DANCE • 7"

Light melodic rock a la Christie Front Drive. Apparently another Jennifer 8 spin-off (with whom I am not familiar)... this one has plenty of lifted harmonies from the aforementioned C.F.D. sounding like a second-rate cover band at times. Not terrible really, but too heavily influenced to be sure. Better to copy C.F.D. than Promise Ring or The Get Up Kids, I suppose. What would be even better is not copying ANY of them. But shit, since that's not possible... C.F.D. it is. Audrey's Dance would actually only sound like C.F.D. if they took off the vocal track and hummed prettier. Damn... I make no friends doing this. I am a jerk. But really, it's a little stale. DO (Millipede/Kohlforsterstrasse 2/D-90473 Nürnberg/Germany; www.listen.to/MillipedeRecords)

AXIOM • Apathy & Prejudice LP

Axiom's first full length brings you more aggressive metal influenced political punk. The songs always have the hint of melody buried under the crusty metal punk, though with every release it is getting harder and harder to find those melodic parts. Very political with a few spoken words and a booklet with lyrics and images and a huge fold out poster. The spoken word parts can get a bit tedious after several listens. Once or twice was cool, but I found them rather annoying on the 10th+ listen. Another good release from Tribal War. KM (Tribal War Records/1951 W Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

ATROCIOUS MADNESS • Visions Of Hell 7"

Crust/peace punk type music with political lyrics and a muddy recording. The song titles remind me of an old Masskontroll record. Lyrics range from animal rights to anti-technology. As they progress, I bet this band will get fairly good, although this wasn't bad by any means. DD (Tribal War Records/1951 W Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

BALACLAVA • 7"

Balacava play primarily fast paced hardcore with some melodic overtones. This reminds me a lot of Ensign but with longer songs, male and female vocals and more break down parts. The lyrics are in another language but my guess would be that they are political. I like this but there seems like there is something lacking about this. I think a lot of the energy is lost because the recording isn't the best. GC (Hopewell Records c/o Ondra Benes/U Hraze 1/10000 Praha 10/Czech Republic)

BANE • It All Comes Down To This LP

I've seen Bane a few times, but I've never really been too impressed with their live sound. The LP on the other hand is pretty good; catchy youth crew style hardcore with wordy lyrics. I might like their live show a bit better now that I know their songs. The songs are well written and the vocals don't sound cheesy and the lyrics are decent as well. Some of the songs have very catchy choruses and it is no wonder the kids go crazy at their shows. Maybe next time it will sound like more than muddy noise. KM (Equal Vision Records/PO Box 14/Hudson, NY 12534)

BARBARO • CD

Seven tracks at 27:56 minutes. Barbaro are a rock trio from Massachusetts. They specialize in quiet to loud dynamics and loud guitar based rock with some shifting structures and a very big growl. The woman who sings on a few tracks is a good change from the fairly generic strained cry on the other songs. Slow rhythms back up the songs. Barbaro are competent at playing their music. SJS (Polterchrist Records/28 Holman St. Apt. #2/Allston, MA 02134)

BEAUTIFUL SKIN • 7"

Stay away from this record as far as you can. Don't let this brainless concoction of artsy-fartsy beeping sounds and laughable attempts at song-writing contaminate your mind. 15 feet. Keep a distance of 15 feet. MH (GSL/PO Box 11794/Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

BLACK MOLLIES • 7"

Think Hose.Got.Cable for those of you around three or four years ago. Think Drive Like Jehu for those with a little more under their buckle. Two songs on white vinyl at 45 RPM with little verbiage. Fuzzy low end and slightly mathematical higher end. Spoken/screamed vocals that has that southern drawl like Circus Lupus and Hal Al Shedad. Kind of cool, but doesn't go all that far: speaking musically, lyrically, spatially and inspirationally. DO (Moodswing/4710 Lou Ivy Rd./Atlanta, GA 30096; www.moodswingrecords.com)

THE BLOOD BROTHERS • This Adultery Is Ripe LP

Hark! Can you hear the cries of the rejoicing Romulan army all spiffed up in their white belts and tight clinging clothes? *This Adultery Is Ripe* will certainly become a steadfast listening habit for those that do the freak out. The Blood Brothers play slower Antioch Arrow influenced hardcore with a chaotic edge and their lyrics are crazy almost bizarre ditties about sex and the doctor of love and they go "boo" in the night. The music is quite good with well done singing (the singing especially reminds me of the Antioch Arrow thing), and while the lyrics will certainly turn some away others will probably find something interesting about the "swollen vagina in the sky" and the "man with the golden croch." Mike from Hopscoth will probably kill me for reviewing this LP, but hey, who wants to live forever? I reviewed the Blood Brothers 7" and was pretty harsh on it, but I can certainly see why people dig The Blood Brothers. Their music is well written, with interesting lyrics, and the production on this LP is solid and all in all it sounds great. I would probably spend a lot more time with them as well, but in their own words, "I'd come over put your coffee tastes like the clap." KM (Hopscoth Records/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)



KONTRAATTAQUE

photo by Israel

THE BLISTERS • Storch 7"

3 well played pop rock tunes out of New Jersey. The songwriting and even the vocals are very similar to The Replacements. For the most part this just makes me want to listen to my old Replacements records and put this 7" back into the bin, though. MH (B's Records/435 W 45th St. Suite 3C/New York, NY 10036)

THE BODYBAG ROMANCE • Gincerusher CD

Death metal that works hard at keeping things interesting. There are 5 intense studio songs on here followed by 3 live and 4 demo tracks. I find it impossible to say anything distinguishing about this kind of metal. All I can say is that these chaps are very proficient musically and that the recording is very good, too. If you're into the genre then this is definitely worth checking out. MH (Crucial Blast Records/PO Box 364/Hagerstown, MD 21741-0364)

BREAD AND WATER • Future Memories 7"

Oh yes! I was looking forward to this and I wasn't let down. This must be an awesome live band, their songs are just so full of energy. What's so great about this record (and that's just one of the things) is that they play these really nice guitar harmonies over the more basic punk sound. Overall this reminds me a lot of Christ On A Crutch and Econochrist. They just kick ass! The female/male vocals work great, the lyrics are totally inspirational and to the point. Awesome!! MH (Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

BURNING KITCHEN • Confrontation 7"

These guys are from Sweden, but not thrash. It's got the straight forward '80s punk sound, some might label it peace punk. Drums are very bouncy with simple riffs, good for a mid-paced orderly fun pit, with male and female vocals taking turns singing and yelling. 4 songs with lyrics about MTV in Sweden, Gov't corruption and abortion/right wing Christians. AM (Communichaos Media/Box 825/101-36 Stockholm/Sweden)

BREAK OF DAWN • This Is The Beginning 7"

This 7 inch contains harshly shouted metallic hardcore. The words and delivery are full of angst and pretense making this virtually unlistenable. The drum sound is weak anyway. SJS (One Day Saviour Recordings/PO Box 372/Williston Park, NY 11596)

BORN UNDER SATURN • 7"

Damn! With a name like that I expected some emo wishy washy pap, but no, no, no, this shit rocks. Lots of tempo changes and crazed screeching in the vein of Honeywell, but faster and less sloppy. (I also don't remember if Honeywell ever used double bass drums...) 3 songs that will beat you to a bloody pulp. MH (Spirit Fall/215 Hancock Ave./Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

BRAID • Movie Music Vol. One & Two CDs

In the indie scene, sometimes erroneously referred to as the emo scene, Braid was a veritable legend. Groovy, melodic, and energetic, Braid delivered their catchy mid-Western indie sound with a vibrancy that was seldom matched. This two set discography comes separately, even though together they encapsulate all of Braid's hard to find songs from the plethora of comps and 7"s that they appeared on. Vol. One features all of the 7" and split 7"s that Braid did along with one unreleased track that was apparently the last song they ever recorded. Vol. Two features all of their compilation tracks along with four unreleased tracks or out takes. Guaranteed to please the all the indie kids that either came around too late to find the earlier Braid releases or that never bothered to purchase a turntable. I am sure Braid will be missed by many. KM (Polyvinyl Records/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834-1885)

BRAID • Lucky To Be Alive CD

From the masters of all things indie-rock, here's the ultimate tribute to the energy, excitement and pure quality of this prolific band's live show. 17 songs recorded at their final triumphant show in Chicago. *Lucky To Be Alive* highlights most of their later *Frame & Canvas*-era songs with a few nostalgic tunes thrown in for good measure. It even has a few brand spanking new songs, including the title track which was only just released on their discography box set. In any case, the recording is pretty damn solid for live rock, with enough differentiation from their studio stuff to keep it from being boring but enough cohesion to let the listener dance along to their favorites. It's refreshing to hear the new spins put on older songs and improvised vocal work... plus the raw energy comes across quite well. All in all, if you've witnessed one of Braid's 500+ shows, you'll need this and if you weren't so lucky, you ought to hunt this down as a reminder of how your life will never quite be complete. 17 songs, 61 minutes. DO (Glue Factory/PO Box 404-BL/Redondo Beach, CA 90277; www.gluefactory.com)

BRAINBOMBS • CD

This is just about as close to hell for me as I've been. And I've gone to a Black Crowes concert. So, anyway, this is noisy shit. Imagine really droning monotonous fuzzy music with poorly played trumpet and the guy from The Kinks singing really obnoxious things and you've begun to understand this terrible terrible situation I've found myself in. I guess some folks would like this. People like The Make*Up and stuff and that shit churns my stomach for the most part. This is garage rock with emphasis on the gar(B)age. Make it stop... for god's sake... MAKE IT STOP. 12 songs, 43 torturous minutes. DO (Load/PO Box 35/Providence, RI 02901; www.loadrecords.com)

CARRY ON • The Line Is Drawn 7"

I saw Carry On play recently and I was impressed by their energy and enthusiasm, not to mention that their songs were pretty damn good. *The Line Is Drawn* doesn't capture enough of Carry On's good points, but it is still a decent 7". Youth crew hardcore with lots of songs about staying true and making a change. The one cool exception is "What Once Was" which seems to be about all the old bands reforming these days to make some green. Being an old guy that was there in the "old days" I obviously have no problem with older people still hanging around, but like Carry On I find it pretty sick to see these has-beens that gave up on hardcore years ago coming back now that there is some money to be made. On a sad note, apparently Carry On's guitarist, Jordan, died recently. He didn't even get to finish high school. A reminder of why we all need to make the most of life while we still can. KM (Youngblood Records/217 W Main St./Ephrata, PA 17522)

THE CHARGERS STREET GANG • Fun Housing 7"

This 7 inch contains snotty punk rock from Cleveland, not unlike the Dead Boys. The Chargers S.G. are a five piece with a large twin guitar growl and a crashing rhythm section. Reminiscent at times of The Stump Wizards or The Cynics. SJS (Donut Friends/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

CATARACT • War Anthem 7"

You can always guarantee a good looking record layout when you get something from Join the Team Player Records. Cataract, from somewhere in Europe, remind me of Linsay, who are from Germany, but with a singer in the same vein as many of the bands from the East Coast around '94-'97 era like Endeavor or even early Botch, even though they aren't from the East Coast. Metal hardcore with enough chugga chugga parts to keep the pit in full circle, as some may say, and enough to keep your head bobbin' up and down as well. But, this record is nothing that's groundbreaking. Just some metal hardcore that can groove with their metal counterparts. SA (Join the Team Player Records/Alttingerstr. 6a/81673 Munchen/Germany)



CEASE • CD

Uninspired mosh metal, you know the type... Good recording, slick packaging, evasive lyrics... probably CD only release... I don't understand what people see in this watered down shit, but I'm sure there are a million stretched earlobes out there waiting to gobble this shit up. As for me, I can, and most assuredly will, live without this shit. Boring, sterile music, for a boring, sterile scene. Consume robots!!! BD (Natural High Records/PO Box 9351/CH-8036 Zurich/Switzerland)

THE CASKET LOTTERY • Moving Mountains CD

Lisa hands me this to review: "You like the Casket Lottery, don't you?" And I feel myself torn—yes it is true, I listen to this stuff a lot, but at the same time I agree with Big Willy who tells me he can't review it because, "Everytime I listen to something like this a little piece of myself dies" (I'm probably quoting him incorrectly, but this is more or less the gist of it). I read the liner notes (yes, there are liner notes) and I start to laugh. They can't possibly be serious, can they? "Throughout the set, we would turn to each other and comment on how good the new songs were and how cool the new record would be." Shameless. I wonder why bands like these constantly insist on their uniqueness when in truth they're part of the most generic trend in hardcore since '88 style SXE. And yet... I will of course be listening to this when I make myself a cup of tea, when I e-mail a friend or play Free Cell. I will put it on repeat and won't even notice when the CD starts over. The reason for this is painfully obvious; this kind of music is as easily consumable as a bowl of microwave popcorn or a bag of lightly salted potato chips. You munch it down, oblivious to its lack of taste until it is gone, you poop it out and buy a new bag. Maybe next week it will be Jimmy Eat World, Pop Unknown or The Promise Ring. It's hard to care. MH (Second Nature/PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

CATARSIS • SRI 14 CD

Hmm, interesting... This band is from Argentina and sings in Spanish. Unfortunately there are no lyrics included and my Spanish isn't good enough to figure out what they're saying. Catarsis really remind me of KINA a lot. Both when they play more punk-ish stuff and when they do the acoustic thing. The overall feeling I get from this is a melancholic, reflective sadness. For all I know they might be singing about the joys of miniature golf and dog grooming but my guess is that their songs are about more personal issues. There are a lot of catchy parts in this even though the whole thing never really comes together. Still, I enjoyed listening to this. MH (Sniffing Recording Industries/CC 3288 (1000)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

CHOCOLATE KISS • Les Boom Boom CD

I instantly have to give props to two former Car Vs. Driver cats... the vocalist, Catfish Mauldin, and drummer-turned-bassist James Joyce (also formerly of Hal Al Shedad). I missed the lovely voice and heart of that great group and this rings with a nice familiarity, even if it's not quite Car Vs. Driver. More low-key, but songs like "Right Out or Right On" and... incite remembrance of a time of greater purity in the "emo rock" scene... before the threat of MTV and mainstream watering-down. This might be to Car Vs. Driver what The Van Pelt was to Native Nod: a milder beast with a recognizable roar. The strained, yet restricted vocals of Mr. Mauldin are sometimes too forced and the music is sometimes too stark, but the overall feeling is one of sincerity and actually thought-out and thought-provoking. A much needed throwback. The cover of "I Am Woman" (complete with male vocals) may not be so needed... ouch: 7 songs, 30 minutes. DO (Moodswing/4710 Lou Ivy Rd./Atlanta, GA 30096; www.moodswingrecords.com)

THE CREEPS • Lights Over Baghdad 7"

I had high hopes for this because I read the lyrics first and I liked them. "Driving your all terrain vehicle through the suburbs—you're retarded," that one made me laugh. Their two songs are what I would call power metal mosh with bellowed vocals. It is very simple music, yet it is pretty effective. Hmm... Certainly not the release of the month, but not too bad, either. MH (Smog Veil Records/774 Mays Blvd. #10-454/TV, NV 89451)

COMMITTED • CD

Yeah, Committed is certainly committed to the '88 style Youth of Today sound. The vocals sound exactly like Ray of Today's patented vocal growl, and the music is well written youth crew hardcore. The lyrics are exactly what you would expect with songs like "Drug Free United Youth," "Back To The Edge," and "Never Give Up." Committed may not be the most original band around today, but this CD is packed with great songs that will keep the kids dancing and singing along. The sound was good back in the day, and it still works today; plus it is nice to hear youth crew hardcore that isn't buried in mosh metal. KM (Phyte Records/PO Box 90363/Washington, DC 20090)

CONTEMPT • One Justice CD

Although this means well lyrically, it is a little too mosh heavy for my taste. There are tempo changes every now and then, inserted at what seem arbitrary moments. There's just not enough going on here musically to hold my interest. MH (Catalyst Records/PO Box 30241/Indianapolis, IN 46230-0241)

(THE) CONTROL GROUP • Humiliator CD

I feel at a loss of words when I'm asked to describe these 11 songs. The influences here seem to be manifold. The music that consequently emerged from here is very varied both in song structure and instrumentation (they use keyboards and a saxophone). Some songs have a slight ska/soul influence, most of them rocked in a kind of demented way. Overall the songs seem to be held together by the crazed DC-ish vocals. I really liked the last song "Deutsche Liebeslieder"—it reminded me of Kent running around in his underwear screaming "Gegen! Aus!!!" Recommended if you like your music adventurous. MH (Progeria Records/PO Box 81116/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

CONVOCAION OF... • GSL Lab Remixes Series Vol. 3 12"

This three piece features Tonic Joy who was, of course, an instrumental part of Moss Icon, U.O.A., The Great Unraveling, and a whole host of other interesting bands. The music is a combination of Great Unraveling meets Unwound stuff with very little vocal work and a lot of long repetitive intros and outros with lots of special effects. One side is without vocals, and the other side has some distorted singing. Very reminiscent of the aforementioned bands. I am not sure what it means when a band's first release is a remix; the question being will all their material sound like this or just these "remix" versions? The 12" has no packaging other than labels on the record and a small sticker displaying the title. Minimalistic in lots of ways, but also quite full with ambient sounds. KM (Gold Standard Laboratories)



COMATOSE • 7"

Nine songs of raging German thrash! Brutal and ugly both musically and art wise. Lyrics are on the darker side of the political scheme of things, accenting the art and music. Also, there are some short writings from band members about their problems with the scene that are just as relevant here as in Germany. One brutally political record, fans of German crust take notice! DD (Jens Walter/Petersburgerstr. 68/10249 Berlin/Germany)

CRISPUS ATTACKS • Destroy The Teacher CD

FUCK YEA! Rockin' old school hardcore with political lyrics. Forget all those pop punk bands, this is skate punk! 15 songs of awesome hardcore complete with sing alongs and samples from the movie *Thrashin'*. Political topics from war to convenience to youth culture! Get this, you will love yourself for doing so! DD (Soda Jerk Records/PO Box 4056/Boulder, CO 80306)

CROSSED OUT • 1990-1993 CD

In the early '90s brutality core was being born with Southern California contributing Crossed Out, Infest, and No Comment. Crossed Out was one of the original power violence bands, and these forty-seven songs will beat you senseless to prove it. Ugly and sick sounding with no regard for melody and conventional beauty. The CD includes all of their vinyl releases plus radio shows, demos, and even some live material. Ironically, much like Infest, Crossed Out was more of a rumor than a reality since both bands rarely played shows or showed up to the gigs they were "supposed" to play. The liner notes claim that in the three years that Crossed Out were around they only played sixteen shows. They do an awesome version of Christ On Parade's "No Truth" and they also do covers of Impact Unit and Negative Approach songs. Brutal=Crossed out. KM (Slap A Ham Records/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

CRY BABY CRY • CD

Cry Baby Cry plays a fast-moving rock with high-pitched male vocals alternating with sweet and low female vocals. The term "baby" is used in the first song, "Fast-Assed Sumbitchie" quite a bit, bringing to mind various D.C./San Diego style rockers with a healthy dose of attitude and rockstar mentality. "Monkey's Darling" makes me think that either the lead singer is a woman or a guy who used to like all those glam-rock bands from the '80s whose posters used to grace my walls in elementary school and junior high. Really singy in a theatrical sense and it provides the music with a certain creepy eeriness. "Coming In The Mouth of America" is a sort of mod rock song with a Moog (or whatever that synthesized shit that Smash Mouth uses in their terrible songs) being played in the background. Cool layered vocals. Weird shit. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sort of Superdrag-ish. Kick-ass packaging job (done at the Hammerpress). Go to the website to figure out what these cats are all about. 6 songs, 23 minutes. DO (Cry Baby Cry; www.crybabycry.com)

DEADGUY • I Know Your Tragedy CD

Recorded live at New York's CBGB's in July of 1996, *I Know Your Tragedy* captures thirty minutes of Deadguy doing what they do best. The sound quality is decent, though a lot of the time I find myself wishing that the vocals were not so loud, so I guess the mix could be a bit better but it is still pretty good. I wouldn't recommend this to those that aren't already acquainted with Deadguy, but for the seasoned this shit rocks. The liner notes about the Deadguy history are actually pretty interesting as well; a good little read. Oh, yeah, and there is one studio song tacked on to the end, though it is a cover tune that the band didn't originally like enough to release. KM (Hawthorne Street Records/PO Box 5067/Bloomington, IN 47407)

DEATH WISH KIDS • demo 7"

Four songs from the Death Wish Kids archives. These are all from their demo, so you can expect a poorer sound quality. Still, the fever of this band comes through. They play fast, chaos core a la Orchid with screechy vocals that sticks to a relentless beat. The four songs go by quickly and you are left in their dust. I would like to see this band live 'cause I think they would kick ass. The lyrics are tightly written prose about personal revenge, being betrayed, causing trouble, and youthful rebellion. (And I'm sure much more than I can have mentioned here.) This 7" is one sided and the first pressing has been screened on the other side. Cool all around. LO (Hopscoth/PO Box 57783/Valencia, CA 91385)

DARK DAY DUNGEON • CD

It is funny, even though I and the members of this band live in the same tiny country, our paths never really crossed. And then when our band went to record in Italy it turns out that DDD had just been there weeks before, recording this CD. I remember Alessandro, our recording guy, playing these songs to us, and even though this is the kind of music I hardly ever listen to, I couldn't help being gob-smacked by the awesome power of it. Make no mistake, this is total metal, but fuck me if it isn't also super-catchy and of awe-inspiring intensity. The vocals hit exactly the right note; they're harsh and to the point without being ridiculously tough guy like. If you're into the power-metal-hardcore thing and you only buy one European record this year, let it be this one. There is no way in hell you'd be disappointed by it. MH (Natural High Records/PO Box 9351/8036 Zuerich/Switzerland; catatract@planet.ch)

DAYLIGHT • ...When Great People Fall CD

What have we here... we have a German band that plays solid emotive hardcore. I'm reminded of Queerfish and Statue. These 6 songs have a very fresh and clean sound. The lyrics are in English and deal with personal issues. I don't know why but I keep thinking that this record should be on Revelation—I think it would fit in well with that kind of stuff. The more I listen to this, the more I like it. And judging from the pictures they seem to be a fun live band. Good stuff. MH (UnSubmissive Records/Stockumer Strasse 20/47139 Duisburg/Germany)

DEAD NATION • Dead End LP

As soon as I put this on I needed a new pair of shorts, because this LP rocks! A whole mess of songs covering a whole mess of political and personal subjects—from anti-internet to gang wars to the daily grind. It comes with a nice fold out poster with the lyrics on the back! Musically, this is straight forward hardcore with a bit of old school goodness thrown in just for fun. They have a song about skateboards, fuck ya! Go get this record, put it on, rock the night away, smash the state in the morning! DD (DeadAlive Records/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)

DEGARNE • The Last Dance 7"

I want to take this opportunity and thank all the non-American bands for singing in their native tongue. I doubt if any German dude—no matter how great his English—could ever come up with lyrics like these. They are of a complexity that could never ever be translated into English. Sadly I found it much harder to like the musical part of this 7". I know Degarne is well liked in the German scene, but I found it hard to get into this. For starters, I'm still not sure what speed this is supposed to be played at. I tried both 33 and 45 and both have their moments, but neither one convinces over the course of all 3 songs. The music is heavy and dark. Think Rorschach and Citizens Arrest. It is all too chaotic, too lacking in direction for me to get into it and the muddy production certainly doesn't help. I'm sorry, I wish I would have liked this more. MH (Per Koro c/o Markus Haas/Fehfeld 26/28203 Bremen/Germany) or (Stickfigure/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

THE DEADBEATS • Don't Go Away CD

The Deadbeats are one of those bands who don't really know what they want to sound like. Perhaps all three members have different tastes in music, or perhaps they are just being one of those bands who don't want to be "classified." Well I'm gonna try my hardest to classify The Deadbeats... Generally semi-fast poppy punk, with the occasional ska part and a good ol' mosh part in the middle of a song. Another band that probably wasn't ready to have a CD out, but somehow managed to pull it together. I hope they didn't make too many. Back to the drawing board fellas. BD (Double-o-Loser Productions)

DISARM • 7"

This is upbeat punk with male-female vocals that sounds as if it came straight out of the eighties. The packaging is great and I enjoyed their lyric sheet, even though I didn't agree with everything they say. They describe themselves as an anti-American band, more hippies than punks, and I think that pretty much nails it. Even though this is certainly punk rock it has a definite hippie edge. It does remind me Pollution Circus and early Stench. Overall I would say it's probably the vocals that are too much out of key that keeps this from reaching its potential. Still, this isn't all that bad. MH (HotSauce Records/PO Box 20292/Tallahassee, FL 32316)

THE DAGGERS • 7"

Well written garage rock in the vein of the Hellacopters and similar bands. Good stuff if that's your cup of tea. 2 songs at about 2:20 minutes each. MH (Sloth Records/#1A-1304 4th St. SW/Calgary, AB/T2R 0X8/Canada)

DEMON SYSTEM 13 • Vad Yet Vi Om Kriget? LP

Sweden's DS-13 have finally released a full length of 27 tracks of raging hardcore that is influenced by early '80s sounding American hardcore and Swedish thrash. The end result is a sound that is blazing with anger, fury, and speed. Energetic and raw, yet also catchy. This time around they do covers by Refused and Negative Approach. Great music combined with pissed off lyrics. KM (\$10 to Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5Z 2T1/Canada)

DEHUMANIZE • Crystals 7"

Dark, evil mosh-metal from Italy. Their sound is more melodic than your average mosh metal outfit, making this 7" far more charming and appealing. Other than that, it's the same ol' stuff. Heavy riffs and tight drumming that bounces and grooves. Very danceable. At the end of the B side is a gorgeous, classical solo-guitar piece. It's funny how the best part of most metal albums is when they break out the nylon strung guitars. ALP (Wards/Via E. Medi 14/00149 Roma/Italy)

DAMAD • Burning Cold CD

Goddamn is this brutal! I was first drawn to this by the Pushead artwork on the cover and now this has become the soundtrack to destruction. Long Neurosis sounding heaviness with high and low end screaming. Intentionally patient and prepared intros to each song that soon blast into brutally heavy mid tempo chaos. 8 songs of devastated pounding action. In memory of Salamander, I am more than "wordless" but deaf from heavy rotation. SA (Prank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

DESPITE • 7"

I don't know what they put in the water over there in Sweden but I want a sip cuz they're hardcore is fucking great!!!! Here we get a 10 song 7" of Despite who play a good mix of hardcore and crust with lots of energy, anger and passion sung in Swedish. Lyrics deal with issues about religion, USA, posers, drug abuse, cops and vivisection all briefly explained in English inside. If you like Demon System 13, Kontrovers and just fast angry hc crust in the tradition of the Swedish hc scene then you shouldn't miss this 7". MA (Nation Of Mrs. M c/o Petter Andersson/Kallingevej 18/37239 Ronneby/Sweden)

DISCOUNT • Crash Diagnostic LP

Damn, this rocks! I'm extremely happy this band chose a crackling, raw production for their newest effort; otherwise these songs might have turned out rather bland. But don't worry, they didn't. This might be the catchiest and most rocking record I've listened to in a long time. I have been playing it constantly for more than a week. In case you didn't know it, Discount play kick-ass melodic hardcore that features a singer who actually knows what she is doing. My only complaint—and it is a serious one—is that I wish they had included their lyrics and a little something about themselves. MH (New American Dream/PO Box 265/Balboa Island, CA 92662)

DOLORES • Poison Apple 7"

Look: first off, when you print "Dolores" and "Poison Apple" on the front of a 7" in the same size print, I'll think it's a split 7". It takes me a while to figure out that it's not a split and by that time I'm pretty frustrated, so you've got your reviewer all pissed off right off the bat. Not the smartest thing to do. Solution: make things very obvious. Dolores play artsy hardcore mixed up with some random core like Converge or something while not really sounding like Converge at all. They have some quiet parts that build into something fairly heavy. ADI (Renaissance Records/406 N Mendenhall St./Greensboro, NC 27401)

DRAGBODY • Flip The Kill Switch CD

Flip The Kill Switch is Dragbody's first full length and it is about time. Dragbody are from Florida and they have released a few 7"s, but they haven't gotten nearly as much attention as they probably deserve. Metal core with lots of power and hard ass screaming, not unlike Disembodied. Well done and definitely of interest to anyone that digs the metal core stuff. Well produced and recorded by Steve Albini if that matters. Definitely check this out if you like other metal hardcore bands such as Dillinger Escape Plan, Converge, or Overcast. KM (Now Or Never/61 Riordan Place/Shrewsbury, NJ 07702)

DROWNINGMAN • How They Light Cigarettes In Prison 7"

It still seems weird that these guys went over to Revelation when they had a good thing going with Hydrahead. Either way, this 7" makes for a decent record. They just came through our parts and played at the Patch a few months ago and blew out our fuses at least 3 or 4 times before finishing their set. Basically, these guys rock enough to compete with the amount of energy Dillinger Escape Plan emits, and that could be the capacity of 10 bands. Loud and aggressive, Drowningman switch back and forth from their harder, more technical metal elements to their more progressive melodically sung parts. Tear it up! SA (Revelation Records)

DUMBS TRUCK • 7"

Aggressive punk hardcore. On the crusty side of things and they have things like "Break the chains" on their lyric sheets. They also write "No APOLOGIES At all For The SWEARWORDS in the LYRICS, if you DON'T LIKE IT... THEN FUCK OFF!!!" Wow, these guys must be pretty fucking hard if they swear a lot. FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK. Maybe I can join their band because I just swore in print (I know sarcasm doesn't work in print that well, but I had to do it). For as much as I'm mocking this band they really aren't as bad as you'd think. The music has power and drive, the vocals are pissed off, and the recording complements the style very FUCKING well. I'd recommend this to (but not limited to) any crusty punks. ADI (Blind Destruction Records/Box 2982 Colston St/Bristol/BS1 5BB/UK)

ELLIOTT • 7"

Elliott is one of those bands that you can never really go wrong buying one of their records because they all rock in unique and powerful ways. This two song 7" is nothing short of amazing and doesn't let up at any second. These songs really stand out on their own and give that emotionally actioned punch, or rather one inch punch, similar to the dragon style of Bruce Lee's Jeet Kune Do technique. With eloquence and elegance, they provide a wholehearted 7" with enough energy to keep Bruce Lee's spirit in Jay Palombo's body as well as all of Elliott. Highly recommended, and not because of the clever white ink on white paper layout scheme either. SA (Revelation Records)

EXIT 86 • Kick Me I'm Ugly 7"

Good old kick ass hardcore, the kind you rarely hear these days. It's refreshing to hear something that has no trace of metal in it. 4 old school songs that made me feel good about the whole thing again. MH (Surrender Records/PO Box 6265/Athens, GA 30604)

THE ENDING AGAIN • 7"

Straight forward punk rock reminiscent of the earlier '80s era. I hear some melodic 'Dischord-ish DC rockin' similar to bands like Faith or Rites Of Spring. They keep the energy going pretty consistently throughout all their songs. Every now and again I think of some raw punk rock Sex Pistols song in all their songs on the record. This is a solid punk rock release. SA (Modern Radio/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

EXERCISE IN BREATHING • ...An Entrance Into... CD

Six low-fi songs that feature male/female vocals and a trumpet. I'm trying to figure out why I absolutely love the Palace Brothers and at the same time can't really get into most other low-fi stuff. Hell, it's not like Will Oldham knows how to sing. So why is it that I don't mind when he's out of tune but I cringe when I listen to some of this? I have no idea. Still, Exercise In Breathing supplies you with a nice enough soundtrack to a rainy afternoon. Not too exciting, but by no means bad. MH (No Karma Recordings/PO Box 71203/Milwaukee, WI 53211-7303)

THE EXPLODER • West End Kids Crusade CD

I honestly don't know what to do with you if you've never heard The Exploder. The more you will listen to these 6 songs the more they will eat their way into your brain and stay there for a long time. Let me give you an example: "Like A Bullet From A Gun" starts with hectic riving and Nation Of Ulysses-like vocals, then slows down to a noisy, hypnotic beat, before it culminates in a super-melodic chorus. Delicious! This must be their fourth or fifth release and still nobody seems to know that they are one of the most awesome, most rocking emo bands out there. And I'm talking about the good kind of emo here, not the girly-boy crap. If The Promise Ring is the Freddie Prinze Jr. of emo then The Exploder is Harvey Keitel. A death-defying grin on his face, his pee-pee flailing freely in the breeze, he will destroy pretty boy Freddie with one swift kick to the head, wiping that pearly-teethed smile off his face for good. MH (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

EXTINCTION • Hypocrisy Breeds Traitors CD

When picking this up I was convinced I had once more sacrificed myself going for the retarded mosh metal band that nobody else wants to review. Shows you how wrong I can be. While these 12 songs are certainly harsh metal influenced hardcore they're a lot closer to Downcast than, say, Earth Crisis. The lyrics are excellent and clearly stated reflections on animal torture, sexism, religion and so on. "If happiness is about how good I look, or how much money I have, or what kind of house I live in, then I will consider myself dead." Good stuff. (It is my understanding that the last 4 tracks on this CD have been previously released as a 7" on the same label.) MH (Catalyst Records/PO Box 30241/Indianapolis, IN 46230-0241)

THE FLAMINGO MASSACRES • Usually Gulped... 7"

This German band has a distinct DC-ishness to their sound, both when they rock (think Blueprint) and when they play slow (think late Soulside). The vocals are female, though, so that makes it a little different and more interesting. Overall, I'd be lying if I said I got very excited about these 4 songs. However, they're not all that bad, either. MH (Millipede Records/Kohlfurterstrasse 290473 Nurnberg/Germany)

FAIRFIGHT • The Neverending Road 7"

OK, I've got to admit I've got a soft spot in my heart for this style of music, and I listened to my fair share of it when I was younger, but for some reason, perhaps it's only my perspective, but it just doesn't sound inspiring to me anymore. And it certainly doesn't sound angry. Musically, this is one of those youth crew revival bands that play the formula to a tee, and lyrically the only thing I can really pick on is their unoriginality and cliché songs about friendship and brotherhood... how boring. Personally, I'm sick to fucking death of watered down punk and hardcore and I think this trend of generic straightedge sounding bands with nothing important or relevant to say, is only trivializing and watering down this movement to where everyone involved is bored to fucking death... To Fairfight's defense, I'm sure there are a million basketball jersey slicked back hair gold chain wearing jock looking dudes out there who would love to get in your pit... BD (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden. 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

FET MULE • Vagra Leva Pa Kna 7"

I don't hear too many bands doing this sound nowadays. 4 songs that have an '80s skate rock/punk sound similar to Agent Orange at parts, but still original. They sing in Swedish with no translation for us Americans. I wasn't too into this, decent. AM (Communichaos media/Box 825/101-36 Stockholm/Sweden)

FLOODPLAIN • The Honeymoon Is Over tape

Out of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Floodplain played metallic hardcore with power and passion. Now, having called it quits, they've released this 70 minute tape that contains an old remastered demo, a previously released 7", and some unreleased live material. Their sound is thick and abrasive with chunky "move-it's" and solid phrases. The vocals on most of the material consist of a monotone moan which is quite unbearable at times... but when the vocalist starts screaming, it's not half bad. ALP (Terry Taylor/825 W 12th #1/Sioux Falls, SD 57104)

FID • What's Your Poison? CD

Quite basic melodic punk rock that focuses on drinking and staying positive. It's okay for what it is but nothing special. MH (no address)

FOR THE LIVING • Bridges Burned CD

I actually liked Bridges Burned. Nice melodic youth crew hardcore that has just a tiny bit of toughness in it at times; a few songs had a Gorilla Biscuits feel to them. The songs are all pretty good, and while I didn't find the lyrics inspirational I didn't notice anything too dumb either. I would almost go so far as to call this youth crew indie rock since it really is melodic and kind of rockin', but still definitely in the youth crew category. KM (Goodlife Records/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

FIGURE FOUR • Exercise Your Demons CD

Joker metal band. I guess you had to be there. 8 songs. MH (wikkidraw@hotmail.com)

FOUND MY DIRECTION • Burn All White Flags CD

Moshy sounding youth crew from Australia that has a slight tough guy sound. I wouldn't say that Found My Direction is bad because they have decent songs and they have pretty much mastered this genera, but they don't really have a special sound either. They sound like a lot of other faceless hardcore bands that play this style. Not good or bad really, but rather just a does of everyday hardcore. KM (625 Records/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413 or Resist Records/PO Box 372/ Newtown, NSW/2042/Australia)

THE FRENETICS • Scenery CDep

From what I understand this band hails from Canada. Even so, this comes from what I would call the British school of songwriting. It seems only British people are anal enough to ruthlessly go into those heart stopping minor chords at perfectly planned moments. The six songs on this CD are very catchy. Their singer sounds a lot like that chap from Jawbreaker and the guitar sound is similar to later Chisel stuff. Very pleasant if you—like me—love your old Elvis Costello, Clash and Jam records. MH (Grenadine Records/PO Box 42050/Montreal PQ/H2W 2T3/Canada)

GET UP AND GO'ERS • Before You Go CD

This Swedish band rocks in a similar way to Kid Dynamite. It's just nonstop Get Up And Goooo!!! Pretty good, but I wish the singer wouldn't do the exact same thing in every song (of which there are 13), because the lyrics are totally cool. With a little more variety in the singing style this could be absolutely great. "Point your finger/come on and feel the 'unity' what the hell are they singing here?/I don't know!/Doesn't matter/Point your finger/goddamn I got it now!/They're gonna sing that catchy part over again!/Point your finger/and that's exactly what you do, but have you ever thought it through?/Why you... point your finger/We better finish off this song/You see he songs aren't supposed to be long!" MH (Euphony Records c/o Daniel Axelsson/Kringelvagen 10B/352 44 Vaxjo/Sweden)

GOGOGO AIRHEART • CD

Post-hardcore retro-new wave influenced music with a very unfocused approach. Their songs don't have the catchy song structures of true new wave and for the most part their sound is pretty abrasive and yet certainly new wave influenced. Gogogo Airheart are from San Diego, which seems to be a melting pot of styles, and the band features members of Tristeza, The Rapture, and Strictly Ballroom. I guess there are a lot of bands these days heading in this direction. I am not really sure how to digest it. It has nothing to do with indie rock and yet like indie rock it is a step away from a more traditional hardcore sound. Arty post hardcore that is still very abrasive. KM (Gold Standard Laboratories/PO Box 11794/Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

THE GRIND • Valium CD

8 songs by this Italian band. The way they introduced themselves in the booklet made me laugh: "Luca Rittatore plays bass (quite bad) and plans his suicide." Musically this is a mix of Jawbreaker (without being too much of a rip off) and Nirvana. If that's the kind of rock'n'roll that gets your ass shaking you ought to check this out. Vocals in broken English. If you need a hint check out these sample lyrics from "My Libido": "Is my most libido in the heart of angels." I don't know, is it? Mine can usually be found in the butt of spider monkeys. (By the way, if a band lists a management address, then yes, I'm allowed to make fun of them.) MH (Christiano Panepinto/Sir. Giardina, 10 Casalborgone/10020 Torino/Italy)



GOOD CLEAN FUN • On The Streets Saving The... CD

Washington D.C.'s funniest straight edge band are back with their first full length LP. The LP comes in four different versions. Each version has a different cover, labels, and insert. Version one looks like a crust record, version two looks like an emo record, version three looks like a death metal record, and version four looks like a youth crew hardcore record. All of them were really well done, and I was impressed by all the work that must have gone into designing all the different covers. They are all quite humorous, and everyone will find at least one of them funny. Musically, On The Streets... features eleven tracks of fun and sarcastic youth crew hardcore that is influenced by Minor Threat and the Gorilla Biscuits. Personally I think the songs from their first two 7"s were a bit better than the material on this new LP, but it all fits together in their live set and it is a guarantee that Good Clean Fun enthusiasts all over the planet will be excited by these new songs. Good Clean Fun is all about solid hardcore, plenty of choruses, a healthy dose of melody, and having a really good time; fun and energetic. Positive go! KM (Phyte Records/PO Box 90363/Washington, DC 20090)



GROTTO • Get A Hustle CD

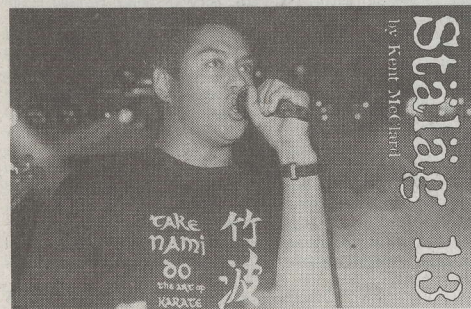
This isn't an easy CD to describe. Grotto has a distorted sound that can sound pretty dirty at times, but then can just as easily sound more radio accessible with a cleaner almost catchy sound. A few songs sound influenced by the Seattle grunge thing, but in a very mainstream way. For the most part the songs are pretty good, and I enjoyed listening to Grotto. Way more on the rock side of things than on the hardcore end of the spectrum; as a point of reference I would say that Grotto sounds like something that could have been released by Touch & Go or S.S.T. Records. KM (Modern Radio Records/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

HACKSAW • Kick It 7"

Re-mastered and re-pressed, the long lost Hacksaw 7" is finally available. The sound is 100% pure Swiz influenced hardcore. In fact it would be an easy prank to convince your friends that these songs were some unreleased Swiz tracks. Hacksaw was an excellent band even if the Swiz influence was pretty extreme. I thought they had broken up, but apparently they are still going strong though they supposedly don't sound so much like Swiz anymore. KM (Great American Steak Religion/4507 N. Gantenbein/Portland, OR 97217)

HAIL MARY • Not Live 7"

Apparently a lot of people think that Hail Mary are not so good live, and thus they have called this new 7" *Not Live* in reference to the fact that they aren't so good live. Actually, I have to say that I don't really remember the live set I caught, but I do remember their records, so maybe there is something to the whole thing... In any event, I guess I should describe Hail Mary for anyone that has yet to hear their recorded material. These songs are following along with their last LP; Born Against influenced hardcore with Blast! influenced vocal work. It is uncanny. Excellent and powerful. Quite good, especially for those like myself that like all the Black Flag derivatives... KM (Hopscotch Records/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)



THE HALIFAX PIER • CD

Okay, I don't get this label and their stupid bio sheets. With this band they tell me a "studied, intelligent approach should be allowed for their songs to completely sink in." This is in fact the only Trilove/Temporary Residence release I reviewed for this issue that I could appreciate (and I mean appreciate a lot) by simply sitting back and getting into the groove. I fear this might not be an intelligent enough approach. Who cares. I wonder why these guys don't realize they might get much better reviews if they refrained from sending those fuck awful explanatory sheets. But, anyway, with this release nothing they could have written could have stopped me from really, really liking it. I loved this despite all the garbage accompaniment. Six slow, laid back pieces that flow along beautifully, featuring acoustic guitars, a violin and a cello. Try crossing the Palace Brothers and the Black Heart Procession's sadness with the Rachels and add some vocals by a guy who knows how to carry a tune and you'll get this. Very highly recommended for those sad nights alone. MH (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

THE HARASTE • 7"

More crazed emo with super fast parts intermingled with more emotive ones and indecipherable screams. This is certainly one of the better entries of the genre. You might want to check into The Haraste. It'll be worth your time. MH (512 West 28th St./Sioux Falls, South Dakota, no zip code)

HARUM SCARUM • Mental Health LP

I really liked this LP quite a lot. Harum Scarum have a pretty diverse sound with a lot of singing styles; male and female vocals with both doing screaming and singing. The sound is part melodic punk, which at times reminds me of the Upright Citizens (a very obscure reference), and part crusty punk. They really do cover a lot of styles, but it all stays together as one sound. I prefer the diversity because it keeps their music sounding fresh, and while I often grow tired of the same thing over and over again Harum Scarum never lets that happen. The LP also comes with a cool booklet with lyrics and text. One of the better records I have heard as of late. Very political. KM (Tribal War Records/1951 W Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

HAYMARKET RIOT • CD

First this just sucked in the really boring droney indie-emo way, later I realized that they should be called HaymarketFugazi or FugaziRiot maybe even HayFugaziRiot. ADI (PO Box 14061/Chicago, IL 60614-0061)

HUGE • CD

I'm not quite sure what this is all about since most of the lyrics are in Polish and the ones that are in English are impossible to figure out. I know that the words "united," "hardcore" and "wolfpack" are in there, and so are "honor" and "god." And then there's a picture of the "Stepbrother Crew"; a whole bunch of guys in hardcore gear and a dog. Hmm... Musically this is basic late '80s NY style hardcore and I'm sure this is of quite some importance for the local scene. For the outside listener, however, this remains fairly irrelevant. MH (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

HUSKING BEE • The Sun And The Moon CD

From what I've been hearing from word of mouth out in the Far East, these guys are a pretty big indie rock band in Japan. I definitely can hear the catchiness clinging on to all scales they are playing. Pretty solid stuff that only takes a few listens to have you singing along yet have no idea what you are saying. Only four songs, but when you end up repeating the first two over and over again there is really no need to hear any more. Yeah, I dig this. This is some awesome Japanese rock! Gambate! SA (Doghouse/PO Box 8946/Toledo, OH 43623)

HEATHER • CD

Six tracks at 36:33 minutes. This is demo quality low-fi pleasant rock from New York. They sing songs about girls, sunsets, and rain. The songs have twin guitar and double vocal interaction. Unfortunately the overly loud vocals often drown out the rest of the music. The songs are medium to slow tempo and Heather stretch them on for many minutes which don't really add much to them. This is a start but Heather have a lot of work to do before they come up with something interesting. SJS (Heather/352 Second Ave./Vestal, NY 13850)

HELL MACH 4 • Ten Meter Resolution CD

Begins and ends (or at least SHOULD) with a nice little instrumental track, "Beg," in a similar fashion as the first Cerberus Shoal album. I say SHOULD, because there is actually a not-so-hidden track of 23+ minutes of noisy excess. Before then, the CD is a nice little forty minute jaunt through mathcore land. At times it hits me like Hoover, at others like one of those Chicago bands, and still others it sounds like they hire the singer from Soundgarden (with some influence from the AC/DC guy). I don't know... it's hit-and-miss much of the time. I DO know that the beginning of "Human Cannonball" is to Rye Coalition's "300 Foxes" (on their *Hee Saw Dhuh Kaet* CD) as Vanilla Ice's "Ice Ice Baby" is to Queen/David Bowie's "Under Pressure." Very similar... almost TOO similar. Anyway, the occasional riff-swipe and over-singing aside, this is a fairly enjoyable trip. Really quite a solid effort. 9 songs, 40 minutes and 1 song with a couple of good minutes out of 23. DO (Moodswing/4710 Lou Ivy Rd./Atlanta, GA 30096; www.moodswingrecords.com)

HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE • Gnarly 7"

Very, very punk. The recording quality is similar to the Death Wish Kids demo 7". This sonic fuckedupness is actually the only thing that redeems this from being complete shit. The lyrics are nonsensical and the packaging is crap. Still these English chaps manage to kick some ass musically. Recommended if you like to get drunk, smash your head against the wall and puke all over your friends. MH (Wrench Records/BCM Box 4049/London/WC1N 3XX/England)

THE HILLARY STEP • The Second Time Means Nothing CD

I've listened to this repeatedly, but this is one of these records that all too quickly become background music. These songs remind me of the first Mineral LP, Piebald, Christie Front Drive, and other music that is pretty. I'm checking out the lyrics to see if there's anything else I could say about this... Forgedaboutit. MH (Urinine Records)

HOPEWELL • Words I Meant To Say CD

6 songs from this Schenectady based band. Their faster tunes remind me of Avail and then when they slow down they sound more like Texas Is The Reason. This CD proves once again that it's not all that easy to be as good and catchy as the aforementioned bands. Hopewell means well, but doesn't quite get there. MH (Seasonal Affect Recordings/PO Box 68/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)

HORIZON • Where The Blind Lead The Blind CD

This picks up where Downcast left off. The lyrics are smart and heartfelt and the music is driving metal influenced hardcore that grabs you by the throat and gives you a good squeeze. Too bad they didn't get a recording that paid justice to their talent. The drummer sounds as if he was playing on cardboard boxes half of the time (Maybe he was! That in turn would make me have to say "wow, these cardboard boxes sure sound a lot like real drums!") Still, if you liked Downcast you couldn't help liking this. "This is my renouncement of a system that is shit." My mother never put it more eloquently. Right on guys! MH (Catalyst Records/PO Box 30241/Indianapolis, IN 46230-0241)

HOT HOT HEAT • 7"

Very similar to the lineup on GSL (The VSS, Sunshine, Starlite Desperation). This would fit well on GSL, really. I would say a lot of bands are doing this No-New wave thing fairly well these days and Hot Hot Heat is one of them, powered by Keyboards and synths and drums. This is what makes the kids dance. I'm sure this band will be in your town soon, and maybe by then they will have a single or 3" CD on GSL. BR (Ache Records/3279 Chaucer Ave./North Vancouver, BC/V7K 2C2/Canada)

THE ICARUS LINE • Red And Black Attack 7"

Okay, the cover has a picture of the band members in black dress pants, black button down shirts and red ties. Was it really all that wrong of me to expect girlie-boys and keyboards? Imagine my surprise thus when I discovered that the 4 songs on here are heavy aggressive hardcore with a distinct early '90s feel. I swear the first song on the 2nd side sounds exactly like Born Against. Very cool. And very stylin'. MH (Slow Gun Records/4760 Blue Mountain/Yorba Linda, CA)

IDLE HANDS • Treaty CD

I took a double take when I put this into the CD player. When one thinks Trustkill Records one probably already assumes metal hardcore, but this is poppy upbeat melodic rock with the old singer of Copper, who isn't that old. Just four songs here to introduce this new rock outfit out of Orange County that really gives you that Copper feel. However, I have to say I liked Copper much better when they were around. Regardless of the past, this is solid indie rock with a strong female vocalist that I can see people catching on pretty quick. If you really dig the singer from Copper's vocals you'll really get into this album and you'll really dig the Give Until Gone full length coming out as well, since she sings on three songs. SA (Trustkill/23 Farm Edge Ln./Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

IN CASE OF EMERGENCE • CD

I'm not quite sure where this band is from... I think Canada. Music with weird discordant guitar sounds, funky/groovy baselines, off beat drumming and muffled singing/screaming/gargling and all this still with a punk/hardcore element... how? I don't know. MA (Sloth Records/#1A-1304 4th St. SW/Calgary, AB/T2R 0X8/Canada)

INANE • Zeitraffer LP

Demon metal for those about to rock... Inane does exactly what you would expect from an Alveran release; they assault, they rock, they scream, they make it heavy and painful. German metal-core played with anger and energy. The vocals are a combination of gruff demonic growls and higher pitched screaming... all lyrics in German, though honestly no matter what language it would be nearly impossible to decipher. It would be better to think of the screaming and moaning as some distorted instrument rather than as "singing." KM (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)

INDECISION • Release The Cure CD

13 songs of super crunchy hardcore with power grooves and breaks and some NYHC flavor. The energy in their music is at full throttle. While I don't listen to this style of music very much anymore I don't ever remember these type of bands singing about what Indecision sings about and writes about. Themes such as the future downfall of US imperialism, population control through man made diseases and many more thought provoking issues. Finally a NYHC band really keepin' it real. This is a French release. MA (Overcome Records/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE • The Newest... CD

Combine a Pushhead style cover with some aspects of Man Is The Bastard, Locust, and a sprinkling of a bunch of different screamy emo bands and you get something akin to Index For A Potential Suicide. The music is well done and interesting and always harsh. They use a keyboard but it doesn't really come through all the time, and their rebellious lyrics are well put together. I liked this one. Odd and interesting. KM (OHEV Records/PO Box 772121/Coral Springs, FL 33077)

INNER TERRESTRIALS • Escape From New Cross LP

RIGHT ON! Political ska/reggae like some Subhumans and Citizen Fish. Ten songs of upbeat, right on political goodness! Issues from environmentalism to having fun. All the lyrics are well thought out and very well written. This is also great sounds quality, since it is all live. Overall, this is great! Smashing the state while dancing the night away! You are going out to get this right now!! DD (Inner Terrestrials/PO Box 14247/London/SE4 2ZN/UK)

INTENSITY • Virtue Of Progress 7"

Wow! I was unprepared for the, pardon the pun, intensity of this band. They have a traditional hardcore style that packs a serious punch. Bands such as Deathbeat, Switchblade, Seem' Red, Talk Is Poison, and Last Match come to mind when I listen to this record. (All of which I have been listening to lately and have put out some great records of their own.) Thrash based, unwavering, '80s influenced hardcore with a bite and some gripping rhythms. Intensity's lyrics all discuss political and personal issues that are relevant and engaging. This is the best thing I have ever heard from the Six Weeks label. LO (Six Weeks Records/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

IRE • Adversity Into Triumph CD

I remember seeing Ire play with Cave In at the Pickle Patch a couple years back and they just about blew the roof over my living room. This album includes the Schema 7" released a couple years back, the split LP on Spineless and their 7th track is an unreleased number. Ire consistently bludgeons with intensity and fierce energy that some may want to avoid. Metal hardcore in the same vein as Cave In, not as technical but just as heavy and chaotic. Lyrics are politically charged with passion and turn this metal album into something very emotional. SA (Ellington/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445)

JETTISON • 7"

Amazingly well done emo college rock in the vein of Jimmy Eat World and all the countless others. The funny thing is, that since these guys are from Germany, nobody in the US will buy their record, anyway. It doesn't matter how good it is, nobody's going to care. What a shame. MH (CarVacation/Tannenhof 17/90469 Nurnberg/Germany)

JOCELYN HIGH • The Drug CD

Rock n' Roll. College rock that prides in their catchy music and vocal patterns that sound overdone and over played every now and again. There is no pop here, just rock and roll with solos and everything. The dual female-male vocals work well but for the most part I can't get into it. After the first song, I have to stop it before I realize that I am not listening to mainstream rock with all its yucky yucky sounding yuckiness. The first song is pretty good in a Weezer sort of way, but the rest seem to flunk out. SA (X-Ray Records)

JOHN BROWN • Introduction To The Hit List... 7"

Whenever I hear rhythmic, semi-aggressive music like this I invariably end up comparing it to the Transmegetti, but I guess I could also cite Universal Order of Armageddon or Drive Like Jehu. This band seems to be somewhere in between there. Loved the packaging. MH (Moodswing Records/4710 Lou Ivy Rd./Atlanta, GA 30096)

JOHN BROWN BATTERY • Is Jinxed CD

When I first listened to this, I wasn't into it. I thought the vocals were a terrible compromise of singing and screaming and that the music was generic. Since then I'm not sure what happened, but this album has grown on me. I think I've picked up on more subtle details... I think what really bugged me was their attempt at Hot Water Music style pirate singing. Really gruff and throaty... but I kinda like it now. Their mid-tempo parts are driving, their fast parts are active, and their breakdowns groove pretty hard. Geez... Yeah I think I'll be listening to this more often. ALP (He Who Corrupts/196 Fairfield/Elmhurst, IL 60126)

JOHN Q. PUBLIC • The Neverending Why CD

Very Avail and Kid Dynamite. These 10 songs rock and rock and then rock some more. The vocals are to the point and work well with the overall sound. They remind me of Five-O, and let me tell you, I'm very happy about that. The lyrics are mostly personal and deal with relationships to women and other people. I think they would have profited from being less on the nose, but I'm nit-picking. This is a good solid release. MH (Middle Man Records/PO Box 4606/Lafayette, IN 47903)

JR EWING • Calling In Dead CD

This is really good chaotic influenced hardcore from Norway. Every song is powerful and a bit on the noisy side with good singing. Very rhythmic and pulsating with lots of distortion. Definitely in the same vein as Saperation, though not nearly as aggressive. Chaotic emo with a nice sharp edge. Alternating between frantic chaotic volume and more calculated moments of calm; calm before the storm. The LP version comes with a gatefold cover. KM (Coalition Records/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 BB/Den Haag/The Netherlands)

KID DYNAMITE • Shorter, Faster, Louder CD

The title says it all... Short songs played fast and loud, but with plenty of catchy song writing and melody. The songs have energy and they retain the sort of excitement that can usually only be found at a live gig. Some songs remind me quite a lot of early Avail, another band that could write short fast songs without losing the melody and catchy quality. This time around Kid Dynamite's sound isn't as diverse sounding as it was on their debut LP, which isn't a complaint since it really seems that Kid Dynamite has found their groove on *Shorter, Faster, Louder*. Good stuff. KM (Jade Tree Records/2310 Kennwynn Rd./Wilmington, DE 19810)

KEELHAUL • CD

Wicked and distorted and heavy and rock is the way I would describe Keelhaul. They draw from some '70s rock styles as well as from '90s sludge and make it their own. Thick and heavy like a granite boulder. The vocals are dense shouts. A definite pleaser for those that like being beaten by the modern metal hardcore that labels like Escape Artist and Hydra Head are so often releasing these days. KM (Escape Artist Records/PO Box 472/Downingtown, PA 19335-0472)

KITTY EMPIRE • Diary Of Failure 10"

The one word that keeps coming to mind when listening to this is dreamy. Dreamy, dreamy, creamy, steamy. This German band plays medium-paced melodic hardcore/rock overflowing with feelings of sadness and melancholy. I keep thinking Kosjer D and Dinosaur Jr. If that sounds appealing to you, you should check this out, because it is done with style. MH (Dancing in The Dark Records/Oise Ronsberger/Rennweg 1/93049 Regensburg/Germany)

KERBLOCI • CD

Bifocal Media seems to do what they want because who else would think that they could put out a hip-hop beat-happy rhythmic record and get it distributed through the hardcore scene... I mean this is *HeartattaCK* not *Murder Dog*. But if you like independent street style rap stuff then maybe Kerbloci will get you movin'. Actually it would be sort of refreshing to go to a show and see Kerbloci in the middle of it all... I can only imagine a show with Atom & His Package, Kerbloci, and Soophie Nun Squad all on the bill. Let's get giki with it! KM (Bifocal Media Recordings/PO Box 296/Greenville, NC 27835-0296)

KERVORKIAN • Who Is Who 7"

Frantic and chaotic, Kervorkian take what was once known as the Gravity style and smack some new life into it. Great kick ass hardcore with a lot of character and style. Chaotic and yet very catchy. Kervorkian may well be the best band to come out of the Czech Republic. Lyrics in English. Excellent and very exciting. They also have a split LP and a 7" which are both quite good as well. KM (Day After Records/PO Box 153/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

THE KILL, BABY • 7"

Screaky emo that often comes close to self parody. They even have the crazed Constantine Sankathi horn section. After reading the lyrics I'm beginning to think they shouldn't really be upset about such things as falling in love, what they really ought to be upset about is their drum sound. It's so bad, that now I want to go out and write a song about it. Hmm, if it weren't for the last song I would give this a complete thumbs down. "Sometimes the best way to fix something is to break it completely," now there's a song title that makes complete sense to me, especially in regards to this record. MH (Last House/17 South 4th St/Lebanon, PA 17042)

KILOWATTHOURS • Lessons In Time Management 7"

Do you like Elliott? Would you like to hear more of their stuff? Well, heck, get this pretty little 7" by Kilowatthours. It features one guy from Elliott and a bunch of other guys and together they play very sweet and pleasing emo pop rock. I especially liked the way they used the piano in these two candy coated songs. This appears to be a limited release—so drop your daisies and run out and get it. MH (Temporary Residence Records/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

KANSANDEMOKRATIA • Vainottu 7"

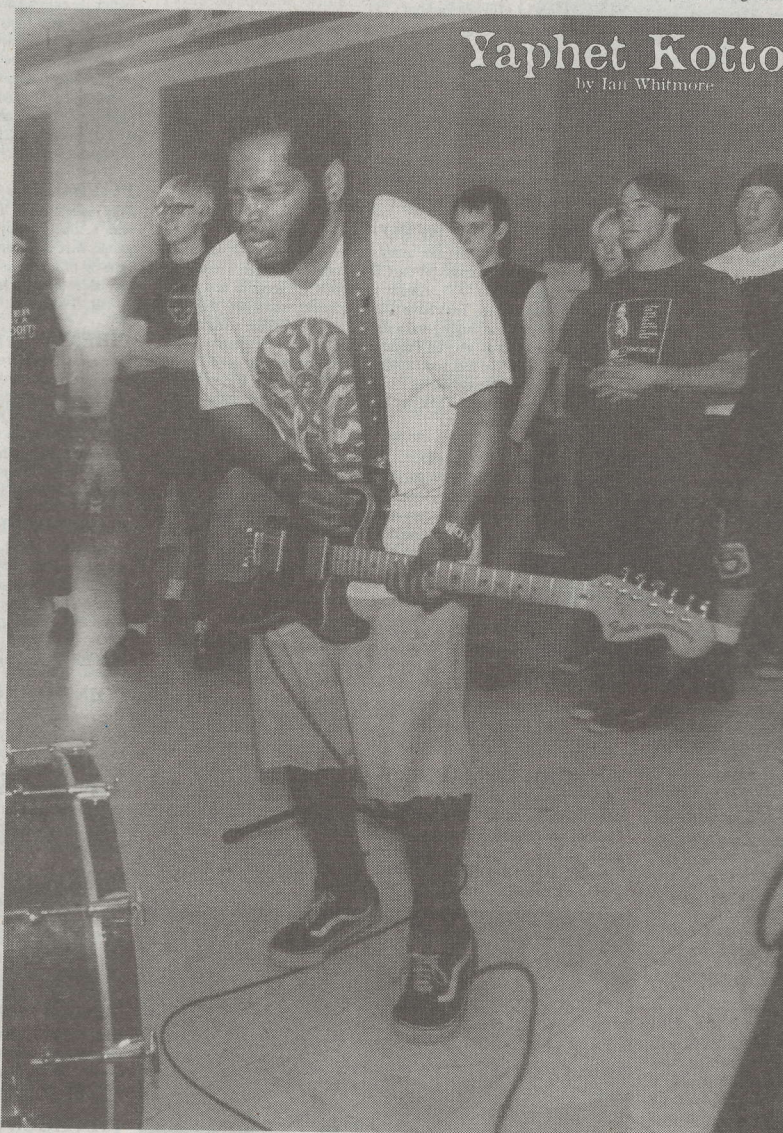
Can u say Totuus? I knew you could! Finnish hardcore, from Finland no less! I like this kinda stuff. Eight songs with political lyrics and translations, covering issues such as war, depression and war! Overall, a fairly good release! Anyone who likes Totuus, Tampere SS or other bands like that, check this one out! DD (Fight Records/Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

THE LETTER E • CDep

Imagine entering a natural/organic cafe where you walk up to the counter and try to figure out which vegan sandwich to order; this is what might be playing in the background. Easy listening hardcore (hardcore is really pushing it here) in the vein of the second Cerberus Shoal album. Very relaxed and non-threatening. No vocals. MH (B-Core Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

THE LONERS • Love Em Or Leave It LP

This is rock n' roll inspired punk... so, if you like a lot of the overseas stuff that was coming out in the rock n' roll type of vein in 76/77 then you may find this to be pretty good. This neither moves me, nor annoys me. Straightforward rock n' roll punk, well played, with a slightly polished poppy edge. BD (Unter Schafen c/o Timo Lowenstein/Auf der Hardt 35/56130 Bad Ems/Germany)

**Yaphet Kotto**

by Ian Whitmore

LOVESICK • 7"

The cover of the 7" is some sort of mixture of emoish-goth artwork and with a name like Lovesick, you'd have to go with the first instinct. The vinyl tells a slightly different story, with some strands of truth to that instinct. The male vocals on two of the three songs are somewhere between Piebald and Alex from Former Members of Alfosin... really kooky, marble-mouthed lyrics which are virtually indecipherable without the included lyric sheet. Not bad, but an-acquired taste perhaps. The music is lighthearted, upbeat melodic rock. The first song on the second side is mellow (low-energy) stripped-down pretty music with cutesy female vocals. Personal in nature but, to be honest, the lowlight of the record. The interesting part of the 7" turns out to be the kooky vocals. Overall, falls somewhere in the middle of the spectrum, with the potential to be lost in the shuffle. DO (\$4ppd (US), \$6 (World) from Twenty-Twelve/PO Box 8144/Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

MACH TIVER • This Paper Airplane Doesn't Fly So Well... CD

I find these 11 songs pretty hard to describe. They have a desperate urgency about them that I really like. This band is from Canada and they use some

Shotmaker lyrics. Actually Shotmaker isn't such a bad reference point. There are also a couple of things that I don't like about this but I decided I'm not going to go into them because I don't want to be mean. You should definitely listen to this before you buy it. MH (Red Elephant Records c/o Adam Goodwin/RR#4/Trenton, ON/K8V 5P7/Canada)

MAHARAHJ • Chapter One: The Descent CD

Maharahj play metal hardcore and they hail from the frozen wastelands of the hell known as Canada. The music is simply put, metal, and the vocals are shrieking heaviness. The lyrics have topics, and yet they are written in the language of metal: "Your palms weep blood," and "There's Fire In The Sky." Not bad if you are interested in the volume, metal, skull bashing, and metal noise. KM (Now Or Never/61 Riordan Place/Shrewsbury, NJ 07702)

MAN IN THE SHADOW • Pax Americana 7"

This is a young new band from Slovenia. I think one of the reasons this band hasn't reached its full potential yet is that their song writing is a little too simple. However, their heart is definitely in the right place. The booklet cover is great and they take great pains to explain their songs (in English). Musically this reminds me of Muff Potter from Germany; it is melodic emo with lots of acoustic and mellow parts mixed in with the more rocking stuff. MH (Choose Life/Miran Rusjan/Pot Na Breg 8/5250 Solkan/Slovenija)

MAD DRAMA • 7"

Four songs of high velocity pop-punk. If I had the lyrics (I'm supposed to e-mail or write to receive them, but they don't realize how fucking lazy I am), then I might be able to differentiate between them and Pennywise and Bad Religion. I can't. I heard "shit in your mouth" somewhere in there, so there's something to be said for that... sometimes they sound like Metallica, so I guess that's good. They thank Living War Room and I think that they've played in town a couple of times and might be decent, so that's a plus. They are called "Mad Drama," however, and that makes me think of bands called things like "25 Ta Life" and "Jo Mama" and "Wicked Cool" or something. That's not good. Their metallic licks are actually pretty sweet. Therein lies the differentiation. Good. Maybe OLD Pennywise. Back when they were gangsters or something. Whoa-oooooooo-oooooooo. Intriguing. Not quite interesting. DO (Max Power/852 Pine Hill Rd./Stanford, CA 94305)

MARY X • Tedious Time CD

Extremely calming and yet intricate music from France that might as well have come out on Touch & Go or Kranky. At the moment I find it hard to come up with the verbage to describe how much I like this. If you can get even a little bit excited about Slint, I'm sure you would love these seven songs for all their melancholy and sadness. MH (Euphrate Records/BP 37/28130 Maintenon/France)

MATCHLESS • On The Surface... CD

These boys and girls hail from Seattle and play very poppy rock. It took me a while to come up with a comparison, but then it hit me—Matchless sounds like a more energetic version of 3 Shades of Dirty, complete with nice male/female harmonies, and that Simple Machines sound. Pretty good for what it is, but is that really what you want to be listening to? MH (Matchless/1122 E Pike St. Suite 685/Seattle, WA 98122-3934)

MATT POND PA • Measure CD

I'm assuming these are songs about pains and joys expressed through a band that has a string and horn section that includes cello, violin, bass, guitar, french horn and flute. The songs have a lot of acoustics in them; they are quiet, melodic songs with actual singing over them. I'm not familiar with the genre were I can compare them to other bands but I would say this goes well with indie or "alternative rock" sounds. If music was a visual form that can be touched and seen through eyes this would be lovely and beautiful. This CD would go well with a cutesy poetry zine. MA (File 13 Records/PO Box 2302/Philadelphia, PA 19103)

Philadelphia, PA 19103)

MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT • Bodies Over Basra CD

OK, this is a Men's Recovery Project CD so it's a given that it's going to be very strange. They use lots of keyboards and other electronic instruments. To get an idea of what they sound like, take some totally messed up sci fi movie music, and add some crazy guy ranting total nonsense over it and there you have it. I'm not a huge Men's Recovery Project fan or anything, but I must say this is probably my least favorite record by them that I've heard. I found myself getting very bored while listening to this. Most of the time they're so weird that it's at least interesting, but this was just way too repetitive and directionless for my short attention span. You gotta hand it to them, though, because they are defiantly not following any trends. GC (Load Records/PO Box 35/Providence, RI 02901)



M.I.J. • The Radio Goodnight CD

Boy. First I start with an apology to the vocalist... in my review of their CDep I mistook him for a gorgeous female... now I know he is a gorgeous male. Anyway, instantly noticeable is the unparalleled loveliness of the high-pitched, velvet-y vocals laid softly over some nice moving indie rock. While it certainly sits comfortably among Mid-Western neighbors like Braid, Promise Ring and the rest, M.I.J. is no cookie-cutter band. The fluid nature of the guitars, bass and vocals are coupled with some really heavy drumming and it results in an incredible conglomerate of the best elements of mid-'90s Texas is the Reason/Sunny Day rock and innovative soothing pop. I can't really find words to do it justice, but if you're like me and find yourself disenchanted with the wave of crap passing for "emo" these days, do yourself a favor: throw out the last 10 awful CDs you've gotten and replace it with one of this year's finest. You'll need to buy a back-up copy for when you wear the first one out. 10 songs, 37 minutes. DO (Caulfield Records/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68510; www.caulfieldrecords.com)

MEANWHILE • Lawless Solidarity CD

Discharge influenced hardcore from Sweden's Meanwhile. The sound is pretty much what you would expect from a Swedish hardcore band that is influenced by Discharge. The lyrics are political, and if you like this style and the tradition behind it then Meanwhile will blow you away with their thundering punk rock attack. Did I mention Discharge? These 8 tracks were originally released as a 10" in Europe. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

MEANWHILE • Same Shit New Millennium CD

The title is obviously a statement about the fact that world politics haven't changed much from one millennium to the next, but it could also be in reference to the Meanwhile sound, and more broadly to the Swedish Discharge influenced sound that has been going strong for nearly 20 years. Meanwhile does it extremely well, and every song is well written and energetic. They would have been good in 1982 and they are still good today. Blazing songs with great vocals and lots of statements about the world. If you're looking for something new and cutting edge then maybe pass this one by, but if you want powerful punk played with fury and angry singing then Meanwhile will do it to you every time. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

MECHAKUCHA • One Million Safe Hours CD

Mechakucha is an all instrumental, all over the place, all out rockin' trio. Their music falls somewhere between rock and hardcore and ranges from rather mellow, groovin' ditties to harsh, hectic, tri-tone dissonance. They lean towards the harsh side more than often, using odd meters/time frame and syncopation to extenuate the craziness. When I listen to instrumental music that lacks a central melody, I can't help but imagine how much better it would be with vocals. As a result, I often associate instrumental rock with dreary, boring music. Mechakucha defies my stereotype. Their frantic and energetic compositions are both interesting and appealing. ALP (Frenetic Records/PO Box 640434/San Francisco, CA 94164-0434)

MILEMARKER • Frigid Form Sells CD

Featuring x-members of Griver, Sleepytime Trio, and Hellbender Milemarker has been exploring all the possible sounds to come up with a sound of their own. I've seen Milemarker a few times, and they have never sounded this '80s to me... so maybe I am dense. Much more '80s pop than any of their previous releases. Keyboards and lots of pretty singing coupled with poignant lyrics (as was also the case with Hellbender). There are still plenty of songs that are much more by the numbers with great catchy rhythms and singing. Really this is quite good, and I even think the '80s influenced electronica works, so you know they did a good job crafting *Frigid Form Sells*. KM (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210-9998)

MILEMARKER • Changing Caring Humans CD

As noted in the above review Milemarker arose from the ashes of Griver, Sleepytime Trio, and Hellbender. *Changing Caring Humans* is a collection of all of their singles and compilation songs from 1997 through 1999. The sound is much more conventional than on *Frigid Form Sells*, and while I think this material is good, I don't think they had as many successful songs as they did with the new material. Milemarker is still in the process of finding their sound in this period, and there are a few songs that don't work so well in my opinion. Still a good release for those already interested in Milemarker. KM (Stickfigure Records)

MONOCHROME • Laser CD

The most beautiful packaging I have come across this year. Trans Solar always puts out creative aesthetically pleasing covers and packaging in all their releases. I know that if I buy something from them I'll at least enjoy looking at the record if I don't like the music. But for Monochrome that is clearly not the case. Monochrome play melodic and inventive rock, for the lack of better words (their music is of their own genre), with dual female to male vocals. They speak their own discourse and language when writing music—they have a unique raw sound that is almost impossible to recreate in any way. Monochrome are the type of band that keep progressing past their peers. I have to say that they are one of the best bands that are out right now by far. This is record is simply amazing. Murderistic and Brilliant! SA (Trans Solar Records/PO Box 02 35 29/10127 Berlin/Germany)

MUKEKA DI RATO • Gaiola CD

Fast, vigorous, Brazilian old-school hardcore! Ultra lively and furious. This is my first experience with hardcore from Brazil, and I must say it's fun to hear a very familiar genre performed by people of a different culture. It adds to the appeal. Included with the album is a 12 page booklet full of pictures of them playing live and having a great time with friends... it looks like they really enjoy life. I wish more bands could take themselves seriously and have fun at the same time. The music is incredibly energetic and amusing, the vocals are yelled and growled in an Assück manner, and the production quality is quite good, to say the least. Beware the occasional blast beat! If only I spoke Portuguese so I could understand these lyrics... ALP (Laja/Cx. Postal 025519/Itaparica/V.Velha/ES - CEP 29.102-973/Brasil)

MOLEHILL • Comfort Measured In Razor Lines CD

Serial killer metal with all the sound clips and gruff vocals you could ever ask for. Real fucking interesting (I'm being sarcastic here). 6 songs from this Alabama based band. MH (Rage of Achilles/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/England)

NEIL PERRY • 7"

Super crazy fast shit in the vein of Honeywell, The Locust and other lunatics. Nice packaging and layout. I'm almost certain you need to buy this. It's real good. MH (Spirit Fall/215 Hancock Ave./Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

NINE DAYS WONDER • 7"

This Japanese band plays incredibly smart and intricate emo. I struggle to find a comparison. What did come to mind were label mates The Exploder—one of the best bands nobody's ever heard of. Some of Nine Day Wonder's songs have a lingering snake-in-the sun kind of feel, others are more aggressive, more desperate. What shines through at all times, though, is their awesome talent to write songs that remain memorable despite their intricacy. The first press of this 7" sports a limited metal-plated cover (500). Purchase now! MH (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

NITCHEVO • Live In Parkhof CD

Walk into the kitchen of any European squat and in nine out of ten cases you'll be hearing something similar to Nitchevo. That is energetic and highly melodic folksy punk in the vein of Mano Negra and Les Negresses Vertes. These multi-ethnic bands usually draw their inspirations from Northern African and Jamaican rhythms and punk bands like The Clash. The lyrics are a mix of French, English and Arabic. I sometimes think of it as French ghetto music. Just as in the case of Nitchevo this kind of music is always highly danceable (think Chumbawamba minus the proverbial cork in the ass). Six songs. MH (No Label/5, Rue de Tomboucrou/75018 Paris/France)

NO PLACE FOR A HERO • Casting Line CD

9 songs. The first thing that came to my mind when I put this on was Five-O. Good old Five-O. I turned off the CD and ran over to Brett's room and listened to the first Five-O 7". Ahhhh, there, that felt good, so now, back to No Place For A Hero. They have that old school sound where they mix melodies with emotive singing and a strong (and loud) guitar sound. This stuff is very unaffected, very un-Promise Ring and I give it thumbs up for that. It's basically that feel good kinda very early emo that should be on vinyl, not on CD. Nevertheless, I liked these songs and I'm going to recommend them to you. MH (Cloister Records/190 S Benton St./Lakewood, CO 80226)

NOSTROMO • Argue CD

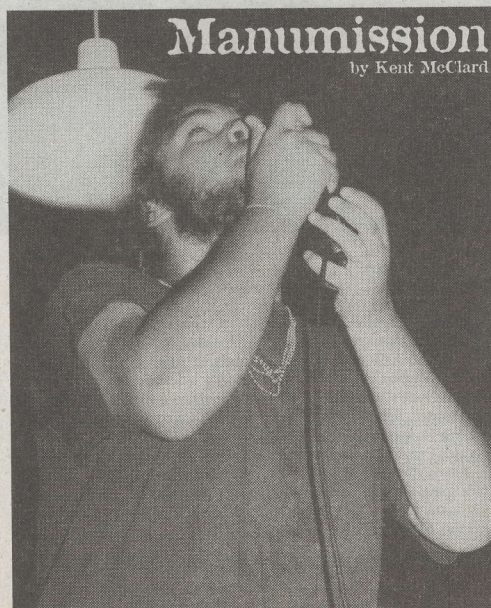
Straight up metal without even the slightest trace of hardcore. I've never consciously listened to Slayer, but this might be what they sound like? Nostromo certainly plays very fast at times. So fast, actually, that double bass drum sound often ends up sounding like a joke. I was kind of excited because this band is from Switzerland, but then they turned out to sound pretty disappointing to me. MH (Snuff Records/PO Box 5117/CH-1211 Geneva 11/Switzerland)

OTOPHOBIA • Source Of Confusion 7"

Yes, this is a split release by Burrito Records. What a fucking cool name for a label. Anyway, the band that I'm supposed to be writing about is pretty good, kind of has a thrash-crust feel. The singer doesn't seem pissed off enough; he sounds more evil, almost Black Metal. Simple and fast enough to get through 11 songs in a 7". ADI (Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

ONWARD TO MAYHEM • Six Acts In The Act... 7"

A good name for a band that plays manic anarcho-punk tunes and hails from Minneapolis, MN. Political with rebellious lyrics and a nice looking booklet, which is all in black and white of course. Thrashy and noisy and punk as fuck. They even have a pro-drinking anthem called "Up The Drunk!" Onward to mayhem, indeed. KM (InsubordiNation Records/1800 Park Ave #202/Minneapolis, MN 55404)



PALPATINE • 7"

Four songs of chaotic moshy metal hardcore done pretty well. These guy pump out some jams that remind me of Unbroken and at times Rorschach. They definitely have a heavy sound going for them. The thing that I like about this band is their sound is based more on rocking out than sounding all screwed up and technical like so many lame bands are trying to nowadays. Good recording and layout too. I dig it. GC (Here We Are Records/6050 Lindo Paseo Box 317/San Diego, CA 92115)

THE PANOPLY ACADEMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS • Concentus CD

Listening to these 9 songs leaves me exhausted. Think of the most affected "eeehs" and "aaahs" that ever left Ian Svenonious' mouth and then multiply that pain by ten. The Panoply Academy deconstructs emo. They strip it of its prettiness and twist it around until it breaks. The problem is they know what they're doing and they want you to applaud their cleverness. I'm reminded of watching this "artist"; He gives himself a paint enema and then crouches over the canvas. I'm torn between laughing and hitting him over the head with a 2 by 4. What comes out of his ass is green, blue and red. But isn't it still shit? MH (Secretly Canadian/1702 North Maple/Bloomington, IN 47404)

PARIS@2AM • It Wasn't An Accident But It Should've Been CD

Within the emo-hardcore category, this band is all over the place musically. At times I hear hints of a little Fuel in there, sometimes even a teensy weensy bit of Sawhorse, but don't let me lead you to believe this band sounds anything like the aforementioned bands. It doesn't. They have a tight sound and sometimes they go into a melodic DC-like straight forward jam and then they just go ballistic and go into this off beat weird repetitive thing which kind of annoys me. They're just all over the place, this probably would be a good demo. MA (No Karma Recordings/PO Box 71203/Milwaukee, WI 53211-7303)

PC PHOBIA • 7"

Silly name to boot. This record is so limited I don't know if it is included with a 'zine, or they just made 112 for kicks. There are noisy, driven guitars here and slurping vocals. Well, PC Phobia tend to remind me a little bit of Joy Division in the vocal department, but musically they're a lot noisier and maintain an edge (not straight edge). If you can find it, buy it. BR (Promenade Fannie)

PIREXIA • L'a Mar CD

Off the wall rock, from Uruguay. A lot of this is jangly pop rock. Other songs are a bit weirder and I don't know how to describe them. Some of the melodies seem pretty hammy in a overly catchy way. Also they use an organ in a bunch of songs. Almost all of this is a pleasant listen, but with 22 tracks at 44 minutes I find myself getting tired of this less than about half way through. The lyrics are translated into English and are of a political nature. ADI (Inocencia Discos c/o Mario Pareja/765 C.P./90200 Las Piedras/Canelones/Uruguay)

POINT OF FEW • Surface 7"

In the vein of Man Lifting Banner and Seein' Red (since they are from the same part of the world), Point Of Few rip it up with some fast and furious songs. I also hear some old No For An Answer sounding parts at times. Their lyrics are a combination of rage filled political bursts and statements about daily life. *Surface* is a great record with ten smokin' hardcore songs and no dead weight. KM (Coalition Records/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Deen Haag/Netherlands)

POINT OF NO RETURN • Temporary Cover CD

These 4 songs take me back to the time when I was just getting into hardcore and I was rocking out to the sounds of bands like Judge, 7 Inch Boots, Inside Out (both coasts), etc. Not to say that Point of No Return sound dated. They combine that kind of yesteryear rage with a more modern mosh sound that is further enhanced by the dual vocals. The end result is quite pleasing to the ear (or the ass should you choose to sit on a speaker). Oh, and they're from Brazil. Cool! MH (Catalyst Records/PO Box 30241/Indianapolis, IN 46230-0241)

POSION THE WELL • The Opposite Of December CD

Wow, was I surprised! I thought this may be another formula East Coast metal band that I'd get bored of after listening to the first couple songs, but this is fucking amazing. I would have to say from what I have been hearing on Truckkill, this is the best band they have put out in a long time. Mixing melodic vocals and harmonies to screaming fury, they masterfully pull it off with flying colors. The first song alone leaves me in trembling anticipation for more energy. This reshapes a new vision of metal hardcore that I can really fucking rock out too. I am quite impressed and stunned at the churning in my stomach as I write this review while my stereo is blasting *Poison The Well* on its third time in a row. Amazing metal hardcore to say the least. SA (Truckkill/23 Farm Edge Ln./Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

PONTIOUS PILATE • Baptize This 7"

Well, it looks like these Midwest thrashers have thinned out their lineup and are now playing as a three-piece. I was really stoked on this record—crusty thrash in the traditional Twin cities hardcore fashion. Fast and furious with song after song of crazed thrash! Songs are mostly about reflections of society and religion. They kept me interested and the record never bored me. These guys have an awesome energy that flows through the speakers and could easily have you rocking out into the first track. CF (Pagan Punk Records/2441 Lyndale Ave. S/Minneapolis, MN 55405)

PURIFICATION • Vessek If Wrath 7"

Non-vegans: lock your doors, because Purification fucking mean business. Every song is about veganism and saving the planet. In a song explanation they wrote: "The Earth is not dying, it is being killed, and the people who are killing it have names and addresses. Talk is ineffective, ONLY ACTION COUNTS. A determinate violent reaction is what's in store if we want the aggression towards all living things to finally cease." I just spent a lot of space printing their liner notes because I thought you'll get the idea of what they sound like. If that's not enough for you, then think Earth Crisis and Shockwave. ADI (Surrounded Records/Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67/69/00146 Rome/Italy)

POWER OF FOUR • *Walking Distance* LP

Power of Four have made an LP of fast and loud punk rock. Their songs are short and basic primal blasts played with feeling. The words are poetic ruminations on friends and relationships, hope for a future, and days gone by. They do not bog down in angst, opting instead to make life worth living. The first track, called "Ride On!!" begins with the line "and I refuse to look back and say to myself, what a good time we had." That is a good attitude to start off a record with. The Power of Four employ twin guitar and twin vocals over a driving rhythm section that is reminiscent of New Day Rising era Hüsker Dü. Not so much the sound, but the emotional power of the music. That makes this record worthy of more than just one listen. SJS (Suburban Legend Records/7 Wood Brook Circle/Wilmington, DE 19810)

PRESS YOUR LUCK • *Nothing To Lose* 7"

...and the winner for the "funniest-song-title-of-the-year" award goes to (drum roll please)... Press Your Luck for "Snitches Get Stitches" about beating your friends up for snitching on you and your crew (applause). Generic sXe youth crew about blah, blah, blah. Nothing new here, but if you're a fan of the genre then you should also get this for the slick cover layout and sharp recording. MA (\$3.50ppd to P.Y.L/2416 W Main St./Richmond, VA 23220)

RAINY DAY REGATTA • *The Music Is On* CD

Yes, the music is on CD. Pretty obvious. Okay, just kidding, but they deserved that since the first song was so fucking annoying. It is just some light guitar, radio static, and a one sentence tape loop, which quickly got on my nerves. Actually, the truth be known I found almost all of the songs to be slightly annoying. I just couldn't get into the acoustic sound that defines Rainy Day Regatta. If you like acoustic guitar, a bit of xylophone, some piano, and keyboards then Rainy Day Regatta might float your boat, but all that rain sank mine. For the terminally emo. KM (Harlan Records/7205 Geronimo/N. Little Rock, AR 72116)

THE RED SCARE • *Capillary Lockdown* LP/CD

The Red Scare kind of remind me of Shotmaker and early 400 Years. They play driving music with screamed vocals, though they are a bit mellower than those bands I mentioned a second ago. I liked this record, but the songs are kind of hit and miss, some of them are really good and some of them are just OK. The record is worth having for the good songs though. The vinyl was released by Hand Held Heart and the CD by Troublemaker Unlimited. BH (Hand Held Heart/Troublemaker Unlimited)

RED SKY • *Knife Behind The Smile* LP

Ten tracks of metal influenced hardcore. Red Sky are a six piece that likes it heavy and brutal. The vocals are partly gruff demonic growls and more human sounding screaming. I assume that Red Sky are from Germany. The LP doesn't come with any info about the band, but if you like metal hardcore then they will deliver. A very fitting release for Alveran; a label that primarily only releases deathcore hardcore. No lyric sheet. Comes on red vinyl. KM (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)

REFLECTOR • *Where Has All The Melody Gone?* CD

Hmm, interesting... I had never thought about trying to incorporate the Jeff Buckley thing into emo/hardcore, but these guys pull it off quite well. There is, of course, the possibility that you might find these songs too extravagant. I however tend to think that their theatricality is the very quality that redeems them from being just another emo-rock outfit. Recommended to all the open-minded emo freaks out there. MH (Status Recordings/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

REPRISAL • *Words Of Life* CD

Metal influenced medium-paced hardcore that sounds exactly like the average PA or NJ based band except that these guys are from Malaysia. The lyrics touch on mostly personal issues that remain vague to me. I can't decide whether I want to recommend this or not. Love the layout, though. MH (First Stance c/o Mohd. Iskandar Zulkarnain/PO Box 146/Pejabat Pos/Malaysia/Tamrn Sri Tebrau/80057 Johor/Malaysia)

RIGHT 4 LIFE • *Give Us Light For Truth* CD

I wonder if this French band realizes that their name sounds like they're running some sort of straight edge pro-life organization... The lyrics indicate nothing of the sort, though, they're mostly about hoping for a better future, a new wind, a new start and all that. Very well-produced and Wide Awake/Judge-like, this packs some real power, so you might want to check this out (if you can look past their broken English and God on thanks list). MH (The Age of Venus/PO Box 7548/Rennes 35075/Cedex 3/France)

RUIDO • *13* song 7"

Blistering thrash not unlike Los Crudos or Lack Of Interest. Fast and furious. I believe that all the songs are in Spanish, though it doesn't matter too much since the music is so fast and furious. They could easily be singing in English, German or Esperanto and it would be just as crazed and savage. Raw and violent. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

RUIDO • *2* song 7"

Ruido seems to actively be against letting anyone know what they are screaming about; just like their last 7" (see review above) Ruido doesn't, bother with lyrics or translations. Instead, they just thrash and howl. Fast and furious. More raw and violent and very savage hardcore. Short, painful, and ugly. KM (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Avenue/Cotati, CA 94931)

RUMAH SAKIT • CD

Ants in your pants math-rock. The bio-sheet claims their sound is influenced by King Crimson and similar to Tarentel (who I've never heard of), Slint, Bastro and Rodan. Whatever. I miss vocals, but that's just me. If any of the aforementioned bands rock your world you might very likely love these 7 songs here. They certainly seem to know how to play their instruments. But apart from the last song which at least, rocked a little, it all sounded far too anal for me. MH (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

SAVES THE DAY • *Through With Being Cool* LP

Well... this release is much less like Lifetime than Saves The Day's last one. They've developed more of their own sound. I'm not sure whether I like it better than the last full length or not, but at least it's more original. It's hard to not find Saves The Day appealing. The pop pop poppiness draws me in like a bear to honey. It's sticky sweet, sappy, catchy attractiveness. Unfortunately, it gets old real fast. "Through Being Cool"? Huh... that's bullshit. Everyone loves these guys. Girls give them flowers at shows... they're supported everywhere they go... they're a hot group right now. So, their attempt to play up the unloved, unpopular, dorky image is a bit annoying. Putting image aside, I can't help but like their music. The singer has a great voice and they do know how to rock. ALP (Equal Vision Records/PO Box 14/Hudson, NY 12534)

SCREAMER • *Cloven Hoof Blues* CD

Horrible anglo punk shite. These for geezers look like they want to be in GBH and if they weren't so bloody awful I'd probably feel sorry for them. Check out this lyrical master piece: "Shut it bitch, get out of here. Won't you let me, let me drink my beer." Since they denigrate women in almost every song I have come to the conclusion that they must be gay. They sure seem to like each other's company a lot. MH (103 b (Ground Floor)/City Road/St. Pauls/Bristol/BS2 8UL/England)

SECOND THOUGHT • *They Tore It Down* 7"

Straight ahead German hardcore that sounds like old US hardcore with a bit of Aus-Rotten influence in there. Seven songs covering issues such as drunken violence, capitalism and Mumia Abu-Jamal. This band is straight edge as well... I like that! DD (Rudolf Harbbig Weg 44.207/48149 Münster/Germany)

SEGUE • CD

This CD is a collection of 3 demo type recordings. Even for a demo the recording would be a little messy but that kind of goes along with the crazy confusion core these guys are dishing out. Post-Honeywell and Reach Out sound with some metal stirred in, and even some blast beats with melodic riffing. They also produce a lot of noise tracks or sometimes at the end of a song they'll make a few minutes of noise—which is a complete waste of my time. If I want to listen to feedback I'd go down to my practice studio crank my amp, put my guitar next to it and play with a few pedals myself. Noise tracks are pretty self-indulgent. There are only 100 of these CDs made and I guess some of this stuff is going to be put on vinyl. I just hope they re-record the songs. ADI (PO Box 8985/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

SERIAL KILLING 101 • 7"

Why, oh why did I pick this record... I honestly don't know what to say... The music is rocking in a snotty kind of way—nothing too impressive but okay. It's the way the female vocals go along with this that make it sound like a chick biker band, kinda like L7 or even Joan Jett. I can't figure out whether the lyrics are serious or meant to be a joke. There are references to bitch slaps, whiskey and jail bitches. I'm not happy about this. MH (Slow Gun Records/1611 S Euclid/Anaheim, CA 92807)

THE SEXUAL ABOMINATIONS • *Rock N' Roll...* 7"

Here we get four little ditties of new wave/industrial/punk rock madness. I have no clue as to what they sing about but judging from their song titles like "Rock N' Roll Meat Hook" and "Public Assassination," my guess would be that they have something to do with sex. Something you would dance to at industrial/goth clubs... at least I would. MA (Wrench Records/BCM Box 4049/London/WC1 N3XX/UK)

SECOND COMING • *In Denial Of Our Impermanence* CD

Very average (both in song writing and recording quality) New Yorkish hardcore, complete with lyrics about people who dropped out of the scene and more lyrics about how super-great that scene is. In short, nothing that I would particularly care to hear about. I guess the only thing that sets this apart from the rest of the bunch is the interactive bonus track which was fun to look at. I don't have a sound card, so I didn't get the most out of it, but what I saw was alright. It certainly looked like they put a lot of effort into it. MH (Breakout Records)

SICKBOY • CD

For the most part these 10 songs are played too fast for their own good. It's like they trip themselves up several times in each song (with the exception of a couple of songs which have more moderate tempi). Very Sturm und Drang. Musically this could be filed somewhere between Kid Dynamite and Assfactor 4. Pretty good stuff. MH (Knut A. Knutsen/4274 Støl/Norway)

SKITZO • 7"

More Finnish thrash from 1984 featuring the drummer and guitar player from Tampere SS! Music is a bit more Discharge-like in some parts. Six songs, two of which have no words, one is spoken so no words provided and another is a Tampere SS cover! The two Skitzo songs with words aren't translated, but I'm sure it's political! Fans of old Finnish stuff will eat this up, I'm sure. I know I did! DD (Fight Records/Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

STELLAR • *Electrocolor* CD

You don't know how happy I got when I first saw this CD. The design made it look to be like it was a jungle, trance or trip hop CD (you know, with that whole futuristic look). I love that stuff so I got really excited. Then I put it on. Turned out to be total hipster MTV rock that would be played on local radio stations here such as KROQ if it was on a major. MA (Twilight Records/Marco Voltani/Via Calzotari/3 40128 Bologna/Italy)

SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD • *The Devil, The Metal...* CD

Combine the high jinks of the Big Boys, Doggy Style, and Pee Wee Herman with the whacked influences of Dungeons & Dragons and the *Never Ending Story* and then throw in some fast adrenaline pumpin' hardcore and the *Hair* soundtrack and what you end up with is an incredibly unique band called Soophie Nun Squad. Eight people coming together to have fun, dance, laugh and sing. Twisted, fun, and very, very different. Unfortunately I doubt that a lot of people will dig Soophie Nun Squad unless they have seen them live because their live show is a real festival of wackiness and fun filled expression and without that experience I am not sure how I or anyone else would react to this CD. Still a great CD for those that are open to something very different. KM (Phyte Records/PO Box 90363/Washington, DC 20090)



by Mike Amezcua

Huasipungo

SOCIAL INFESTATION • *Lasciate Ognet Seranza* 10"

Dark, gloomy hardcore like His Hero Is Gone. Very very well done and very political. Songs range from homophobia to the army and everything in between. Lots of dark artwork to accent the music and lyrics. Fans of HHIG and other gloomy bands, your ship has come in! DD (Goatlord Records/PO Box 14230/Atlanta, GA 30324-1230)

SPENGLER • *4th Attempt* CD

Apparently only 15 copies of this basement produced CD exist. I assume more will be made according to demand. Musically this sounds like some long lost Braid or Cap'n Jazz demos. I'm not kidding. I don't think I would have been able to tell the difference. If you like the aforementioned bands and would like to hear more of "their stuff," you should contact these guys and ask them to make you a CD. MH (2072 Kline St./Halifax, NS/B3L 2X3/Canada)

THE SOUND OF RAILS • 7"

Just two songs and one is an instrumental. Still, this isn't bad at all. It's like Hoover or June of 44, but faster. Rhythmically intricate, nicely packaged, I would say this is a keeper. MH (3 Bay Hopper/PO Box 241709/Omaha, NE 68124)

SUNDAY'S BEST • *Sons Of The Second String* 7"

Very indie rock, you know somewhere between the Promise Ring and Sunny Day Real Estate. The tunes are catchy and well played. Pretty good if that's your thing. MH (Market Participant/11041 Santa Monica Blvd./PMB 302/Los Angeles, CA 90025)

SLOW FORE • *Oil* CD

7 tracks of mid-tempo indie rock that drags a bit from here to there but at the same time offers a sense of relief with creative melodic parts. But this is definitely mood music. Slow Fore has this way of switching it up from a atmospheric mellowness to a more rockin' indie formula that I have heard quite often these days. All people in this outfit share the mic, allowing three male vocals and one female vocal. The only downfall is that there aren't enough female vocals to really hit my spot, but that is not say that the male vocals are not meeting par. This ain't bad but it ain't groundbreaking either. SA (Espo/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)



SOMETREE • 7"

Sometree is an emo band from Germany whose lyrics are in English. They play the pretty, laid back brand of emotive rock that is radio friendly and enjoyable. They could be on one of those Emo Diaries compilations. This 7" has 2 songs, and they're pretty good. MH (SNC Empire/PO Box 1112/39001 Magdeburg/Germany)

SOCIETY'S DISEASE • Depletion 7"

Basic anarcho-punk with political lyrics. Nine songs covering the pigs, nukes, barbie and TV. Overall fairly good, but as time marches on, this band will get better I'm sure! Also, there is some good political text covering corporate music and capitalism in modern society! Good stuff. DD (30 Hays St/Woodland, CA 95695)

THE SQUARE MILE • ...Am I Back East Yet? CD

The songs on this 3" CD (which plays like any other CD, by the way) were written and performed by a guy named Will. He played all the instruments and recorded it himself in his bedroom. Totally DIY and very respectable. The Square Mile sounds like jingly-jangly, whiny, straight ahead rock. At times it reminds me of Cap'n Jazz's up-tempo sound. The melodic lines are very predictable, but entertaining nevertheless. For a bedroom recording, the sound quality is surprisingly good as well. As for originality, The Square Mile is nothing ground-breaking, but it's very nice self-release. Hey now... ALP (PO Box 41393/Brecksville, OH 44141)

STANDING TALL • To Suffer Discomfort For Compassion CD

More metal from Genet Records. This time the style is very chaotic. They've got the doomy vocals, the disjointed Converge riffs, the spoken word part, the emo screeching all in one and the same song. Standing Tall hails from Florida. There is too much going on in their songs for my taste. But if you like Converge, you might also like these 5 songs. The keyword being "might." MH (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

STIFLED CRIES • 7"

POWER! Like most bands of this genre I'm sure they are 100x better live. Stifled Cries are from Belgium and although their songs are a bit longer than most, it still gets thrown into the bag with the rest of the bands these days doing the heavy, fast, screaming thing. I have heard many people compare them to Unruh or even Rorschach, which I can say is true so take that into consideration. This is a great record and I was glad to see that it wasn't moshy. The package reminds me of the Shatter the Myth 7" (France) from a while back. Pretty cool. BR (\$5ppd (USA) to Conspiracy Records/PO Box 269/2000 Antwerpen 1/Belgium)

SUBMIT? • Conform Obey Comply 7"

Anarchist punk in the vein of Dead Silence. The quality of the recording and the songwriting are both rather poor. 6 songs that I won't listen to again. MH (Systemsuck/PO Box 950/Bowling Green, OH 43402)

SUMMER DAY IN JUNE • CD

This CD booklet rules! I spent about ten minutes looking through this booklet long before I started listening to this record. This French band doesn't cease to provide that French hardcore sweetness. Fast, melodic, emotional, lyrically moving, and passionately delivered. I am much impressed by this record and since it has been a while since I put on some Ivich, Jasmine, or early Ananda, I can just listen to this record a few more times to get that French emo hardcore fix. Twelve songs of adrenalinized emotionally charged hardcore. You can't go wrong here. SA (WeeWee Records c/o David S./25 Rue Goudouli/31240 Saint Jean/France)

SUNFACTOR • Re: Regarding CD

These English chaps have something good going here. Namely great driving indie emo that reminds me of Braid, The Promise Ring and that whole merry bunch of girl-boys out there doing the poppy thing. It may not be the most original music ever played but it's certainly well done and it looks and sounds very professional. MH (25 Harts Gardens/Guildford/Surrey/GU2 6QB/England)

SUNSHINE • Velvet Suicide LP

What The Make Up does to soul, Sunshine does to new wave. And they do it well. This is very hip punkish new wave complete with keyboards and wanna be English vocals. I always think of this as vampire music, don't ask me why. Recommended to anyone who wasn't put off by my description and that doesn't mind that they stole one riff right off the first Circus Lupus LP. MH (Day After/Horska 20/35201 AS/Czech Republic)

THE SWIFT AND TERRIBLE RACE • CD

Time and time again I listened to these 6 tracks trying to figure out why I don't like this too much. The music is great, powerful melodic hc. Elliott, Texas Is The Reason, SDRE—if you like any of these bands, you'll like the music on this, I'm sure. However, I think it's the vocals that keep this from being great. They're kinda out of tune and out of synch with the rest and that ruined it for me. Whenever the singer shuts up—I'm really into it, hmm... MH (TSaTR@aol.com)

TAKEN • 7"

Pretty damn good straight-ahead hardcore from Southern California. Screamed vocals that go well with the heavy rockin'. Breaks into a bit of an Elliott part in the middle of "Haven" and then goes on with the more heavy shit, then dipsy doodles around with some more melody. It all manages to blend together well and keep you guessing. Really excellent. Lyrics relate to individualism and strength and self-confidence and retaining your innocence and childhood memories. All of this without getting too cheesy... "Crayons" starts off like an Inside song, then once again breaks into fast-paced hardcore. Fans of progressive hardcore with a touch of melody, come and get it. DO (Here We Are/10 Giverny/Newport Beach, CA 92657)

THREE BERRY ICECREAM • Four Songs Included 7"

Japanese lounge music in the vein of Pizzicato Five and with vocals that remind me of Stina Nordenstam. Now, I just said this was lounge music, stuff that Austin Powers listens to when he chills. Does that make you think you want to own it? MH (Dogprint/PO Box 2120/Teaneck, NJ 07666)

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NEMA *Bring Our Curses Home* LP

OI POLLOI *Fuaim Catha* LP

OPERATION *Destrutiv Utveckling* LP

POLICE BASTARD / UNKIND Split 7"

POST REGIMENT *Tragedia* WG LP

QUADILIACHA *Es Muerto* CD

REMISSION *Temporary Service = Temporary Slavery* 7"

RESIST AND EXIST *Dare To Struggle Dare To Win* 7"

RESTARTS / BROKEN Split 7"

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RUIDO *s/t* 7"

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SOCIAL INFESTATION *Lasciate Ogni Speranza* 10" / CD

SPAZZ *Crush Kill Destroy* LP / CD

SPAZZ / LACK OF INTEREST Split 7"

THE SWARM *Old Blue Eyes In Dead* 7"

TOKEN TANTRUM *Cancer Of Live* 10"

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TEM EYOS KI • 7"

Apparently the name is derived from a woman who resisted Conquistador rule by singing ancient songs, which is appropriate since Tem Eyos Ki is a hardcore band that sings and celebrates rebellion and resistance. Their lyrics and text are all political. Their music is fast and hectic at times, but can just as easily be minimalistic music or completely focused on the singing. During the fastest parts the vocals can sound a bit chip-munky, but for the most part the whole thing is well done with inspired singing. Dominant female vocals with male back-ups. KM (Harlan Records/7205 Geronimo/North Little Rock, AR 72116)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB • Dance Party With... CD

This is kind of a punk type of country band. I don't really know how else to describe it, but let's try... if you're one of those traveling punks who are into hobo culture, dumpster diving, riding bikes a lot, dancing goofy and the like, then I'd imagine you will like this a bunch. These guys could probably play the Ashville, Memphis, Little Rock, Portland connection and be a smashing success... cool enough. BD (\$\$p/d to Plan-It X Records/5810 W Willis Rd./Georgetown, IN 47122-9117)

THREE WAYS TILL TUESDAY • CD

It happened on a Sunday afternoon, with a gentle breeze in the air... oh wait. Three Ways Till Tuesday play beautiful melodic indie rock with impassioned vocals and a wee bit of an edge to their music, not much, but just a wee bit, as I said. The songs are pleasant and the singing is good. For what it is I thought this was quite good, of course I am not a raving fan of the indie stuff so take that with a grain of salt or something like that. Nice. KM (Common Ground Records/PO Box 1583/North Hampton, NH 03862)

THURSDAY • Waiting CD

This is solid rocking emo hardcore that reminds me of Texas is the Reason and Joshua (as far as the music is concerned). I think it's the vocals that emot a little to heavily that keep this from reaching its potential. It would have helped to have the vocals lower in the mix (in my humble opinion). That is however my only complaint. I loved the way they use violins. Good stuff. MH (Eyeball Records/PO Box 1653/Peter Stuyvesant Station/New York, NY 10009)

TORN APART • Ten Songs For The Bleeding Hearts CD

These kids made a serious comeback. These ten songs for the bleeding hearts really do have more to offer than the formula metal hardcore bands of today. Torn Apart is hardcore in the same vein as Endeavor or some may even say they go where Endeavor ended. I hear a lot of similarities in this album with Countervail, out of Thousand Oaks, especially in the vocals. I don't know about all the cheesy photos inside, but the music is damn alright. SA (Ferret/341 Mammoth St./Jersey City, NJ 07302)

TORQUEMADA • 7"

This rocks! Hardcore from Italy that sounds a bit like By All Means. This is actually fairly original and very good! Eight songs sung in Italian with English translations. It says that the record is a benefit for actions against the Olympic Games in Turin. Interesting. Also, there are writings in Italian about something or other, but I can't read it. There are also lots of Italian punk contacts listed! Cool! DD (Torquemada/Metello Alonge/Via Pigafetta II/10129 Torino/Italy)

TUPAMAROS • Our Modern Past CD

Well fuck, I don't have a magnifying glass, so I'm not going to even try reading the lyrics. Indie crap math core with extra suckage of a vocalist who whines most the time then tries to get all brutal which is just a dumb idea. The music for song 3 is OK, reminds me of Indian Summer, but the vocals have to ruin it by getting all art ____ (fill in the blank). ADI (Music Is My Heroin/Caberstrasse 19/40789 Mannheim/Germany)

TRESPAST • 7"

More anarcho-punk in the vein of Aus-Rotten and Anti-Product! Trespast have rocking music with really good political lyrics. This sounds so much like the new Aus-Rotten stuff its scary. Four songs covering scene issues (which are really well presented and covered!) and anti-TV and anti-progress stuff. As this band continues on, they will only get better! Check this one out! DD (881 Shadowbrook Rd./Ridgewood, NJ 07450)

TURNOVER • 7"

This German band plays old fashioned positive hc in the vein of a slower Brotherhood and maybe Borderline and Chain of Strength. This has a weird oppressive quality to it (maybe due to the fact that the singer sounds like he has a cork down his throat). Overall this isn't as dated sounding as other bands, but it also isn't as great as other revivalist bands. Hmm... There are no lyrics. I wonder why. MH (Bushido Records/Soesterstrasse 66/48155 Muenster/Germany)

TRIAL • Are These Our Lives? LP

Politicized hardcore, I would have it no other way. Trial do it again with another album filled with inspiring lyrics and passion that fuel the fire that brought hardcore to light in the first place. This album starts off with amazing cello and viola playing by stars like Seth Warren of Red Stars of Theory, then breaks into fast and furious Seattle hardcore. This is fucking good. Musicianship, lyrics, energy, passion, and everything else. Fucking go! This is so goddamn empowering! SA (Equal Visions/PO Box 14/Hudson, NY 12534)

TOMORROW • Build A Brand New Sky CD

This 6 song CD turned out to be very pleasing to the eye and ear. There is a lot of Van Pelt going on here, especially in the vocals. They are full of attitude. Musically they also do a bit of the Christie Front Drive thing. While I think that everything about this CD is just fine, my only complaint is that the songs would have profited if the vocals had been louder in the mix and if the songs had been a little catchier overall. MH (Schematics Records)



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TIME TO RISE • First Blood CD

The packaging looks like crap. I'm really wondering if this might just be a promo advance kind of thing, because the music on this doesn't really correspond to the 2 cents approach of the cover. What you get here are 6 heavy SXE style songs. They're dark and heavy, not the usual light weight '88 rip offs. Not unlike Kill The Messenger and other modern heavy straight edge stuff. If this is your soy beef, you might want to sink your teeth into it. Little hint: next time you wanna include your address... MH (Brunswick Records)

TURNING MACHINE • A New Machine For Living CD

7 instrumental songs that are too choppy and aggravating to be mere background music and too uninteresting for a concentrated listen. I'm sorry, I couldn't get into this at all. MH (Jade Tree/2310 Kennwynn Rd./Wilmington, DE 19810)

TWO DAY THEORY • Modern Slaves In A World... 7"

This 7" has a very cool punk feel to it. Two Day Theory were based in Athens, OH and had a lot of really important and relevant issues to sing about. It's refreshing when people actually have something to say in today's sea of ambiguous emo bullshit. Two Day Theory, while having a '90s emo hardcore feel to them, also have a very blatant political message, reminding me of a less polished Struggle, or maybe even Downcast. If you're into any of the aforementioned things, then I'm sure you will enjoy this record. It's punk, it's DIY, it's relevant. Support this. BD (Tree Of Woe/18311 Arch St./Little Rock, AR 72206)

ÜBER ALICE • Punks To The Front CD

Six songs of rock and roll punk. This is pretty good, but there is absolutely no information or lyrics—only some artsy pictures of the band members on the back. I think I heard "fuck you" in one of the songs. You may be saying to yourself, "give me a reference point." OK, if Sleater Kinney and the singer of Spitboy got together and started a rock and roll punk band. Presto... überAlice, the next big thing. Wish I could tell you more. Oh well. BD (keello@uswest.net)

UNCURBED • ...Keeps The Banner High LP

Yet more catchy and fucking powerful trash punk from Sweden's Uncurbed. Their style is perfected and every song is a burst of energy and aggression. This is one band that creates a wall of noise and yet never hesitates to write tuneful songs with memorable choruses and riffs. The quick metal guitar solos add spice to the sound, and all in all...Keeps The Banner High proves why Swedish thrash is so legendary. Another crust classic from Sound Pollution. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

UNISON • Sunday Neurosis CD

This is weird... Isn't this the same band that put out an emo-ish 7" on Day After records? I might be wrong, this release is a lot more hardcore sounding than that 7". Actually these 18 songs are all over the place. Most of them are fast early nineties hardcore, but there's also a couple of quieter almost jazzy interludes. For the most part this material is pretty good for what it is, but it's not exactly breakthrough stuff. MH (Milos Sosic/Ustanicka 154/11000 Beograd/Yugoslavia)

USURP SYNAPSE • In Examination Of 6"

These five songs are frantic and chaotic with lots of aggressive bite. The packaging is very cool, and the emphasis is on an artistic look, as all of the Witching Hour releases have been. It looks nice and if you like the chaotic hardcore of the late '90s then Usurp Synapse will please. This was supposedly limited to 666 copies, which if true means you won't have any luck finding this one... KM (Witching Hour Records/Level Plane Records)

VERSAILES • The Great Axis CD

I'll call this art rock hardcore but it is actually a lot more interesting and enjoyable than I make it sound, especially if you give it more than one listen. The first song combines very simple riffing and Van Pelt-ish spoken/sung vocals that compliment the music very well. Versailles uses a number of keyboards and sequencing that add texture and give the songs a "deeper" feel. The majority of the 9 songs are mid-tempo and if you're at all into Reiziger or The Lapse, they'll have your head bobbing along. The third song "The System" rocks along in a faster pace, but it is also the one song that can be kind of grating due to all the different loops going on at the same time. I guess, this is where the art rock part comes into play. Still, a pretty rewarding listen. MH (Boxcar Records/PO Box 1141/Melbourne, FL 32902-1141)

THE VICTORIA PRINCIPLE • Mis En Scens CD

I know I shouldn't comment on a band's name... but damn... this one's pretty bad. I was just informed by a friend that Victoria Principle is an actress and I'm not sure whether that makes it better or worse. Anyway, regardless of what I think of their name, these folks kick ass! Spacey yet intense, rockish hardcore with plenty-o-kicks. Build ups, break downs, and guitar breaks. During one of the songs (I'm unsure of the name because they didn't include any song titles in the liner notes!) the music subtly changes from a common-time rock feel to a waltzy three-beat feel. Very cool... It's a great transition. The Victoria Principle also utilizes a glockenspiel/xylophone in mellow parts, adding to melodic complexity. It's quite nice. I wish the lyrics were included in the notes so I could understand what they're saying... hmph. Otherwise, first-class album. ALP (Radio Union/PO Box 7141/Richmond, VA 23221)

VALSE TRISTE • Turha Ruokkia Ruumiita CD

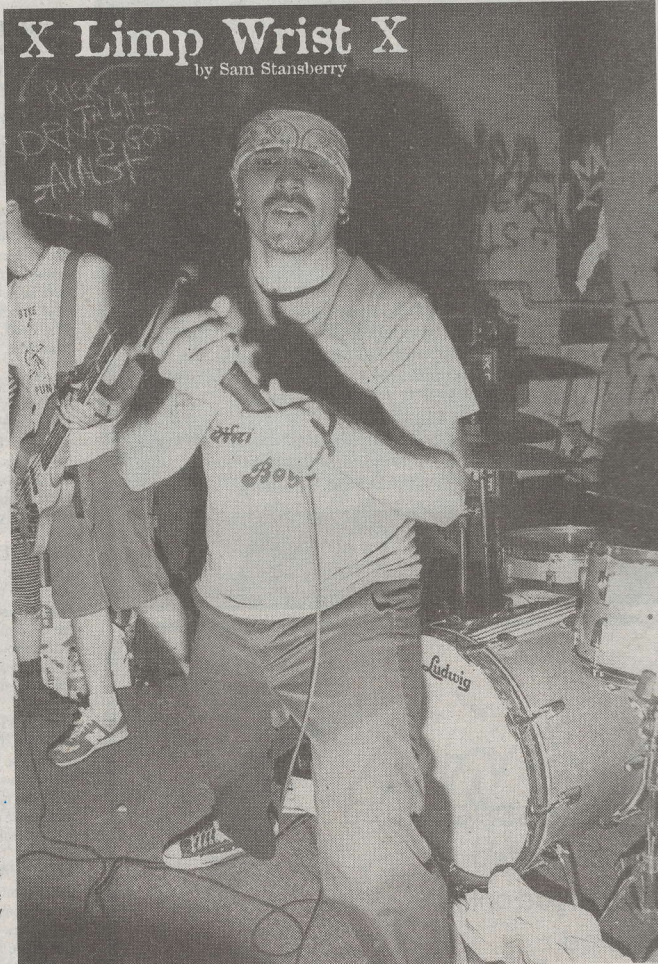
Wow... this sucked. I can't get over how annoying the singer's voice is. He sounds like the cookie monster trying to sing in Finnish! 21 songs that were messed up by his voice and the strange lyrics he shouted. DD (Solardisk/PO Box 50/90251 Oulu/Finland)

VALINA • Into Arsenal Of Codex CD

I wanted to like this but I must admit that I found it kind of annoying. The songs seem to be mostly based on rhythm (certainly not on melody) and they never really come together. Like the second Circus Lupus LP; that one never really did it for me, either. Different parts seem to be following each other for no particular reason and that in turn doesn't make these 9 songs any more interesting. MH (Trost Records/Brigittenauerlaende 60-20/1200 Vienna/Austria)

VIOLENT HEADACHE • Bombs Of Crust/False Terminal CD

Six Weeks just released the Violent Headache Bombs Of Crust LP and this CD includes that material plus 52 (yes, 52!!!) tracks from the never released False Terminal LP. In total this CD offers 71 tracks of blaring punk and grind. Violent Headache hails from Spain, and have been making noise for a very long time now. The angry male and female vocals go well together and the fury of Violent Headache's "music" is guaranteed to demolish your inner ear after if you submit to their 71 song marathon of destruction. KM (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave/Cotati, CA 94931)



WAIFLE • And The Blood Will Come Down Like A Curtain CD

Pretty disappointing, I tell you. I really had my hopes up for Waifle—I'd never consciously heard them and the packaging for this 4 song CD is just awesome. However the music was a medium-paced, kinda drony, semi-harsh concoction that did not manage to excite me very much. Too bad. MH (The Magic Bullet Record Co./2005 Monitor Dr./Stratford, VA 22554)

WALLS OF JERICHO • The Bound Feed The Gagged CD

I can imagine kids going nuts for a band like this. Moshy metal hardcore with female vocals which sound just as "tough" as any other moshy metal band singers. This slick production has lots of grooves and break downs for your moshing needs. There are a few thrashy parts thrown in here as well, which is probably the only thing I liked about this, but they're very few. MA (Trustkill/23 Farm Edge Ln./Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

WOOD • Song Lines CD

Somewhat moshy Italian hardcore that is played with a more emotive edge. There are melodic mid-paced guitar parts abound that often turn into Texas Is The Reason-ish interludes. I guess, they're going for that Quicksand thing. I don't know... There's certainly a lot going on in these songs and these guys know how to play their instruments. Still, the end result is never catchy enough to really make me want to listen to this again. MH (Green Records/Via S. Francesco 60/35121 Padova/Italy)

THE WARREN COMMISSION • Rendezvous With You CD

A nicely packaged CD with a spiral bound insert. A very happy record that at times reminds me of a slower Discount while adding a piano and avocado shaker. The last track takes the cake in my book. With an intro like Man is the Bastard and a plot like Tori Amos and an ending like Men's Recovery Project... well, kids, there's something to confuse you. Fans of happy poppy indie rock would love this for their mixed tapes. Love letter lyrics. BR (Espo/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

THE WEIGH DOWN • CDeP

I've listened to this CD numerous times trying to come up with a good comparison and continually fail. The fluid, semi-mumbled vocals are really quite interesting: maybe a more unique D.C. style, mixed with a touch of Al Burian (Hellbender/Milemarker) and maybe early Far. Musically, The Weigh Down is one part early Promise Ring and one part early '90s emo a la Ralined. Really cool. The length of the CD is just right to keep it from dragging and make it fresh. After some time, the vocals could grate with their off-key wailings, but all in all, this e.p. is pretty sweet. 5 songs, 18 minutes. DO (Garbage Czar/PO Box 207129/ New Haven, CT 06520)

WLOCHATY • Droga Oporu CD

Angry and creative punk hardcore from this polish anarchist band. I actually liked this a lot. The songs are in the Polish language and are sung and spoken, and if I knew the language I could probably understand it when they played. The music and singing is melodic with back up vocals and although they are sung and not screamed they still sound very angry.

There's a lot of information about the politics they sing about in their CD booklet which is translated into English for our convenience, plus a brief history and explanation about the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA). There's resistance written all over this. I like. MA (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/ PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

Y • Pseudo Youth... Human Cesspool CD

Germany's Y are going for the throat with 40 tracks of pure speed and uglified brutality. Mean and sick sounding. These tracks have all been previously released on vinyl, so if you are already a Y fan then don't expect anything new, but if you are looking for the older harder to get stuff then here it is in all of its carnage. Thrash, thrash, and more thrash. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

YAGE • 3-17, October 1984 LP

In the last few years here have been a number of excellent German bands that play intricate emo. Sog, Cyan and Maggag are just some of them. Now joining their ranks is Yage, a band that plays multi-layered, aggressive emo that takes the best parts of Yaphet Kotto and blends it together with an Iconoclast-like urgency. That approach is helped by an incredibly fat production and thoughtful lyrics in English and German. Is it too early to say that this is the German release of the year? MH (Earth Water Sky Connection c/o Oliver Krebs/ Vondelstrasse 45/50677 Köln/Germany)

YOU AND I • The Curtain Falls CD

I was looking forward to this. But now that I'm listening to it I find myself enjoying the booklet more than the music. At times this band had too much going on in their music (they broke up last year) and while that is certainly better than having too little going on I often found myself looking for cover from the nonstop onslaught/musical attack. But back to the booklet: it seems like they found the perfect mix of emotiveness and clearheadedness both layout and content-wise. I also salute them for pointing out the economical factor in the whole pornography debate. I love their music when they rock out or when they're all emo in that I Hate Myself mode—the harsher stuff I could do without, it's simply too grating for my taste. It is more than I can take. And I always thought I could take a lot... MH (Level Plane Records/PO Box 280/Cooper Station/ New York, NY 10276)

ZUEXEUS • CD

Ever since Tonka I've had a soft spot for Assorted Porkchops (the label, not the meat). I'm not sure I like the way a lot of these 7 songs take forever to start—there's all kinds of noises and crap before they finally go off. However when they do, they rock. Lisa compared this to Cornelius right away and I'll be damned if that isn't the same singer. Musically they're a bit harsher than Cornelius used to be. It's like they'd gotten a little End Of The Line injection and the lyrics are appropriately insane (I wish a robot's hug could fix my broken bug, but, breach baby, you're insulated). MH (Assorted Porkchops/PO Box 4022/Wilmington, NC 28406)

ZUNGA • CD

First of all, let me start by saying that I am seriously confused as to why this was sent to Heartatack for review. And to be quite honest, I don't know what to say about Zunga. But let's give it a shot anyhow, shall we? When a guy from your food service job tells you he is in a band, this is it, Zunga!!! I'm assuming this is from somewhere around Wichita, KS, which makes perfect sense actually. That this comes from the middle of nowhere, in the mid-west. This sounds like a million other small town party/funk bands with nonsensical lyrics. Some of my favorites of this disc are from the song "Queer Reindeer" and are as follows: "I could tie up your mother Mary/pick and eat her hidden cherry/praise me, most pious, in my glory/ Or I'll close down heaven and you want get any." Or perhaps from the song "She's So Bad": "She's so bad/I gave that woman everything I had but still I find... I can't get mine/I'm gonna lose my fucking mind/She's so pretty/I'd love to plant her Easter lily/but every time I go down on that bad girl she says she's dead/but she ain't really." Thank you for the wonderful insight, Zunga. I'm sure these guys will be working in guitar and drum shops soon enough. Carry on, Zunga from Wichita. Carry on. BD (zungamusic@hotmail.com)

DIEDINHISSUIT/THE DANGLERS • split 7"

Diedinhiissuit plays the crazy emo thing in the vein of Honeywell. I guess their songs would have profited from a more full bodied production. They have a strong metal thing going there. Too strong for my taste, but you be the judge. The Dangers use drums, a violin and a contra bass. This sounds like it could be pretty—unfortunately it isn't. Their 3 songs are painfully hectic and grating and I don't ever want to have to listen to them again. MH (Primary Thoughts/PO Box 4995/Portland, OR 97208-4995)

RYDELL/HUNTER-GATHERER • split CD

This is a split CD with three songs from each band. Hunter-Gatherer have dual vocals, one of which has a Piebald-ish weirdness and the other sounds exactly like Chuck from Hot Water Music. Their three songs are decent emotive rock numbers that sound in between Hot Water Music and Piebald. Rydell play more intricate sounding indie rock relying more on high end guitar work with looping saturated bass lines. At times their music really reminds me of Rainer Maria but with the harsher vocal work it really gives a definitive element that makes their sound their own. Surprisingly amazing indie rock. No gimmicky hokey or cheesiness in their songs, just real sincere stuff. This CD packs in some good material from each band worthy enough to check out. SA (Scene Police/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

JOHN Q. PUBLIC/THE FALSIES • split CD

John Q Public blaze through four tracks of Hot Water Music inspired punk. Each of their songs has a distinct melody and a grainy singing style that makes a nice package. Their lyrics are all personal and, for the most part, about love and emotion. The Falsies have a more varied sound, ranging from youth crew, chugga chugga hardcore to rocking chants. Their lyrics are also personal, mostly about the problems that arise from friendship and the differences that strain relationships. A nice release by both bands. LO (Middle Man Records/PO Box 4606/Lafayette, IN 47903)

APATIA NO/SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS • 7"

Third world hardcore in full effect! This time three South American labels (Venezuela's Noseké, Argentina's Schulim Discos and Colombia's Bajo Perfil) get together to put out a great split. Venezuela's Apatia No play fast directly political punk jams while Argentina's Sentimientos Oprimidos do the noisy chaotic hardcore. Their side of this split actually includes the best song they ever did which has more of the French emo influence as opposed to their older material which is more chaotic ala Charles Bronson. Great to finally see this project finished with a lot of effort and a lot of people. MA (Noseké Records c/o Johnny Castro/AP 64670/ZP 1064-A/Caracas/Venezuela)

INFEST/P.H.C. • split 7"

This is the re-release of Slap A Ham #1. The original was an 8" flexi on green plastic (I guess some were on blue but mine is green) with a total of seven songs. This new version is hard vinyl and this time around Infest have eight songs while P.H.C. have three. All the material is live at the Gilman Street and it all sounds quite good. Great stuff from two of the original power violence bands. Incidentally, P.H.C. featured Eric Wood from Man Is The Bastard. KM (Slap A Ham Records/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

SHE'S A GUY/THE GRAND PRIXX • split 7"

Two pop punk outfits from the east coast share this record. She's A Guy is extremely competent sounding, they might as well be on Jack Wreck. The Grand Prixx have more quirky sounding vocals. They remind me of the Dead Kennedys circa *Bedtime For Democracy* (just the vocals). Their last song is a Beach Boys cover that I could have done without, but whatever... Well recorded and all that. I don't need it for my personal happiness, but maybe you do. MH (Imperfekt Records/PO Box 2846/Columbia, MD 21045)

SMOGTOWN/TEENAGE KNOCKOUTS • split CD

This is both the Smogtown 10" and TK 10" on one split CD. Both bands play late '70s garage punk with plenty of attitude. What I like about bands like these is that their recordings are usually great, totally capturing that old vintage punk sound, but that's about all I like. Some of the lyrics can be just plain stupid and sometimes sexist (not to mention other bands of this genre have been straight out homophobic and racist), I guess this is part of the fashion that comes along with it. Quick note to Smogtown: stick to your fucking bars and stay away from our DIY space. MA (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

BLOWER/WADGE • split CD

Blower plays eight grind songs. They're as good or as bad as any grind I know. Wadge does a similar thing. At times they reminded me of Rorschach and Citizens Arrest. Then in between they have super, super fast grind tracks, that sound like machine gun fire. Fourteen tracks total. The weirdest thought just hit me. I'm not that young anymore, I could have a teenage kid (if I'd actually had sex in high school). I suddenly picture myself opening the door to my son's room and he is listening to this CD. I don't think I'd be into it. It's not like I'd be ecstatic if he listened to the Backstreet Boys, either, but this grind stuff always makes me think of little teenage wanna-be serial killers and sacrificed goats. My son shouldn't be listening to this. He should be into healthy punk rock like Stratego and maybe Los Crudos. But anyways... The production for both bands is okay, but the artwork could have been done with a little more oomph. Love the label name, though. MH (Regurgitated Semen Records c/o Sandro Gessner/Strasse des Friedens 45/07819 Mittelpollnitz/Germany)

BOY SETS FIRE/SNAPCASE • split 2x7"

Well, I guess this is the return of Snapcase (who we haven't seen in years at least, for what I know). I saw them live in Prague summer of 98 with the Promise Ring. Ha, pretty funny really. They're still playing their heavy, pounding style of hardcore that everyone knows them for, although I do think they have grown to get a little better. They do a cover of The Police's "Truth Hits Everybody"—which I have never heard from The Police, so I don't know what to tell you there. Now for the other record included... Boy Sets Fire give us two tracks, one of melodic power and the other being a bit more crunchy sounding. I would say I am a fan of the Boy Sets Fire side more, although I wasn't to excited about this record. Gatefold package and color vinyl. BR (Equal Vision)

THE CAPITOL CITY DUSTERS/AINA • split 7"

Both bands play emotive rock that is very pleasing to the ear and remains non-threatening throughout. Both bands show a knack for writing catchy melodies. The production and look of this is equally nice. If you like The Promise Ring I'm sure you'd like this. MH (BCore/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

REMUS AND THE ROMULUS NATION/PEZZ • split 7"

A very important record from Memphis. This record is a benefit for the Tennessee Coalition To Abolish State Killing, and features two of Memphis' best punk bands: Remus And The Romulus Nation and Pezz. Both bands do their respective styles well. Remus plays hardcore of the emo variety, while Pezz play their style of melodic punk, reminding me vaguely of some Dag Nasty, and perhaps even some Descendents or early Green Day thrown in the mix. But what really grabs me about this record is the content of information about the injustice of the death penalty, and not only information, but offering some ideas on some things that you can do to voice your opposition. Very fucking well done. I am stoked; and impressed, and am glad to say that this is a DIY punk rock record done by the punks from Memphis fucking Tennessee!!! Buy this today... BD (Soul Is Cheap c/o Zach Payne/164 St. Agnes #3/Memphis, TN 38112)

D.D.I./STALKER • split LP

D.D.I. play lost-in-time old, old, very old school Italian hardcore, you know the fast, pissed off kind. Stalker on the other hand sound more like Voorhees and suffer from a not so great recording. They're from Germany and they're alright. This record comes in a nice gatefold cover, and that's all I can say about it. MH (Maximumvoice/Postfach 26/04251 Leipzig/Germany)

THE ONE AM RADIO/TED LEO/PHARMACISTS • split 7"

The One AM Radio play mellow acoustic rock with quietly and humbly sung vocals. Stuff like this sounds better live in my opinion, but I'm sure there are many kids out there that would love to get their hands on these moody "get ready to sleep" records. To give you a better idea, I can see Merge doing a record with them in the future. Now Ted Leo, on the other hand is more like Chisel than Ted Leo/Pharmacists. I loved Chisel to death but could not get into the groove of the Pharmacists LP released a while back... but these two songs are awesome! I really like both of these songs enough to play them back to back at least ten times in a row. Beatles-esque, Oasis-esque, UK-esque acoustic drum machine rock. I dig! SA (Garbage Czar Records/PO Box 207129/New Haven, CT 06520)

KILL YOUR IDOLS/FULL SPEED AHEAD • CD

I found these three Full Speed Ahead songs to be much better than the songs on their debut 7". Fast and hard and hailing back to early '80s hardcore, Full Speed Ahead even manages to pull off a great version of "Assault" by the legendary Big Boys. Kill Your Idols delivers some powerful hardcore of their own, and their cover of Slap Shot's "Step On It" fits perfectly in their set. Even without the Slap Shot cover track, Kill Your Idols' sound could be compared to Slap Shot in many ways; hard aggressive hardcore that remains catchy and somewhat tuneless. Plus the singing style is very reminiscent to Choke's style with Slap Shot. Both bands do their thing well. KM (Hell Bent Records/PO Box 1529/Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742)



UNWOUND/VERSUS • split 7"

One melodic song from each band. Unwound's "Torch Song" is catchy and pleasant, while at the same time sounding so close to Sonic Youth I really have to wonder if it is cover. Their song is rocking and cryptic like much of their great early releases. Versus's "All In Doubt" is soothing and hypnotic in it's own light way. The male and female vocal over soft guitars make for an entertaining and engrossing bubble of euphony. Both bands sound quite good on this record, and any fan of these bands will want to pick this up. I just wish there was some kind of insert to give me any more information because the music isn't made up of just sound and I can't make out all the lyrics on my own. Don't be so cheap, Mike. LO (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

ENDWISE/SKY PROMISES RAIN • split 7"

Endwise plays pop-rock (although it's touted as "straight emo rock with power and drive") with vocals that sound like Sticks & Stones and Neil Diamond. Mostly Neil Diamond, actually. The recording is extremely weak... no energy at all, so it loses all chance of being effective rock. Singy in the sense that Inside and Elliott are, but not in the same league as either. Sky Promises Rain (with members of Jenny 8, with whom I am not familiar) plays fast-paced punky stuff that almost elicits feelings of late '80s hardcore (a la 411) mixed with pop. Weird, but works for me much better than Endwise. Some interesting shit going on here. I just thought that if '80s era U2 played poppy hardcore, they might sound like this. That is if Eddie Van Halen played rhythm guitar for them, of course. Now you're confused. Just like I wanted. Fucking weird. DO (Millipede/Kohlfurterstrasse 2/D-90473 Nürnberg/Germany; www.listen.to/MillipedeRecords)

STICKFIGURECAROUSEL/LINSAY • split 7"

Both bands on this split play metal-influenced hardcore with screamed and sung vocals... but they take two very different approaches. Stickfigurecarousell is way more up front with the harmonious singing, but when combined with moshy, mid-tempo to slow hardcore, they resemble one of those new corporate metal bands. Those groups on the radio that, when combined with video games of a violent nature, influence adolescents to commit horrific deeds. Linsay, on the other hand, hides the melodic vocals in their chaotic assault of a waitz, making them heard but not overbearing. Incredibly brutal, fierce, and intense, Linsay kicks this record's ass. It rages! ALP (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

WAXWING/THE CASKET LOTTERY • split 7"

This is a nice little single that is a precursor for both Waxwing and The Casket Lottery's full length slated to come out on Second Nature in the near future. I fucking love Waxwing. After their first full length I fell in love immediately and have needed to hear more from them. This song is like a long sigh of exclamation. I really needed to hear a song like that, especially now since my life has been quite hectic. Waxwing sure does relieve a lot of tension. I don't know how but those kids produce some awesome magic. The Casket Lottery have got to be the quickest songwriters I have ever known. Next to Braid, they pop out with 7"s and full lengths every other month. They haven't been around that long and they already have like 5 records out, maybe even more. This song, like many of their others, is unique and awesome. Another crazy thing about The CL is that they don't just write a million songs that suck; each one has its own original tinge with nicely mastered orchestration. This 7" goes by pretty quick but is a good intro to two bands that rock! SA (Second Nature; www.secondnaturerecordings.com)

HELLCHILD/GOMORRHA • split 7"

Hellchild hail from Japan, Gomorrha call Germany their home. If you're into the Morser/Swarm/Linsay/Carol kind of stuff this is probably right up your ally. Hellchild plays midtempo and surprisingly easy to listen to metal. The vocals are really mean, though. Gomorrha are much faster and have the super evil low grunt vocals. Metal, metal, metal... I honestly do not understand why so many people are into it. But if you are one of them, I'm sure you'd like this little product. MH (Per Koro c/o M. Haas/Fehrfeld 26/28203 Bremen/Germany)

JENNY PICCOLO/SU19B • split 7"

Jenny Piccolo are up to their usual with six more crazed hardcore songs. Their blend of fast thrashing hardcore and slow assaulting interludes will decimate everything in their wake. This time around they even do an excellent cover of Chain of Strength's "True 'Til Death." Japan's SU19B are equally brutal and harsh. Their sound is pure power violence and they display one of their influences with a Crossed Out cover. Clear vinyl. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

DEVOID OF FAITH/VOORHEES • split LP

These two bands have been around for a very long time. I saw Voorhees in their home town in England in 1992 while on Downcast's European tour, and Devoid Of Faith must have started around 1993, though this will be their last release since they have now split up—so it only makes sense that these two old timers would get together on one piece of vinyl. Both bands play aggressive '80s influenced hardcore with lots of angst and raw courage. Ten tracks for each band and pressed on white vinyl. Blistering hardcore that shows no mercy. Voorhees does a cover of Suicidal Tendencies' "Possessed To Skate." KM (Coalition Records/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Den Haag/Holland)

ANAMNESIS/ENCROACH • split CD

Each band offers 3 songs of metal-influenced hardcore. Anamnesis offers a clean crisp sound and a nice medium-paced groove. Both musically and lyrically similar to No Escape. Encroach are a tad darker sounding and their tracks aren't as well produced. Fragment, Himsa and Dark Day Dungeon come to mind. With a better production they'd be just as good as the first band. This is a DIY release and if you're into hardcore/metal you should check this out. MH (\$7ppd [\$8 world] to Rich Lassahn/5036 Fremont Ave. N/Minneapolis, MN 55430)

BOY SETS FIRE/SHAI HULUD • split 7"

Boy Sets Fire do a cover of Metallica's "Fade To Black" while Shai Hulud does a cover of Metallica's "Damage Inc." Both songs are well done, though be warned each side plays at a different speed. The cover design is really cool. Apparently this is only the first in a series of Metallica cover 7"s. Now that Boy Sets Fire is on Victory Records you can probably pick this up at their show when they go on tour with Pit Boss 2000 and One Life Crew. KM (Undecided Records/10695 Lake Oak Way/Boca Raton, FL 33498)

MAD COW DISEASE 182/CONTRA • split 7"

Mad Cow Disease 182 play goofy early eighties influenced hardcore. Musically, I think they are mediocre for this genre, and it's hard to get past the sheer goofiness of this band, similar to a lot of old Mystic Records bands, notably Ill Repute. But they throw some blast beats in for good measure, which, personally I hope to never fucking hear again. About half of this side of the record is taken up by (again) goofy samples. One song title is "Endless Blockade For the Pussyfitter," go figure... I don't really see how the same band can have part of their song be "Waking the Dead" by Suicidal Tendencies, and on the same record have a song title referencing GISM... anyhow. On the flip side of this disc is Contra, who seem to take a more serious approach to their music... Musically this is pretty bad generic mid-eighties hardcore punk. Lyrics are of the high school political variety, which I am in no way condemning, and are pretty cool in contrast to the M.C.D. 182 side of nonsense. But as I was typing this... another stupid fucking sample!!! Enough already. BD (Contra/12 Manor Pl./Huntington, NY 11746)



HELDBACK/PRINCESS THEORY • split 7"

Heldback seriously rocks in an old school hardcore kind of way. Fucking positive Go! They've got the thrashy fast parts, the big time double bass mosh interludes, and the guitar first, drums to follow breaks. Very very good. Princess Theory has a more modern sound. They lean towards the crazy fast puke your heart out emo thing. Unfortunately their recording is much worse than Heldback's, so that takes a little away from their power. Too bad. Both bands hail from Sweden. MH (Buchannon Productions)

MIHOEN/COCKROACH • split 7"

Spazz, Charles Bronson, Combat Wound Veteran... if you like any of these bands you need to check out this Dutch split 7". Everything about this is top quality: the vinyl is heavy and thick and makes you wanna suck on it, the packaging rules, the sound quality is awe-inspiring, the booklet makes you wanna call them and arrange a trans-atlantic group hug, the lyrics kick ass. You didn't know you needed this, but now I told you, so go out already and buy this. MH (Cockroach c/o Kobus/Beekstraat 45/5981 AR Panningen/Holland)

OUR TIME/STANDFAST • split 7"

Our Time starts out with the whole screamy vocals, caveman drums chaos, violence reminding me of Reversal Of Man, and breaks down into melodic singing, talking vocals similar to Saetia. Lyrics are personal/political dealing with health care in America, and youth. They state that "medicare will not cover a walking cane for a blind person but will pay 80% of the cost of an erection assisting device." Sickening fact, but there's no mention of the source of this information, which can be hard to believe for someone whom I'm trying to convince that privatized healthcare indeed sucks. Standfast are more straight forward he with catchy riffs. My lack of he knowledge enables me to make a decent comparison, but they also do the whole breakdown with shouting vocals, singing backups, telling the listener to think for themselves, dancy fun. Two different styles complement each other well on one 7"; I like both and bet they are good live also. The layout of the sleeve is well done also. AM (In Dreams Records/105 Squirrels Heath/Fairport, NY 14450)

BLUETIP/NRA • split 7"

I guess Bluetip is Bluetip—by now you should know whether you like them or not. I wasn't too into their second album but the song on here reminds me more of the first; it has a good beat and Jawbox-ish lyrics. I had never heard of NRA before but I ended up enjoying the 2 songs on their side more than the Bluetip song. Their stuff, though similar, is catchier. I don't think I'd be going too far if I called this a quality release. MH (BCore/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

ALIEN BLOOD TRANSFUSION/13 GHOSTS • 7"

ABT start off with a very Dead Kennedys like song which, unfortunately, has no vocals. And the next song... oh, no, wait, that was it. On to 13 Ghosts; more almost instrumental stuff with a nice surf guitar. Hmmm... these guys probably make for good bar entertainment. Apart from that I can't find much to recommend this. MH (Acme Records/PO Box 441/Dracut, MA 01826)

BACKSIDE LKPG/F.I.L. • split 7"

Backside performs what I would say is larger-than-ever now in Europe "MOSH metal," although not too moshy as to where I can't even bear it. These guys stay within the frame and actually do it well. F.I.L., also from Sweden, reminded me a tad of Seein Red, although not as political and lacking a bit of the energy Seein Red has. They go on to banter about personal issues. I guess it's good stuff. BR (Bridge Records/Box 1903/SE-58118 Linköping/Sweden)

ETTEL VRYE/TIPPING CANOE • split LP

Ettel Vrye hail from Providence, RI. They play some emotionally charged rock that shifts through slow quiet parts to loud, fast parts and sometimes back. There is some complexity in the playing. Vocals are soft spoken or a screaming cry. The words are rather opaque and probably introspective. The Tipping Canoe side is more straightforward medium tempo rock with a power trio feel. The playing is tight, the guitar is nicely harsh and the rhythm section is big and loud. Vocals are shouted and the words are opaque as well. Both sides of this LP are well made music that the bands seem to have worked on for a good long time before recording. That was a smart idea on their part. As a bonus the handmade package is nicely done with stickers, a button, a patch, and a lyric booklet. Ettel Vrye and Tipping Canoe have made an all around nifty record. SJS (Moganono Records/8 Candlewood Drive/Andover, MA 01810)

B.S.E./INSULT • split 7"

Nothing is more annoying than getting a split 7" that doesn't have the sides marked. It's just a very bad idea, especially when you have two similar sounding grind core bands. The only way I could tell one band from the other was the fact that B.S.E. did a cover of "Greedy and Pathetic" by M.D.C. B.S.E. play super fast grind core that to me sounds a bit like Japanese thrash. Insult is more the long hair kind of kill-your-mother kind of music, very brutal. Both bands are definitely above average grind core, but I'm not that into grind so I wasn't to stoked on this. "Insult strongly encourages brutal mosh pits to spice up today's lame ass-shows." Horns up! GC (Roy Meijnen/Haarweg 287/6709 RX Wageningen/Netherlands)

AGNA MORAINÉ'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY/RENTAMERICA • split 7"

AMA's first 7" provided me with my all time favorite answering machine loop, the miserable "gray, gray, gray, just like today" line. I was very curious to hear more of their stuff. It seems to me like these songs here are much more coherent and better produced. They date a while back and it is entirely possible that they were recorded at the same time as the 7". Now wouldn't that make me look like a fool. However, I'm used to it, so I'll stick with my initial statement of saying that this is different (as in "more sane sounding") from the other stuff. It's messed up "ugly" emo, that seems true and heartfelt. I like it. RentAmerica on the other hand sound only ugly and disjointed and never allow for an AMA style in-love-with-death vocal rant break. I like the other side better. MH (\$3ppd to 566 UNCG Station/Greensboro, NC 27413)

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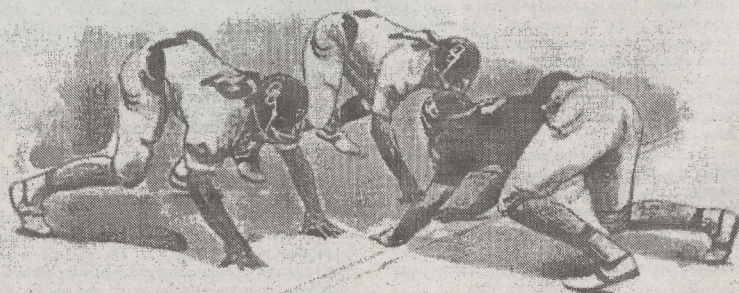
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BLUEPRINT/PILOTS IN PARIS • split 7"

The heaviest blue vinyl record in the world. That is a BIG plus already. The Blueprint song is a very subdued No Knife style ballad. It's extremely mellow, but works better than most of their earlier stuff, in fact. Pretty. Pilots In Paris were formerly known as Cerulean and they play a low-key Mineral style. They still have a little bit of Christie Front Drive influence, as well. This sounds like a better recording than their old 7"s. A little hollow when it kicks in, but this is not a bad split for fans of melody and the occasional rock-out. American and German creative forces collide and produce a nice slab of vinyl. It probably costs a fortune to ship the vinyl, due its sheer density. Word. DO (SNC-Empire/PO Box 1112/39001 Magdeburg/Germany)

STACK/NARSAAK • split 7"

I would expect nothing less than this record from Per Koro. Fierce, vicious punk rock from both bands. Stack play aggressive, harsh sounding brutality that reminds me of Crossed Out at times. These are guys write some simple heavy sounding punk rock loaded with screams, double bass, and more. The Narsaak side is a bit more mid-tempo hardcore with a vocalist that screams more from his belly sounding like earlier Neurosis. Their songs drag on a bit more than they should but they still pack a few punches. I would have to say that the Stack side has more of what I want to hear, but overall this is an abrasive record with a lot of sharp edges. SA (Per Koro/Fehrfeld 26/28203 Bremen/Germany)

POP UNKNOWN/SOMETREE • split 7"

Pop Unknown play very radio friendly indie rock. This isn't one of their best songs—it's kind of boring to be honest. I liked the German Sometree better. It is, of course, indie rock too. Very Mineral down to the vocals. Their song is less polished than the PU one which is another reason I like it better. Recommended if you like this sort of thing. MH (SNC Empire/PO Box 1112/39001 Magdeburg/Germany)

MACH5/P.H.P. • split CD

I'm going to give this CD to Graham as soon as I'm done writing this review because he really likes this youth crew and '80s hardcore stuff, which both these bands play. Both bands are from Italy and sing in Italian. Mach5 does a better job of being tighter and having a good recording. PHP is a little more original in parts, but I don't really like either of these bands. Don't blame it on the bands, I'm just not that into this genre. ADI (Riot Records/Viale Monza 26/20127 Milano/Italy)

V/A • Tractor Tunes, Volume 1 CD (with Fresh Cow Pie #5 'zine)

A big long CD compilation from Farmer P, one of America's last great heroes of the family farm. The CD starts out with a shrill, quite ridiculous song off of an old 45 (or 78 for all I know) of women and children singing about Jesus and stuff... this track is followed by an excellent (but too short at two minutes) low-key acoustic song by "Donny Bosco" who is better known as Kyle from F.U.C.K. It is a beautiful song in the vein of many solo artists like Elliott Smith or Ben Lee. Other relative highlights of the disc include: Minnae (off-time moodiness), Kuda LaBranche (Robert Pollard of Guided By Voices doing a hollower version of Oasis?), Neutrino (math rock out of Chicago), The Trans Ams ("Fargo's greatest punk band ever"), June Panic (Bob Dylan-esque?), The Ed Kemper Trio (Southern-tinged snotty rock... good stuff), Eric Lichter (silly song about Sub-Pop... like Adam Sandler), Ring (Belle & Sebastian, late '60s hippie rock and the missing Bob Dylan harmonica from June Panic's track!), Emperor Penguin (electro remix), and Doombuggy (spacey stuff from a member of Unwound). Others included: Impolex G, Wino, Strap Hanger, Dave Poindexter, Marmoset and The Terrifying Experience. 21 songs, 66 minutes. The 'zine is review-heavy and mostly related to two of Farmer P's greatest loves: indie-rock and farming. Actually, there's very little farming info in this one, which is a shame, since it made for very interesting reading in #4. This issue consists almost exclusively of reviews and two interviews with people I have no prior knowledge of (Jack Rabid—"King of 'Zines"—and some guy from a band called Hot Stove Jimmy). The former: somewhat interesting talk of an old-time 'zinester; the latter: fairly uninteresting. Get this if you like a variety of indie-rock music, but get #4 if you want a more fulfilling 'zine experience. DO (\$8ppd USA) to Fresh Cow Pie/5112 77th Ave SE/Montpelier, ND 58472)

V/A • Slide Chorus, First Round CD

I really dreaded having to listen to this, but it turned out to be one of the better comps I've had to review. All songs are in that pop punk vein. I've never heard of any of these bands before and there's not much information included—so I don't even know if they're all from Spain. Some sing in Spanish, some in English. The overall quality of the music is very good. These are some of the participating combos: Hard Ups, GAS Drummers, Stolen Wallet, PPM, Nucleo etc. MH (PO Box 3396/28080 Madrid/Spain)

V/A • Good Life/Eulogy Budget Sampler CD

Not sure if we should review stuff like this, but here goes... This is merely a sampler of songs from a bunch of different releases on Good Life and Eulogy. Everything is already released, and unless you are looking to find out what some of these bands sound like without blowing a lot of green then it will do the trick. The line up is Length Of Time, 25 Ta Life, Bird Of Ill Omen, China White, Forever And A Day, As Friends Rust, Congress, Twelve Tribes, and a whole bunch more. KM (Goodlife/Eulogy)

V/A • The Lew Wallace Compilation 7"

This is a benefit comp for the theater program at Lew Wallace high school in Gary, Indiana. The comp comes from a label in Lance Harbor, Illinois so the connection between the label and the school is??? Anyway, Quatro, Twelve Hour Turn, The Vidablue and The Lazarus Plot all lay down an emo track for your listening pleasure. Pretty good stuff for those that like the emo rock stuff, especially if you like the more nerdy and edgy variations rather than the more polished indie stuff. KM (Lance Harbor Records/935 Hiawatha Dr./Elgin, IL 60120)



V/A • Just Look Around Chapter 2 CD

This is a 20 band compilation that was put out by a Dutch label. Some of these tracks are exclusive (Pflanz, Red Sky, PN) but the vast majority are taken from previously released material. I guess this gives you a good overview of some of the current posi/hc/mosh/SXE/etc. bands from Europe and the US. Some of the other bands are Blindside, Within Reach, Like Peter At Home, X-Men, Dodgin' Bullets, Guidingline, Pencilcase and for some inexplicable reason Profax (the same song that was already on the *Give Me Back* compilation). MH (Tolerance Records/Spreeuwenlaan 59/1742 GS Schagen/Netherlands)

V/A • Justice For The Enslaved Vol. 1 CD

Mosh metal and then some more mosh metal. Lots of Xs. The band that stuck out for me was Dehumanize because they add a good dose of Scandinavian metal into their hardcore and even have some faster parts. The rest of this is good, but the bands just seem to be ripping each other off. Each band does 2 songs, the bands are Clouded, Point Of No Return, Withdrawn, Shorebreak, Dehumanize, Shed and Reprisal. If you're into any of these bands I'd get this comp because you're bound to like most of the rest of this. Also, proceeds are going to help raise money for activist organizations. ADI (Sure Hand Records/PO Box 1251/Sheffield/S11 7XG/England)

V/A • Olean Area Takeover II CD

This is a document of the Olean scene, New York. Apparently the scene is young and enthusiastic—at least that's the feeling I get from the CD cover and booklet. There are six bands on here, each of them plays four to six songs. Menticide offers pretty basic punk rock with lyrics that basically say that we should strive for more tolerance and that we should care for each other. M.D.C. plays more dirty punk rock with a demo quality recording. No Execution plays fairly melodic punk with vocals that are too throaty. Will Heshier is a guy and his guitar. His songs remind me of the acoustic Hated stuff. The recording is appalling but I think his songs could be really good. I know there were supposed to be 6 songs on here, but there's only two. Next up is Ambulance Drunk. They play what I would call mid tempo feel good drunk punk. The last Band is Avarice. They, too, play eighties punk rock. It would be nice to see all these people (with the exception of Will) get more proficient at playing their instruments. The enthusiasm is certainly there. MH (PO Box 57/Olean, NY 14760)

V/A • Indian Vibes tape

This cassette, courtesy of the good folks at Easy Subcult, contains nine tracks of easy going tunes from the subcontinent of India. They are slightly popish in feel and seem to combine the improvisation of Indian classical music with the mellow groove of that country's movie music. There are some swell vocal tracks and some strumming instrumentals to ease your mind a bit. A nice collection of music that is fun to listen to. SJS (Easy Subcult/1806 Eastman/Bethlehem, PA 18018)

V/A • Not Without A Fight double CD

The first disc has 41 tracks and includes Mark Bruback, Cruel Face, Strong Intention, Bastard Noise, RPOD, SoliHadToShootHim, Katastrofalue, Unfound, Dark Skies Fallen, Retribution, Global Holocaust, Flammable Child, Depressor, John Bender, AuralTortureMechanism, The Last Day, Agathocles, Daybreak, Puncture Wound, and None Of Your Fucking Business. The second disc features Dahmer, Samus, Mizukom, Cripple Bastards, Miseries A.D., A Death Between Seasons, Macronympha, Unholy Grave, Falsies, Final Exit, J-Dog, and Bloodstains & Bulletholes. Wow. Most bands do two or three or even four tracks!!! So there is a LOT to listen to, maybe too much. The extremely thick booklet also comes with lots of writings from people like Jen Angel, Daryl Vocat, Adrienne Droogas, and Mike Antipathy (plus more). So it is sort of like a 'zine meets CD comp. And of course the bands all have a page for their lyrics or their idea of artistic expression. This is quite a comp with a lot to listen to and to read. The music won't be for everyone since most of the bands are rather harsh and noisy or down right ear destruction, but for those that like that sort of sound *Not Without A Fight* is a great sampler. KM (Fistfight Records/PO Box 364/Hagerstown, MD 21741)

V/A • City Of... CD

A compilation of 31 songs by four Slovenian bands. They are: Entreat, Low Punch, Man In The Shadow and Straightforward. Entreat play heavy hardcore in the vein of No Escape (plus one ballad). Not at the top of their league but not bad, either. Low Punch does the fast posi thing, similar to Hogan's Heroes. The vocals are high-pitched and nasal and the lyrics are anti corporate greed and religion. Ten songs, all fucking positive. Next up is Man In The Shadow who I already knew from their 7". Again they're good even though they sound as if they just started out. The last band on here is Straightforward. They play great posi-core in the vein of 7 Seconds and Wishful Thinking. Tight and melodic. They rule. The accompanying booklet to this compilation features some anti-capitalist, anti-authoritarian, pro-DIY and pro-love writings that are totally inspiring and positive. Very well done. MH (When The Day Comes c/o Valter Cijan/Gradnikove h. 49/5000 Nova Gorica/Slovenia)

V/A • A Four Way Stop CD

A four way split that features four bands from the Chicago area (I'm guessing). The CD starts off with Hero Of A Hundred Fights, my personal favorite of the bunch. They play mid-paced emo with mostly clean guitars, similar to Hoover, June of 44 and maybe Karate. Very very good material. Too bad there's only two songs. The next band is Insidious. They sound too much like Cap'n Jazz/Braid for me to say more about them. Not much individuality there, unfortunately. Next up is Managra, the only band on here that I had heard of before. They offer 4 songs, disjointed songs, and pretty much sound like I remember them (but I don't actually remember them terribly well). They appear to be the most aggressive outfit on this sampler. Things quiet down (to some degree) with the next band, Tintoretto. Introverted, twisted songs that again remind me a lot of Hoover. Like all the other bands this is what I call "head" music; it isn't easily consumable but it isn't without rewards. Hats off to William Zientara who sings/plays guitar in all bands except Insidious. He seems like a creative fella. I wish they would have included some more info about the bands and why this CD exists. Still, I think this product is very much worth your money. MH (404 Records/PO Box 827/Normal, IL 61761)

V/A • Technology CD

This was originally released with *Skyscraper #7*. The idea was to take fifteen indie and punk songs and re-mix them in order to get an experimental and technological sound. Did it work? Yes, the songs sound very different than the originals. Even the songs I know don't sound much like the originals. And, yes, the sound is very technological and the electronica feel is immense. But I can't claim that I would want to listen to this sort of thing too often. Creative and interesting indeed, but good, hey that is up for debate just like it is with the original versions of these songs. The originals were performed by Engine Down, Cars Get Crushed, Lowercase, Tristeza, Bent Leg Fatima, Murder City Devils, Rah Bras, Your Adversary, Make-Up, Party Of Helicopters, Sunshine, Ex-Ignota, and more... KM (Skyscraper/PO Box 4432/Boulder, CO 80306)

V/A • Bad Music For Bad People CD

This extremely diverse compilation features bands from the Rhode Island/Massachusetts area. The power packed line-up includes Dropdead, Isis, Black Dice, Agoraphobic Nosebleed, Converge, Old Man Gloom, Men's Recovery Project, In My Eyes, Nowhere Fast, Day After, Paindriver, Unholy BMX, Civil Defense and ten more. A little bit of everything with almost every type of hardcore music being represented. Can't go wrong here with something for everyone. KM (Trash Art Record/PO Box 725/Providence, RI 02901)

V/A • Just Look Around, Chapter 1 CD

More of a sampler than a compilation, since almost all of the songs are taken from full-lengths. Most of the bands are fairly standard "tough guy" bands, sounding like Pantera, old Pennywise, and/or old NYHC bands. Many European bands and a healthy dose of American rockers, as well. Some of the more notable (not necessarily "good" but better-known) acts include Brother's Keeper, Fall Silent and Stretch Armstrong. Crivits reminds me somewhat of Forced Down, Ember brings in some feelings (even though it comes off sounding too weak among all these bad asses), Eso Charis plays some heavy-duty hardcore that reminds me of Absinthe and Lamagna plays some interesting rock that sounds like a fucking drill in the head... in a good way. Others filling out the roster: At Any Cost, Born Blind, Compression, Deluge, Distension, I.D.K., Meanwhile, Neverfall, No Innocent Victim, Overcome, Piecemeal, Thick As Thieves, Thumbs Down, Victims of Society and Xmiik (who rock in an ass-kicking way, as well). If you're a fan of brutality and hardcore, there are some solid tracks on here... but you may already have them... 22 songs, 68 minutes. DO (Tolerance/Spreeuwenlaan 59/1742 GS Schagen/Netherlands)

V/A • International Benefit CD

Packed with 44 songs from 33 bands from 13 different countries... many bands do 2 songs. The line up features Code 13, His Hero Is Gone, Hog, Gostomper, Dahmer, Fleas & Lice, Unkind, Fuck On The Beach, Slums, Sickness, Summer Day In June, Juggling Jugulars, Hibernation, 1 Minute Of Chaos, Tuto Ramirez, Vomit For Breakfast, Boycot, Segue, Sin Dios, Cress, Abuso Sonoro, Holocausto, Diaspora, Parkinson, Sin Retorno, P.C.P., Primitiv Bunko, Calloused, Anti Trust, P4A L'Attack, Insurreccion, Grito De Odio, and Gride. I am not sure if most songs are unreleased or just cuts from other records, though I know that the His Hero Is Gone songs are from other records. The booklet inside doesn't have any info about the bands but it does talk about what the money will be used for (it is a benefit comp after all). Grind, thrash, and damaged hardcore from all over the world. A good way to check out a whole shit load of bands. KM (Fight For Your Mind/47 Avenue Gilbert Roux/03300 Cusset/France)

V/A • Ten Years Old, BCore CD

It's weird how little info comes with this compilation CD. I take it this is supposed to give you an overview of the label's history, yet there is no mention of what records these bands released on B-Core, or even any band addresses or any other sort of information. A lot of bands on here do the emotive rock/indie thing (with the exception of X Milk, Sowplot and All III, their sound is a bit harsher). The definite winner on this one is Dies Irae here, I like their twisted emo/anger approach. Other bands I liked are Aina, Slang and A Room With A View. MH (BCore/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

V/A • In Native Soil CD

A sort of Louisville, KY pride CD here. I grabbed it for the Elliott song, but found some energetic folks preceding my intended target. High-energy Red Sun leads things off in good form, Ousia follows them up with a soulful, live recording of their heavily Fugazi-influenced "Naked Lip Service," Cherub Scourge plays their punky anti-cop anthem "All Fuckin' Pigs," and Out bats clean-up... grounding out and forcing The Aasee Lake to try their hand at knocking them all home. They put in noble effort, with some minimalist vocals and undulating bass-driven rhythms, but Revelation's sweethearts (Elliott) are left to really clear the bases. They play a cover of "Another Nail For My Heart"—an '80s song that you might not know by the name, but might recognize by the chorus. Either you like them or don't, but don't expect to be blown away by power, for this is has their signature choir boy vocals and indie-rock lite sort of a sound... quite different from their live energy. Eleven Eleven goes for the epic mood piece, which sort of works, but might drag for many folks. 8 minutes of instrumental stuff. The Enkindels sound like they want to be Split Lip with deeper voices, but their singer's tone-deafness makes itself too obvious. Ouch. Bodyhammer brings on a noisy storm of static and backgroundy hardcore. My Own Victim plays some tough-sounding rock that sounds too labored to make it work. McAfee listened to a lot of "Bad to the Bone" and "Come Together" growing up. Drifting Luke sounds like Michael Stipe of R.E.M. doing some country ditty... but I like it. The Pennies would be fun to see at a bar full of locals, swaying along to the songs, drinking some beers and singing the choruses. I've never been big on Metroshtifter, but "Strung Out On Music" is so wacky with its scary, synthesized black metal seven dwarves part, that I can't help but dig it. My second taste of Wino is still lacking something... especially with only a minute and a half to go on. Month of Sundays finishes this one off with an eerie rock ballad that is somehow reminiscent of R.E.M.'s "Sweetness Follows" (on *Automatic For The People*), except that it is over 12 minutes long (if you count the 6 minutes of random noises). In any case, it rules. 17 songs, 71 minutes. DO (Noise Pollution/PO Box 72189/Louisville, KY 40272)

V/A • Stories Of Love And Rebellion LP

This all German compilation introduced me to a lot of new bands I'd never heard of before. A good part of them do the melodic punk thing; Kick Joneses, Skinny Norris, Barseros, The Rockets (think Hüsker Dü and Lemonheads), but there is also some excellent emo (Another Day and Koyanaisqatsi). 14 bands altogether. The record comes in gatefold cover that features some rather aggressive artwork (at least as far as color is concerned). Just as with John Malkovich, I can't decide whether I find it hideous or hideously attractive. At any rate, this record is well worth checking out. MH (Unter Schafen Records c/o Timo Lowenstein/Auf der Hardt 35/56130 Bad Embs/Germany)

V/A • The Return Of The X-Men 7"

Recorded live at a straight edge festival in Amsterdam, Holland in June of 1997 this compilation 7" captures Guiding Line, Oil, Soberresponse, One X More, Vitamin X, Mainstrike, and By The Grace Of God. The sound quality is pretty good and the 7" comes with a lot of info about the show plus the lyrics, of course. Obviously this record came out a long time ago, but it has just been repressed. A lot of these bands were not well known when the comp was originally released, but by now lots of kids are very familiar with the Commitment line-up as well as with Mainstrike and By The Grace Of God. KM (Commitment Records/Klein Muisden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

V/A • Kill Frank Lentini CD

I'm not sure who Frank Lentini is, and not sure if I should know who he is, but this is a great CD. I have zero complaints about this one. An all-star lineup including one of my faves, Combat Wounded Veteran. Also has Amps For Christ, Men's Recovery Project, Bastard Noise, Index for Potential Suicide and more. If you're familiar with any of these bands, the CD is well worth it. Bands range from experimental noise to a hectic overthrust of chaos. Comes in a 5x7 booklet with inserts by all the bands and a few photos. 1 1/2 years in the making... good stuff. BR (Kill Frank Lentini/23-B Line St./Charleston, SC 29403)

...and once again begins the demo hell... cower mortal, the demo cometh!

COBRA KAT • demo

I hate it when bands get too creative with their packaging to the point where it defeats the original purpose. This is packaged like a 7" which makes it a pain in the ass, because I can't put it with my 7"s because it'll wreak havoc and mess up the covers of my other records and I can't keep it in my tape case because it won't fit, and I don't need it lying around my stereo area so I guess this goes in the trash after I review it. CK play melodic spazzy hardcore with a poppy edge. The dual vocals are used well. This reminds me of Torches to Rome in the good places. ADI (PO Box 20143/Cincinnati, OH 45220)

GANGLIA • Friday The 14th demo

Ganglia is a one man band consisting of a drum machine, distorted vocals and a lot of sampled noise. No such traditional instruments as guitars or a bass were used. There are 44 tracks on this tape. 44. They're all really short, of course. I would be lying if I said I liked this. A lot of it sounds like machine gun fire over some sampled horror flick screaming. However the lyrics are smart and I'm sure it actually takes a lot of talent to produce these "songs." Still, I never really got into noise. All that crazy Man Is The Bastard stuff—it just isn't for me. If you get turned on by it, though, you might want to check this out. MH (\$3 (USA) or \$4 (world) to David Smittcamp/4133 Oceana Ave./Lakewood, CA 90713)

ALGODON • demo

All the way metal from the name to the cover to the music. Very, very slow, so slow my hair grew about half an inch while I listened to the first song. The tempo picked up after that, but it was still death metal. The recording is okay and all the sordid lyrics, too. 6 songs. MH (\$2 to Meconium Records/PO Box 25171/Raleigh, NC 27611)

LESSER OF TWO • cassette

Man, this Polish label just keeps pumping out the releases. This time around it's Oakland's Lesser Of Two who I'm getting to hear for the first time. LOT are very dynamic. They play hard and fast (well sometimes slow too) but with a lot of various tempo changes, technical riffs and different styles of screaming. The production of this tape is really good. The lyrics criticize society and politics and are very well written. MA (Nikt Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

SUICIDE VOTE • demo

This is an excellent, excellent demo, the kind that you want to own. Believe me, I'm not lying. Everything about this is great from the artwork to the recording to the music itself. There are only three songs on here, which may be the only downside. Suicide Vote play two fast and furious, pissed off songs of modern hardcore that will blow you away. The third song is more of a ballad, but it's not the pretty radio kind. Watch out for their split with Sever The Chord, plus they'll have songs on a number of upcoming compilations. MH (PO Box 5067/Bloomington, IN 47407; jgagovsk@indiana.edu)

P.D.S. • ...Not The Way demo

4 songs from this Portuguese band. The recording was done in their rehearsal space and sounds accordingly. Musically this is fairly fast and melodic eighties hardcore. Unfortunately there were no lyrics enclosed and I consequently find it hard to say much more about it. MH (PDS/Rua do Roselair, 88/4430-214 V.N. Gaia/Portugal)

R5/AT BAY • demo

This was recorded live at a show, so the sound isn't the greatest. R5 does the gloom, slow sludgy sound with growl vocals that can't be understood, with a few blast beats and a goofy guitar solo. At Bay has a more melodic punk sound but faster than most with an Assfactor 4 on the second song. They sing about globalization and corporate power, a timely issue, and personal lyrics which spoke deep to me, "I only want to hear those engaged in throwing their hearts on the floor and letting everything go." With a better recording both bands could get an audience. AM (2480 Winding Rd./Hatboro PA, 19040)

THE MONGER • demo

Layers of different noise. Don't want to waste my time or yours, so bye bye. ADI (1021 T St./Sacramento, CA 95814)

TROTTEL • Interference tape

I had heard of Trottel before, but this is the first time I actually heard their stuff. I was expecting punk rock but I was getting a much more experimental, jazzy sound. At their most accessible they sound like some of those newer DC bands that are so in love with their own snaziness. But more often than not the band slips into some disjointed, rhythmically intricate free jazz thing. It turned out too big a challenge for me. MH (N.N.N.W./PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

IN THE RED... • demo

This is definitely a keeper. First of all, the demo covers are all encased in a heavy duty metal slab with spray paint and are hand numbered to a hundred. These must be expensive to ship but they are hella cool lookin'. Their sound reminds me of an earlier Orchid yet not as head bangin'. These kids rock four songs on a raw recording that really makes the whole packaging suitable. There is a lot of potential here and if they continue to put as much time into their music as they do on their packaging then I am sure we will be hearing some more cool stuff in the future. SA (\$2 to PO Box 11046/Portland, OR 97211)

HEAD HITS CONCRETE • Mitakuye Oyasmin demo

Pissed off, kick-ass grind from Winnipeg. The sound quality is so-so, but okay for a demo. 10 songs that kick you in the face. Nonstop. MH (PO Box 26014/116 Sherbrook St./Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4K9/Canada)

TOO MANY SCREAMING CHILDREN • demo

Extremely bad recordings of blast beat chaos and noise with screechy screaming, deep growls and grunts all played by two people. Each song goes by in seconds. Nice to see something coming out of Duarte. MA (Jasen/1508 Third St./Duarte, CA 91010)

V/A • Asian Punk Lives #2 tape

This tape contains 60 minutes of Asian punk, eleven bands total. They are from such countries as Japan, the Philippines, Indonesia and Malaysia. The quality of the material goes from the barely tolerable to the very good. It's a very mixed bag, but if you're curious about more exotic hardcore you should definitely check into this. Included in the accompanying booklet are many addresses of other compilations and Asian 'zines. MH (Sprout Records c/o Tsuyoshi Konno/1-10-27/1-bancho/Aoba-ku/Sendai-city/Miyagi/980-0811/Japan)

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY • demo

So, I'm listening to this, thinking, wow, this is really cool and I read the accompanying letter and what do you know, I actually used to trade records with their singer. All that makes me very happy since it gives me a chance to say hello and at the same time give heartfelt praise for this tape. The 5 songs on it definitely have a record quality sound and I bet you, you too, will listen to this again and again. A Death in the Family play mid- to late eighties hardcore with a positive edge that—surprisingly—sounds very fresh and cliché-free. It makes me want to pull out my Stand To Reason demo and my Powerhouse-7" and get jiggy with it. Good stuff. MH (Alex Soudah/257 Carriage Way/Princeton, NJ 084540)

VIOLENCE TAKES REFUGE IN VIRTUE • tape

Sounds a bit like early Rorschach, metally but very raw. Not bad, but not that exciting either. BH (no address)

KATE MOSH • demo

Before I played this I read the liner notes where it said that they weren't very happy with the sound quality. Well I say don't be so hard on yourselves. This is pure brutality. This tape was insane from the moment it started until the moment it ended. Metallic hardcore with blasting, growling, screaming, sick guitars, mosh parts, the whole enchilada! The sound quality was just as good or even better than most band demos I have heard. I can't wait to hear more about these guys. Comparable to local favorites Uphill Battle. CF (Lars/Kutterweg 5/28779 Bremen/Germany)

POINT BREAK • Reason In Revolt demo

Old skool '80s str8edge hardcore from Italy. These guys also have songs about the working class. A bit more melodic than the billions of similar bands but not too diverse. ADI (C.P. 29/20099, Sesto S. Giovanni (MI)/Italy)

CROUSTIBAT • The War Is Over demo

Croustibat are from Portugal and play angry hardcore in the vein of Deathbeat and Resist. The lyrics are in English and they're real good but somewhat hard to decipher. I hope we'll be hearing more from these guys. MH (Ze Nuno/Apartado 346/2750 Cascais/Portugal; tibat@mail.pt)



by Kent McClard

MEREL

NEW WINDS • demo

Watch out! Political vegan SXE out of Portugal! Go!! Lots of songs on this one and plenty of anger and urgency. I'm wrecking my brain trying to come up with a comparison. I know I used to listen to this stuff 10 years ago. The vocals are kinda high-pitched and nasal, but for the most part this is really, really good (if you're into the posi thing). It comes with a pamphlet in Portuguese and English, that talks about the political implications of being straight edge. MH (Apartado 41086/1500 Lisboa/Portugal; newinds@yahoo.com)

TRAGATELO/KONTRAATTAQUE • split demo

Well, I was one of the lucky ones to see Tragatelo and Kontraataque perform in LA with a handful of other LA Latino hardcore bands. Tragatelo ("Shove it") give us just what we need with political lyrics and music in the vein of early '80s hardcore a la Los Crudos. It has a line-up that includes members of Los Crudos, Lifes Halt and Subsistencia, but is only considered a side project which is unfortunate because they were amazing and I wish they would have more stuff recorded. Kontraataque are loud and fast... I was banging my head so hard I almost popped my neck, if you know what I mean. Both bands had so many important things to say that night which was pretty inspiring. Look for the Kontraataque 7" on El Grito. BR (\$3ppd to Subversive/PO Box 39432/Downey, CA 90239)

UNDER A DYING SUN • demo

This demo features some extra intricate emo packaging. The recording is very raw but it works well with the old school emo sound they play. Several bands come into my mind: Sinker, Still Life, Yaphet Kotto. The songs (of which there are too few) seem more disjointed and chaotic than Sinker, but the overall emotion and energy is the same. Very good, I'd love to see them play live. MH (Rob Prevail/421 Sherwood Way/Menlo Park, CA 94025)

TRENCHANT • demo

The singer sound like the guy from Coalesce, and I don't like the vocals for Coalesce. The music is '70s rock influenced hardcore, without the jack-off, while keeping a mid-paced groove and a more fully heavy guitar tone. Pretty Black Sabbath sounding actually, yet it just took me awhile to realize it. I find myself enjoying this and the vocals seem to fit better with this music than Coalesce. 4 songs recorded at Double Time studios so this sounds pretty darn good for a demo. ADI (PO Box 3906/Long Beach, CA 90803)

THE JUKEBOX SCENARIO • demo

This is good. 7 songs on this tape that sound similar to 400 Years and the breakdowns remind me of Shotmaker. Singing vocals in English (?), not as harsh as my comparison. Very dancy, but they are from Germany so I'll probably never get to dance to this at a show. This is ready for vinyl. AM (SNC/PO Box 1112/39001 Magdeburg/Germany)

HOUSE OF HASSELHOFF • tape

Somewhat poppy, rough sounding punk. Very goofy at times but mostly just mediocre. BH (2855 Dubbard St./Columbia, SC 29204)

DEATH IS YOUR LANGUAGE • demo

Dark angry booming metal hardcore with a slight Born Against influence (or maybe that's just the artwork). Evil shit. The lyrics to these 5 songs are pissed off and to the point. I wonder what they might sound like with a better recording. My guess is this could be pretty good. MH (\$2 to PO Box 5583/Richmond, VA 23220)

DEPLOYMENT • The Ungovernable Dorks demo

Pretty damn horrible songs and lots of them. This might have been the most grating listen of this issue. Well done boys. An electric guitar riffs by itself and vocals that sound computer generated are crapped on top of that vomit inducing background. About a year ago I dislocated my knee cap. That was no fun. But it was better than listening to this. MH (9W Lakeside Ave./Lakeside Park, KY 41017)

V/A • Screams Of The Night tape

Most of the bands on this play heavy music, though there are a few noise bands and less heavy bands as well. The sound quality varies from decent to almost unbearable. Really just boring, though some of the song titles are just wonderful (i.e. "The stickers on your car are gay"). BH (Damn Opposed Records/9 W Lakeside Ave./Lakeside Park, KY 41017)

WOPTIME • El Paso live demo

This seems to be a live show recording from Woptime from Italy. It's total fucking mid-'80s style thrash core in the vein of the old Euro bands or even Brazilian bands. Sort of what What Happens Next? is doing now. Sung all in Italian. For a live tape this sounds fairly good. MA (Paolo Paganelli/Strada San Felice 11/10025 Pino Torinese/Italy)

ZINE REVIEWS

AGREE TO DISAGREE #8

8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.
This follows the format of your typical music magazine, with interviews, columns, music reviews, and plenty of ads. The features for this issue were the interviews with Trial, Flashlight, and Infiltrators—all of which were good. They always tried to get to a larger point and not just stagnate on what releases the band had out and what they thought about tour. To me, this is very important if you want to make the interview stand out at all. LO (PO Box 56057/1st Ave, PO/Vancouver, BC/V5L 5E2/Canada)

ALONE IN A CROWD #2

5.5x8.5 \$? 16pgs.
I seem to be getting a lot of 'zines that had a different name in their last issue. This one is *ex-Positive Adrenaline Power*. And you can probably guess what the general subject matter has changed to. The English is a little shaky throughout this, but it's still pretty easy to understand the general points he tries to get across. A lot of the content is an interview that he did with himself, which is a pretty good idea and in my mind has a lot of potential to do some pretty funny stuff, but this Q & A mostly deals with his thoughts on society and stuff. That's pretty much what the rest of the 'zine is made up of: him trying to build and form opinions on various topics. RG (Joris Focquaert/Grote Doalstraat 22820 Bonheiden/Belgium)

ALUMINUM SAUCE DELIGHT #1

8.5x11 \$1 24pgs.
Sloppy how I've gotten a string of this kind of 'zine for review this issue. Sloppy layout, strange humor, even stranger fiction about sexual encounters, disjointed columns about the state of things, and then some reviews. I have to wonder what type of personality puts out this style of 'zine. There is a lot of creativity and progress here, but it runs amok with the nature of the pieces losing me (and I assume many other readers) along the way. LO (PO Box 70/Syracuse, NY 13210)

THE ANTI-ME NEWSLETTER #1-#3

8.5x11 free 6/8/12pgs.
These three 'zines contain some juvenile attempts at humor by a person named Jason Haugh. It is possible that he believes he is a class clown type and writes these to be funny. He is woefully deluded. SJS (sea_monkey1@hotmail.com)

ANTI-STAGNANT POND

5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.
This 'zine is excellent. Thoughts on sex and sexuality and life and much, much more. It is powerfully written and combines text with art to create a coherent overall feel that many 'zines lack. If you saw Kandis' work in the women's issues of *HeartattaCk* then you have an idea of what this stuff is like. I'm not doing it justice here, but this 'zine is really well done. LK (Kandis/PO Box 2401/Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4A7/Canada)

AS THE WORLD BURNS #25

4x11 \$1 36pgs.
I guess this might be classified as a Christian 'zine, but that probably turned most you off, right? The author vaguely writes about his relationship with god, how the right wing Christians ruin it for the rest, and defends his beliefs without condemning non-believers. Other writings about what he likes (such as punk, friends, and the musician Joe Glitter) and dislikes (such as drugs, cops, and potty mouths). There is also an interview with the Wednesdays, contributions from his friends, and music reviews. The obscure size of the 'zine might make it visible at a distro table. Most of it is sloppily hand written which isn't good visually, especially for a five year anniversary issue. AM (Dan/2043 Ellis St/Stevens Point, WI 54481)

ATTITUDE PROBLEM #30

5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.
I enjoyed the interview with Felix von Hovoc, because I find him to be generally quite interesting. Also included were some articles about various issues, some of which were interesting (such as the one about humans and nature) and some of which perplexed me (such as the one about veganism... who cares what people call themselves??). The second interview is with Aron from the Freak Puppet Show. The 'zine is topped off with some reviews and some recipes and some hints for growing potatoes in buckets. LK (PO Box 2576/Colchester/Essex/CO3 4AY/England)

BACKWARDS FROM ZERO

5.5x8.5 \$2 16pgs.
The whole of this 'zine is long poem about the state of the world. It has some great points about calling out evil, democracy, imagination, and regeneration. I liked it. LO (Taylor Loyal/843 11th Ave. #4/Bowling Green, KY 42101)

BEER POWERED BICYCLE #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 12pgs.
Subtitled "dangerous things to do" this is a somewhat clever collection of bad ideas and their consequences. Clever but very poorly drawn. SJS (PO Box 650133/Austin, TX 78765)

BEYOND THE SELF #1

5.5x8.5 \$? 24pgs.
A personal/political 'zine written in straight edge speak. Essays in defense of college, love lost, human fallibility and the Earth Liberation Front make up the bulk of the material. I didn't care for the tone, but *Beyond The Self* is a look into another persons life experiences. It also has a nice clean layout going for it. JLG (Johnny/PO Box 0862/Crystal Lake, IL 60039)

BENEATH THE UNDERDOG #3

5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.
This is a nice collage of visual and literary stimulation. Ariana writes, captures, and draws a sphere of commentary about the world around us. It is about living and learning, and things you notice along the way. Though I was able to understand the prose better than some of the poetry, I got a good feel of what the editor is trying to do. That is, express ideas about the struggles of life in a way that makes you see things you might not and reflect on things a little more. A very cool project. LO (InSitu Publications/2732 SE Belmont/Portland, OR 97214)

THE BLUE DIVIDE #1

8x10 \$3.50 36pgs.
Slick, somewhat pretentious, and copyright pending, but any 'zine that references Switchblade Symphony and the Pet Shop Boys is okay with me. Geared towards all mediums of alternative art, this first issue of *The Blue Divide* contains a short, yet diverse line up, including interviews with members of Front Line Assembly, Front 242, and Koolhaas, as well as film, live show, and album reviews. I see potential here and it fills a void in the 'zine market... perhaps future issues will merit the hefty price tag and attitude. JLG (19478 Colorado Cir/Boca Raton, FL 33434)

BRIDGES FREEZE FIRST #5

5.5x8.5 \$1 44pgs.
This one was just way too non-linear for me. The layout is sloppy and the pieces go over which way. Different thoughts are intersecting each other and reviews seem to make their way on to every page. The cover claims that there are interviews with Holly Golightly, Hepcat, and Pamela Means inside. But I had such a hard time following the content I here I barely remember reading anything. I do remember the reviews, e-mails, letters, rants, and trivia... but it is all a big mess. My suggestion for the next issue is to clean up the layout and makes some breaks in between things so people get a chance to process what you print. LO (301 Newbury St./Isolation Tank #154/Danvers, MA 01923)

BESIDES THE ANIMALS

5.5x8.5 free 20pgs.
Jeepers... this is quite possibly the most complete 'zine on the vegan diet I've ever read! It touches on ethics, the environment, health benefits, energy consumption, food waste, and a whole lot more. There are dozens of fascinating facts and statistics as to the benefits of veganism, and the print quality is great! Whether you're a flesh-eater, vegetarian, or full-on vegan, if you'd like to learn more about this cruelty free lifestyle, than this is a good start. I'm going to order a bunch for my Vegan Action table here in Goleta! AP (Mark Osmond/8364 Washburn/Goodrich, MI 48438)

CABOOSE #1

5.5x8.5 \$2 20pgs.
A collection of writings of just whatever seems to be on this persons mind. I can't get into this but I definitely like the layout with that whole fucked up type writer look but laid out in a neat fashion. MA (Tali c/o St. George Hostel/PO Box 11 328/Wellington/New Zealand)

CHUMPIRE #125

8.5x11 33¢/trade 2pgs.
This issue covers the December and January goings on in Northwestern Pennsylvania, plus reviews of some well-known and not so well known records and 'zines. Editor Greg writes about children, uniformity and boredom of shopping malls, gay marriage, suppressed emotions, how to avoid self-martyrdom, Pokémon, and quite a bit more. The page is packed as usual. SJS (see address below)

CHUMPIRE #127

8.5x11 33¢/trade 2pgs.
Greg describes a pile of music and 'zines. He offers thoughts on various Pennsylvania regional newspapers, a polluting cogeneration plant in the city of Indiana, PA, his new car, Spanish class, and televised cartoon shows. Filling out the page are reviews of band performances during February and March, the spaces in which they played, and the action that accompanied some of the shows. SJS (PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

COMFORT CREATURE #6

5.5x8.5 \$2 48pgs.
I was pleased to find another issue of *Comfort Creature* in my pile to review. The style of Kap's anecdotal pieces are reminiscent of very popular 'zines of this genre, but still have their own essence and flavor. That is what makes this 'zine so readable. It is like listening to a story from an interesting friend. LO (PO Box 4251/Boulder, CO 80306)

COMMON SENSE FANZINE #6

5x8 \$1 32pgs.
Although this punk/oi 'zine has gotten as far as issue #6, it is still pretty rough around the edges. The interviews with Vinny from Agnostic Front and The Cuffs, the rants on metal, MRR, today's youth, oi bands, and the short reviews of records and suggested 'zines were all short. Sometimes short is good, but in this case short just seems like they didn't have much content. Personal music tastes or ideologies aside, I think the biggest hindrance for this 'zine is that it seems too brief and cluttered. LO (Win Vitkowsky/20 Highland Rd./Byram, CT 06830)

COMPLETE CONTROL #6

7x8.5 \$1 52pgs.
This new issue of *Complete Control* brings you pages upon pages of sociopolitical commentary, news, and stories. The overall focus is on anarchism and resistance, but there are similar themes of class struggle and community organizing as well. His recount of the WTO protests, the Black Bloc communiqué, a history of the struggles of Vancouver's Gastown neighborhood, an article on anarchy in Eugene, information about anarchist activist Robert Thaxton (or Rob Los Ricos), and a lengthy reprint about Portland from *Living In Doom Town* make up this issues tribute to the Northwest. I found it to be very informational and interesting to read. LO (Greg/PO Box 5021/Richmond, VA 23220)

COUNTER THEORY #2

8.5x11 \$2 80pgs.
The cover of this newspaper 'zine says it all. "Columns, Articles, Fiction, Interviews, Reviews." That just about sums it up, but perhaps you're wondering just who those interviews are with? Well, wonder no longer: Hot Water Music, Grade, Reversal of Man, The Judas Factor, Danielle Dombrowski, In My Eyes, Discount, Crank! Records, Boxcar Records, Forever and a Day... and many more. Interviews galore (some are good and some are pretty standard [a.k.a. boring]). It is all put together with a nice, slick layout. LK (12850 St. Rd. 84/Davie, FL 33325)

CUTLASS #5

7x8.5 \$1 40pgs.
I mistakenly called this 'zine *Gutless* the last time I reviewed it, so maybe some of you will recognize it from that review. Janice returns with more heart and info for you to soak up. The latest issue talks all about the closing of Epicenter Zone (where she had volunteered 'til the end), the oddities of San Francisco politics, the WTO, and a few personal ideas. She covers things thoroughly and always expresses what she means. The WTO section has some great info (including a long interview from a protester) and her piece on Epicenter gives a lot of background. I like this 'zine. LO (Janice Flux/PO Box 16651/San Francisco, CA 94116)

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #12

5.5x4.25 \$1/trade 56pgs.
Cryptic Slaughter is a small cut and paste 'zine from Spokane. The pages are tightly packed with writings, interviews, reviews, and maybe a rant or two from editor Giovanni. He begins this issue interviewing James the Vegetarian Grocer. They cover the story of that store and the lessons learned from running it. Giovanni describes his dread of snow, his opinions on paying taxes, and provides a lengthy rundown of a Morrissey show to which he was taken. Next is a description and explanation of all the bands in which Giovanni has played. This piece lays out a web of people and their connections over the years through punk rock. *Cryptic Slaughter* ends with a pile of 'zine reviews that are literate, knowledgeable and worth reading. SJS (PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99210)

THE DEFENESTRATOR #1

new free 16pgs.
This is a very informational, leftist news letter based in Philadelphia. The content is a mix of articles about current actions in Philly as well as thoughts, news, and art about resistance. Some of the topics covered are genetically modified foods, the WTO, Mumia, the IMF, and international resistance. Packed with info and inspiration, this 'zine is worth reading... especially if you live in the Philadelphia area. LO (PO Box 30922/Philadelphia, PA 19104)

DECADES OF CONFUSION FEED THE INSECT #25

8.5x11 \$1 16pgs.
Full color xerox covers open and close this lavishly illustrated issue of *Decades of Confusion*... the bulk of which is filled with a short story. The drawings are dream like and fantastic and some pertain to the story. There are a few shorter written pieces, which seem to be free associated ruminations on mortality and life. The story describes a trip into another dimension that becomes something unexpected. The ending is a bit of a letdown; otherwise creativity runs rampant throughout. Excellent graphics and imaginative words make this a worthwhile 'zine. SJS (J.K.H./PO Box 13312/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

DEAD WEIGHT #1

5.5x8.5 33¢ 32pgs.
This 'zine of personal ramblings was a bit hard to read. The author employed a stream of consciousness writing style which was very telling, but often hard to follow. The parts I remember the most were the story of his young rebellion against social norms by wearing a dress to junior high, thoughts on old friends, and the interview with Detestation. LO (John/27 Sherwood Rd./Newport, RI 02840)

DISCORDIA #3

8.5x11 \$2 36pgs.
Though the main focus of this 'zine is metal and hardcore, according to the editor, that is not the only interest of the 'zine. However, the interviews with Black Army Jacket, Impaled Nazarene (this could be fictional), Nasum, Converge, Spazz, Skinless, Ember, Sludge, and a reprinted Testament interview seem to say differently. There are also tons of music review, again about metal and hardcore, and a some fun games. If you like the kind of music he focuses on it is cool to read, I think you would enjoy this 'zine. But don't go looking for too much more. LO (Peter Richards/16894 St. Andrews Rd./Caledon East, ON/L0N 1E0/Canada)

DOGPRINT #13

8.5x11 free 44pgs.
One of the first things Lenny addresses in this issue is his change of subject-matter. Readers of this 'zine might have noticed a shift in the style of stuff he is covering. His tastes are changing, and so is the focus of *Dogprint*. This issue features Seaweed, 746-Hero, The Secret Stars, Holiday Flyer, Troublemaker Unlimited, and Gardener. There are the usual reviews and letters as well. This issue looks good, though the graphic style is changing as well, complementing the content of the new issue. LO (Lenny/PO Box 2120/Teaneck, NJ 07666)

EIGHT ITEMS OR LESS #1

4.25x5.5 \$? 44pgs.
This is the type of 'zine that I pick up and don't put down until I've finished reading all the way through. It is divided into eight sections, with each one addressing a particular idea or topic. The writing is very conversational and easy to follow, and I like that it shows the evolution of the thought process. Instead of reading an article on what is "right" or what is "wrong," this meanders throughout the gray area in between. Topics covered include attempts at communal living, aging, politics and punk. I walked away feeling like I understood the thought going into it, and that is always nice. LK (Beth/7540 N Pennsylvania St./Indianapolis, IN 46240)

FAGGO #2

8.5x11 \$1 40pgs.
This publication contains stories, essays, and interviews with, by, and about queer punks, punk queerness, and the many ways queerness has influenced punk. Interviews include a chat with Jim Yousling, who edited a gay porn magazine that published photos of early 80's LA punks. Also interviewed is Martin of Limpwrist. Essay topics include drag queens, gay porn writing, and some of the problems within gay culture. Several essays and stories deal with the need to talk about relationships, experiences, emotions, and desires felt by people struggling with their sexuality. There are some goofy stories, some poetry, and some reviews of similar minded 'zines and music. SJS (PO Box 1457/Bentall Centre/Vancouver, BC/V6C 2P7/Canada)

THE REVIEW STAFF:

JLG=Jamie Gluck, CF=Chuck Franco, AM=Amal Mongia, RG=Ryan Gratzner, SJS=Steve Snyder, SA=Steve Aoki, LK=Leslie Kahan, DO=Dylan Ostendorf, AP=Alex Pasternak, MA=Mike Amezcu, BR=Brian Roettinger, & LO=Lisa Oglesby

FBI MAGAZINE #2

8.5x11 50¢ 32pgs.
Neatly designed and intelligently written 'zine featuring plenty to read here. Articles on things such as "Campaign 2000," "Capitalism & the Sex Industry," "The Domestication of Animals and of Man," "The Erosion Of Artistic Integrity," and much much more. This 'zine is definitely on point causing readers to think critically. This is a keeper. MA (Nick Baxter/15 West Dayton Hill Rd./Wallingford, CT 06492)

FBI 'ZINE #2

8.5x11 50¢ 32pgs.
Small font type and lots of writing about summer camp hierarchy, domestication of animals, Capitalism and the sex industry, the erosion of artistic integrity, the WTO, and other intelligent rants. There are music reviews and long, in depth interviews with Blood Has Been Shed and Greg Bennick from Trial. If you like *Inside Front*, then this might be right up your alley. The Crimethink, (the only ad) on the back page might have influenced me to say that, but still *FBI* has its own personality. AM (Brad Nelson/27 Brittany Ct./Cheshire, CT 06410)

FEAR WHY THE MOUSE CAN'T BREATHE #1

8.5x5.5 25¢ 12pgs.
Small personal 'zine that mostly consists of stories and opinions of things going on in his life. Lots of them have to do with relationships and hopes for how he wishes they would be. It's interesting to read, although a little on the down side. But hey, that's life, sometimes it just doesn't seem so great and often times writing about your feelings helps ease the pain. Since this is the first issue, I bet he wants some feedback, and one thing I can think of offhand is that some pictures or drawings would look nice. RG (Al Charity/5258 Five Fingers Way/Columbia, MD 21045)

FILL IN THE BLANK #2

8.5x5.5 33¢ 28pgs.
Just a lot of various quick short writings on things that are important to the editor. Some are story-like, others are informational. Cut n' paste with art and pictures. MA (333 S Corona/Denver, CO 80209)

FUCK THIS NOISE

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
The intro to this compilation 'zine had me pretty excited. The editor spoke of emerging new writers from the Portland punk/DIY scene(s) and their challenges to regular writing. I was geared up for some entertaining and energizing reading. Unfortunately, most of the prose came off as amateur and inconsequential and the poetry was mostly too cryptic for me to tell whether or not it was any good. I wondered if I was indeed reading "the new art" or if these people had been fooling themselves. For the most part, I'm still not sure. Perhaps there is quite a bit of this that I simply did not understand. Though I did get, and highly enjoy, the interesting piece by the editor and the humorous "Guide To Subculture Boyfriends" by Heather Royce-Roll. *Fuck This Noise* is worth checking out. LO (Sasha Praxedis/2732 SE Belmont/Portland, OR 97214)

FILTERLANES #1

6x8.5 \$2 32pgs.
This 'zine mixes the anecdotal nature of a personal 'zine with the informational side of a music magazine. There are thoughts on growing up (the editor is 14), experiencing new things, despair, scouting, school, and more. Plus, there are short interviews with Avail, Plain Sunset, Spazz, and Krishot as well as a few reviews. The content sometimes needs more focus, but all the right parts are there. LO (Zu Boon/Robinson Road Post Office/PO Box 343/Singapore 900643/Singapore)

FOOD GEEK

4.25x5.5 \$1 28pgs.
If you read the title to this again you'll have an idea of what is contained within. Stories about food, recipes, anecdotes regarding salsa collection, comics and more... An enjoyable little 'zine. Carrie notes that she is always looking for more quality submissions for future issues. LK (Carrie McNinch/PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

FIGHT LIKE A GIRL

4.25x5.5 50¢ 20pgs.
As you can probably guess from the title, this is a personal 'zine about a women's experiences and struggles. It is all autobiographical and interesting if you an empathize what she is talking about. For other women, I think this 'zine is gratifying because you see a little bit of yourself in there and it sometimes makes you take a look at yourself in a different way. She writes about make-up, old friends, closeness, Barbie, and resistance. Pink cover. LO (Jessica/Box 6810, 98 Green St/Norhampton, MA 01003-0100)

GET IN TOUCH #7

5.5x8.5 \$3 100pgs.
I was impressed with the large amount of content in this issue. Along with the interviews with JR Ewing, oneXMore, Rebel Music, and xFeudx, there were scene reports from all over the world, columns, and reviews. This issue is done on newsprint and the layout looks pretty good. LO (Butch & Dangle Regala/1260-D Quiricada St Sta Cruz/Manila 1003/Philippines)

GHOLA #1

5.5x8.5 \$? 36pgs.
Ghola is a personal 'zine about all sorts of things. There are stories of emotional times past, smoking, friendship, and abortion. These are all very telling and raw. Plus a few random ideas on music, books, and food round out the edges. At times, I felt like I didn't have the right to be reading this. As if it should be reserved for only the editor's closest friends. LO (Jen/638 Lehigh Rd. Apt. M-10/Newark, DE 19711)

GONE AWAY

5.5x8.5 \$? 20pgs.
This 'zine has an aesthetically pleasing mix of type and hand drawn art. The contents are varied: discussing feeling of being a bad friend, praising Linux, bemoaning the state of the scene, relating tales of sex in public bathrooms, and telling other tales of coffee, money, and dreams. The drawing complement and comment on many of the pieces, which is nice as well. Cool. LO (Brian/43 S Sherman/Denver, CO 80209)

GRAY MATTER #3

5.5x8.5 free 56pgs.
This is a thick issue full of good stories and not one band interview. He writes about the town he lives in, its people, shoplifting, and more with the objective of making the reader laugh. My favorite was about touring in a band with back pains and testicle pains, and get his prostate checked by a doctor. The layout is good, and overall it reminds me of *Cometbus*. Write to the author, it's free but still worth the postage. AM (Branch/1621 W Grace St/Richmond, VA 23220)

HANDJIVE #2

5.5x8.5 \$? 36pgs.
I have enjoyed Emily's short story writing for as long as I have been reading it, and this 'zine follows in that tradition. There are two longer short stories included in *Handjive #2*, one titled "A Woman's Work is Never Done" and another titled "What's Hiding in the High Beams part 2" which is a continuation of the story that Emily wrote in *Heartatack* a few issues back (though fear not if you haven't seen that issue, because this one makes perfect sense even if you haven't seen part 1). In addition, there are some shorter writings that are quite thought provoking. Very well done. LK (Emily Heiple/5522 Stonewall/Little Rock, AR 72207)

THE HARDCORE/PUNK GUIDE TO CHRISTIANITY

5.5x8.5 \$3 40pgs.
For anyone who is looking for an informative and concise discussion of Christianity and why it does not belong in punk, this 'zine is an excellent resource. *The Hardcore/Punk Guide to Christianity* looks critically at many different facts of the religion, and offers several insights. Along with providing a ton of information, it is well organized and easy to follow. I especially enjoyed the section titled "Counterattacks," where different rebuttals to the argument against Christianity in punk were offered, along with assorted responses. This project is extremely well done, and I didn't put it down until I had read it all the way through. I hope to see more projects along this line. LK (AK Press/PO Box 40682/San Francisco, CA 94140-0682)

HAZLO TU MISMO #8

8.5x11 \$3 64pgs.
The latest installment from the biggest 'zine in South America. If you don't know anything about this 'zine imagine if you will *Heartatack* and *Punk Planet* hooking up and having a child. This child is now a teenager and has taking it's own path, making it's own rules, and setting it's own goals. Ads, reviews, columns. It's all in here. This time around they got 'views with Bread & Circuits, Mofa, JFA, Flagrants D'Eli, The Promise Ring, Old Glory Records, and written features such as "How To Put Out Your Own Cassette/Vinyl/CD," "What Were You Doing In The 80's," and the hilarious "Punk Club" which is where you test yourself (and depending on what you do, how you look, and what you've done all within the realm of punk) you will get points determining your acceptance into the punk club. (Ha ha). MA (CC 213 Suc 12 (B)/CP 1412/Bs As/Argentina)

HELP MY SNOWMAN'S BURNING #5

5.5x8.5 \$3.50 60pgs.
Wow, an extremely eclectic mix of stories, interviews, essays, reviews, how-to's, and comics. This "supa dupa deluxe edition" is 60 pages of laughs, amusement, and reflection that holds my interest from start to finish. Among my favorite pieces are "Career Opportunities... How To Be A 'Crazy' In Ten Easy Steps," "The Fine Art of Pain," or "Mastering, Bailing, and Hurting" (while skating), and an interview with Evan Dorkin, the artist of *Milk and Cheese* and other great comics. The production quality is clear, the layout is great. This publication is very well done. AP (Kerry/PO Box 14562/Kilbirnie/Wellington/New Zealand)

HOLD YOUR OWN FUCKING JACKET

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
First of all, this 'zine has a very catchy title that is quite appropriate for the 'zine. For the editor, punk is something that she is totally immersed in. She wants respect and to be treated as an equal member of the scene. Who can blame her? Much of her writing is inspired by this idea, but not limited to that topic alone. She calls into question the motives a punk who distros rape porn and later defends her anti-porn position with the way it has affected those around her. There are also vegan recipes, book reviews, and extra ideas. She has a strong personality and that comes through in the 'zine. LO (Melissa Tacke/PO Box 8431/Albany, NY 12208)

THE HAND OF DOOM

5.5x8.5 free 20pgs.
There really isn't much I can say about this. It's a component to a radio show of which I have never heard. It's just a list of songs that's played on the show. There are also live show reviews that are pretty funny. Don't expect anything fancy. CF (PO Box 14157/Cleveland, OH 44114)

HEAT SEEKER

5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.
Heat Seeker is a 'zine of stories, rants, and anarchist propaganda from Eugene, OR. There is a tale of two self-righteous homeless advocates who battle over day old bread from the editor's bakery. In another a couple people break into and explore various buildings in their town. There is another story about walking around after dark in search of adventure and finding arson, graffiti, and more swimming pools. Lots of anti cop and anti-civilization signs and collages are scattered throughout the pages. This 'zine comes with a one sheet called *Weapon*. It contains several short pieces that discuss the rates of cops killed on the job, anarchists harassed at the WTO protest, and the end of the world rescheduled for 31 December 2000. The back of the page is printed with a rant that plumbs the depths of paranoia. SJS (Mayhem/PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

I CUT THESE LINES

4.25x5.5 stamps 14pgs.
I really, really liked this 'zine a lot. Although it read very quick, it had much depth in its streams of consciousness raising questions about personal identity and feelings. Very well laid out—and his pictures really set the mood in a emotional/personal context. Beautiful piece of work. SA (Geoffrey Frost/1613 W Ayres/Peoria, IL 61606)

IMPACT PRESS #25

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.
Impact Press is a magazine of social and political criticism and commentary. Articles in this issue cover secret evidence used to imprison immigrants, US involvement in Chile, the real story about Ben & Jerry's and their milk cows, the Time/Warner-AOL mega media merger, the US government and corporate wealth, the silencing of folks who speak out against the war on drugs, and a cover story on same sex marriage. All this plus some thoughtful columns, record reviews, humor, and a description of how HIV affects the immune system fill this issue. Impact is prolific and consistently readable. SJS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

INBRED PICNIC COMICS #5

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
The beautiful thing about *Inbred Picnic* is how well the illustrations tell the stories. Had they been told via text only, the two main tales could have seemed rather ordinary: heavy metal kids confronted new wave skaters and a friend moved away. But I loved how the drama unfolded frame by frame. The heavy metal vs. new waver fable was pretty funny and the friendship story was rather touching. I only wish *Inbred Picnic* was longer because the attention to detail in each drawing brings the stories to life and makes it a pleasure to read. JLG (J.B. Thomas/PO BOX 163463/Sacramento, CA 95816)

INFINITE MONKEY #1

5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 28pgs.
Infinite Monkey is an interview 'zine with some music reviews at the end. The editor and interviewer is Ewan Fraser and he does a fine job collecting information from the people and bands with whom he speaks. Those interviewed include Shank, Our Own, Imbalance, Soez, Spy Versus Spy, Speedwax Records, and David Thomas of Pere Ubu. Band histories and discographies are discusses along with topics like politics, creativity, local scenes, and so forth. There are two essays. In one Ewan discusses making CDs into CD-ROMs by filling up extra space with information and writings pertinent to the music. The second essay discusses he recent musical finds. This 'zine is worth picking up. SJS (84 Oakhill Rd./Sutton/Surrey/SMI 3AC/England)

INNOCENCE REGAINED #3

5.5x8.5 \$? 36pgs.
A friend and I were hitchhiking last summer and ended up in Chicago. We didn't have any contacts so we tried to look up the Fireside Bowl and some health food stores to look for punk kids. After walking all day, we ended up sleeping outside a police station in Southeast Chicago. After reading this, I visualized us in Chicago once more, but this time we ran into the author of this 'zine, stayed at his house, talked till 3 in the morning, and departed the next day after making a new friend. His words are unpretentious, intelligent, and analytical of love, his life, media, the punk/h scene, pornography, work, and PC backlash, and more. There is also a borrowed article on the environmental effects of cocaine. (Punks stop sniffing now!). The layout and photos are clean, and nicely done. AM (PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

IT'S RAINING TRUTHS #4

8.5x5.5 \$4 64pgs.
The content and layout of this 'zine just give me and more excellent with each issue. This time around I was pleased to read lengthy interviews with E-150, Commitment Records, Mainstrike, and Beau Beu from Avail. There are also thoughtful articles on eating disorders and new age, plus a heavy dose of columns on punk, trends, sexism, and more. They wrap up the issue with 'zine and record reviews the way they ought to be. LO (Pytrik/Topas 1/5231 KL -S-Hertogenbosch/The Netherlands)

JESUS COME BACK #3

8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.
I really liked this one. *Jesus Come Back* is a 'zine about music that throws in a lot of personality and spunk. This issue has interviews with What Happens Next?, Life's Halt, and Youngblood Records. The interviewers did a good job of making them interesting conversations and not just a simple Q&A. Besides, I like those bands and was curious to see what they might say in an interview. This issue also has SoCal scene report, lots of photos, and an entertaining review section. I'm looking forward to issue #4. LO (Carl Cordova/4047 8th Ave./San Diego, CA 92103)

JOURNAL SONG #1

4.25x5.5 stamps/trade 28pgs.
An extremely personal look into the mind of someone who is going through a whole series of emotionally draining experiences. The title of the 'zine is fitting as the entire project reads much like a journal, though it is certainly written for outside readers, not just for the personal contemplation that often accompanies journal writing. I don't want to trivialize the content by summarizing it here, but if you are a fan of the personal 'zine and like brief looks into the minds of others, *Journal Song* may be just what you are looking for. LK (Steve Gevurtz/703 NE Tillamook St/Portland, OR 97212)

KILL FOR LOVE #1

8x12 \$2 52pgs.
Kill For Love is an unabashed vegan straight edge hardcore 'zine. Fortunately the editor is intelligent and erudite throughout, and includes essays from similarly smart folk as well. There are interviews with Redemption, Mainstrike, Extinction, Shai Hulud, and Brian of Catharsis. All are full of good questions that allow those folks interviewed to speak at length on issues about which they feel strongly. Adam of Extinction discusses abortion rights, the responsibility that Americans must accept for many global problems, and how to get a message to people who have not been fully exposed to thinking for themselves. The guys from Mainstrike discuss communism, Krishna, love and death, and hardcore bands who don't really live the lives their lyrics claim they do. Redemption discuss the hardcore scene in Rome, love, and religion. The Shai Hulud discuss the negativity and frustration in their lyrics and love and friendship.

Brian of Catharsis discusses art, politics in hardcore, fighting the system, and love and relationships. There is an essay called "Ya ever had a faggot kick your ass, you fuck?" which goes beyond the rage implied in the title to uncover the harm that homophobes cause to themselves and their friends. In another essay, Brian of Catharsis describes his relationship with vegan straight edge. The editor, Simone Marini contributes three essays, which discuss straight edge, sex, and the harm done to all humans by violence against women. There are some decent graphics though most of the photos have reproduced poorly. *Kill For Love* certainly shows considerable promise as a forum for intelligent communication. SJS (Via R. Battistini 32/00151 Roma/Italy)

KISS OFF #5

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 48pgs.
Forty-six handwritten pages of a tour diary. The insight and observations made about human nature didn't always balance out the tedious retelling of what went down, but I found myself compelled to read the whole thing in one sitting. I was expecting a little more from this one, so maybe I set myself up for the fall. But I saw so many places in the 'zine that could have turned into good bits that didn't that it sort of turned me off to the whole thing. LO (Chris Kiss/26 Assiniboine Dr./Nepean, ON/K2E 5R7/Canada)

LAST WORDS

4.25x5.5 \$? 64pgs.
This project is actually a collection of three different 'zines (all by one 'zinester). It includes *I'm a Wreck #1*, *I'm a Wreck #2* and *Curious Constellation*. Both of the *I'm a Wreck* 'zines consist largely of journal-style writing about life and relationships. It's hard to describe a 'zine like this other than to say that it is intensely personal, and much like a letter you could receive from a friend. *Curious Constellation* is similar in its open, revealing content, but instead of journal-like writing, the format is poetry. These 'zines are well done. LK (2315 SE Stark/Portland, OR 97214)

LIBERATION NOW #9

5.5x8.5 \$? 12pgs.
Rather than 'zine with political/personal writings and trippy Dr. Seuss-like illustrations if he had drawn industrialization, globalization, and mass consumerism. Writing topics include idealized beauty, genetic engineering and the all around questionable future of the human race. There's really not enough contents in this issue to make a strong impression. JLG (Pete/PO BOX 64 Station C/Montreal, QC/H2L 4J7/Canada)

LIMOUSINE #9

5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.
An absolutely entertaining read. I was sucking in by the intro and unable to out this 'zine down until completion. The real gem here is the comical, realistic, and honest writing style Libby has throughout. It made reading about her recent emotional state, pap smears, car alarms, Clinton, growing up, television, old friends, gardening, and the quirky things about life total interesting. After reading this, I totally wanted to write her one of those obsessive letters that starts with "I read your 'zine and now want to be your close friend." Yikes. But true. Pick it up and write one of those for yourself. LO (Libby Donovan/PO Box 11/San Mateo, CA 94401)

LOSE #3

4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.
This is a choose your own direction adventure that begins with waking up one morning and continues along a multitude of diverging paths, all leading to an untimely demise. The various strands are funny, clever, and often quite creative. SJS (Jason/PO Box 230823/Boston, MA 02123)

LOUDER THAN BOMBS #3

8.5x11 \$2 20pgs.
This is a short issue; it starts with a long insightful interview with Guy Picciotto, taking up 6 out of the short 20 pages. Nice for people who might say, "why the fuck does everyone interview that other guy from 'Fugazi'?" This also has some excerpts from a testimony of a Nike Factory worker in Indonesia, and a letter to Nike CEO that the reader can cut out and mail to NIKE demanding workers' rights. But if you want more info about this letter, e-mail bigphil@escape.ca The rest of the 'zine is music reviews and an interview with Chris from In/Humanity and Guyana Punchline. AM (Mark Phillips/104 Winslow Dr./Winnipeg, MB/R2M 4M9/Canada)

THE MAKE OUT CLUB #10

5.5x8.5 \$2/mix tape 36pgs.
In this personal 'zine you will find stories and poems from Trish Kelly of Vancouver. The writings explore the misunderstandings, tension, and unpleasant circumstances that result from standardized sex roles. In one piece, Trish describes how she interacts with people who watch or stare at her. Elsewhere there are stories about an uncomfortable first date and a practitioner of homeopathic medicine. Another story seems to tell of a puzzled child weathering a divorce and parents with less than beneficial habits. SJS (Box 33 345 E Broadway/Vancouver, BC/V5T 1W5/Canada)

MAÑANA LOS CHICOS SERAN PRIMERAS #9

5.5x8.5 \$2 16pgs.
This 'zine seems to be coming out really quickly. I've been able to notice the progression, there's a lot more to read here than in previous issues and it's not so messy anymore, although it still appears to be cut n' paste. One of the neat features of this 'zine is the art spread in here, the editor picks songs of different bands and whatever the theme of the song is he will draw something according to that theme and also write the lyrics down. I would really like to see more of that. Included as well are columns, writings, interviews with Fuerza, Y, Decision, and Pichon and Mariano Tester (co-editors of *HAZLO TU MISMO* magazine). MA (Luciano/Dto. 168 Albatros 27/Punta Alta (8109)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

MANIC DEPRESSANT #8

5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.
Shaun announces in the introduction that this is to be the final issue of *Manic Depressant*. This last installment includes some writings (including one on the pharmaceutical industry and FDA and another about the bullshit of American life) and some reviews, but by far the highlight in my opinion was the interview with three people who occupied a building during the World Trade Organization conference in the hopes of setting it up as a permanent autonomous zone. Their description of what they were doing, why they were doing it, and what they set out to accomplish were quite interesting. Definitely worth reading. A well done 'zine, though I could have done without the reviews if those pages would have been filled with articles and/or interviews. LK (Shaun/1201 S Woods Ave./Fullerton, CA 92832)

MEGABEEF #4

7x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
There are some parts of this 'zine that I found quite hilarious and others that I could have done without, but, as the author says, "If for some reason you don't find this issue funny, it is because you are not Y2K compliant." Well, perhaps I am Y2K compliant but just have a few screws loose, because for the most part I was chuckling aloud while reading this, but every now and then I had to stop, read something over a few times, mumble to myself, and move on before I lost the momentum of the humor or got completely irritated. Nothing in here will dismantle the corrupted institutions of society, but perhaps it will make your day just a little bit brighter. Or perhaps it will annoy you because you don't share the author's sense of humor. Who knows? In the words of Will, "If you take offense to something in here, then lighten up or fuck off because it's all in the name of good fun, guy." LK (Will Cole/PO Box 16281/Alexandria, VA 22302)

MAYHAP 'ZINE #7 7x8.5 55¢/trade 40pgs.

This is issue #7 of *Mayhap* 'Zine from Eugene, OR. Editor Ryan fills his 'zine with essays on our social and political condition from an anarchist point of view. There are a variety of issues confronted and discussed but the WTO protests and travel stories fill up the most pages. Ryan took part in the Seattle actions and he describes the labor rally and march and some of the other street activities. He puts considerable effort into making the case for the black clad anarchist folk who received so much negative attention during the protests. Ryan describes two road trips to Berkeley by analyzing the interactions he experienced with his travel partners and a variety of other folks met along the way. One of the main issues he considers is how people use negative criticism as a means of coercion within a peer group. Other essay topics include police problems in Eugene, supposed violent children, and arrogance that comes with assuming you are above another person. There is a short story about overlapping direct actions under cover of the night. Ryan also includes a list of books he has read and briefly describes each. This issue is subtitled "cheerfully awaiting the apocalypse." Hopefully there will be a few more issues before the next end of the world. SJS (see below address)

ME NOT #1 5.5x8.5 50¢/trade 20pgs.

Another lost soul trying to figure out where he is headed in life. Just kidding, but you know... sorta. Okay, various topics within ranging from how much life suits to which kind of soda tastes the best. Lots of little pictures and clip art pasted all over, and without me getting into too much detail, I would say that this is a fine little 'zine. Good variety to the topics, although it is safe to say that with a 'zine this size: more is always good. RG (Kyle F/401 Colonial Dr. #9/Ipswich, MA 01938)

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #14

8x11 \$2 48pgs.

The final issue of MBD consists almost exclusively of interviews with folks around the punk/indie scene; such as a member of Garrison, Jeff Matlow of Crank! and Saul Goodman, Joe Strummer (formerly of The Clash, of course), Acrobat Down, and The Get Up Kids. The questions are pretty decent and "controversial" so it makes for good reading. If you've enjoyed the past thirteen issues, then I suppose you ought to complete the collection. I have no prior experience with MBD, so I can only say that it was a fair forty-five minute read, though nothing groundbreaking. Sorry for the lackluster review, folks. DO (Stuart/PO Box 2337/Boulder, CO 80306)

MAYHAP 'ZINE #8 7x8.5 55¢/trade 32pgs.

There are a lot of good things in this 'zine. My favorite piece was the story about the metamorphosis of a man with a camera from police officer to protest sympathizer. Though it did use a lot of clichés, it told a good story and had some real insight. This issue also has talks about human nature, thoughts on the WTO, a letter from an incarcerated protester on June 18, and some suggested books. He is also looking for contributors, so feel free to write him. LO (Ryan/PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

MUTANT RENEGADE #13 8.5x11 \$3 68pgs.

The table of contents breaks this 'zine up into articles, interviews, reviews, and fun stuff. That is pretty accurate. The interviews are with Greg Reynolds, Sheila Chandra, The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, and professional dominatrix Mistrees Freya. Their columnists muse on rock climbing, songwriter Tommy Durden, and a few prophecies. Throughout the 'zine there are odd quotes and "fun stuff" to entertain you. Plus plenty of music and 'zine reviews to keep you up to date. LO (Grog/PO Box 3445/Dayton, OH 45401)

MULLET 'ZINE #3 5.5x8.5 25¢ 24pgs.

Hockey hair, achy breaky hair, the schlong... you may know it as the mullet. This 'zine is a very interesting look into the strange and fantastic world of the mullet. In depth essays on different types of mullets and how to identify them. Interesting columns like, "Do Mulletts Possess Super Powers?", "History Of The Mullet" (remarkably enough it is as old as the Egyptian culture!), porn mullets, and more. There are also frightening stories of mullet encounters and a very special interview with an ex-mulletter. Very informative and provocative. *Mullet 'Zine* shines a whole new light on the mullet. CF (771 Ohio St./Mentor, OH 44060-4850)

MY FAT IRISH ASS #1 8.5x11 free 30pgs.

Subtitled "the official fanzine of The Assbeaters," *My Fat Irish Ass* is mostly information and hype about The Assbeaters, a band from DC. There is an interview with one of the members, the story of a Halloween gig, and reprints of their cassette reviews. There is a bit of ranting, some goofy family circus revisions, and a piece about one of DC's aging new wave scenesters. SJS (Assbeaters/PO Box 65391/Washington, DC 20035)

MODERN INDUSTRY 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

Ten different people contribute comics to this project. A few of the standouts in my mind are "Closing Time" by F.C. Brandt, "Swimming While Drunk" by Carrie McNinch, and Shawn Grant's "Nor Easter." The styles of drawing and story-telling are quite varied, and that makes this a nice collection of work. LK (Ten Foot Rule Industries/170 Beaver St./Ansonia, CT 06401)

MULTI KID #1 7x8.5 60¢ 24pgs.

There are a few different contributors to *Multi Kid* that make it an interesting combination of funny, strange, and serious. Eleven not so fool proof tips on petty theft, an essay on skin bleaching/dying, and a look at gender from a female ex-football player are among the highlights (respectively). It's a neat little project, with an energetic cut and paste layout, but watch the typos. JLG (PO Box 200232/New Haven, CT 06520)

NOCTURNAL DOMINION #4 8.5x12 \$? 14pgs.

The last issue of this 'zine, after this he is making a new one with a different theme. The main writer here is a very opinionated person, but not one that should always be taken completely seriously. There's lots of tiny snippets of ideas that he writes, some of them funny and interesting, others seeming a little off the wall. There's a news section about records being put out and stuff like that. Plus there are a bunch of 'zine reviews, which are usually fairly long and done well. Interviews with Darkness (it's written in French, "because nobody gives a fuck about what his new 'zine will be like" and OneXmore. There's a preview of what his new 'zine reading will be like, which is more of a personal-oriented 'zine. I enjoyed reading this, humorous yet serious 'zine. The "Time To Be Emo Diary" was funny. RG (Laurent Pacitti/24 rue Vandriessche/1050 Bruxelles/Belgium)

NO ONE NOTICED #3 7x8.5 78¢ 36pgs.

No One Noticed is a long story of various aspects of the editor's life. There are descriptive tales of starting community gardens, hard-hitting pieces about sexuality, reflections on war, and lots of commentary about the history and realities of the Richmond area. This is especially good reading over a weekend, when you can come back to it periodically and get a feel for each section. I hope see an issue #4. LO (Grog/PO Box 5021/Richmond, VA 23220)

NO LONGER BLIND #7 8.5x11 \$43/trade 40pgs.

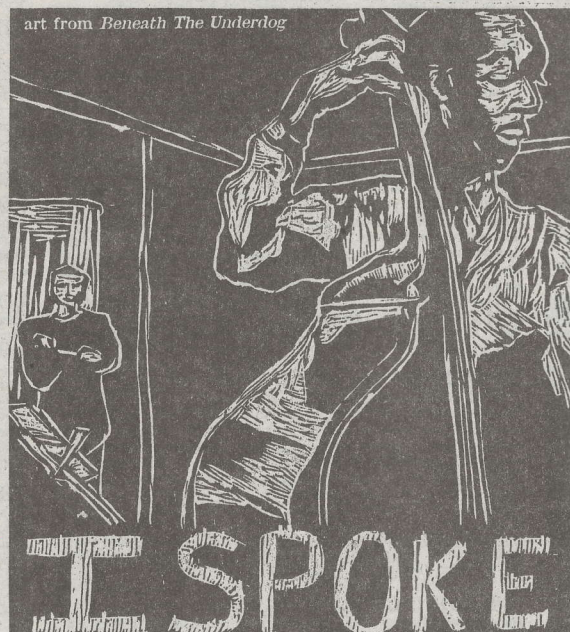
Hardcore straight edge 'zine from the 'Gong, Australia. Interviews with Grade, In My Eyes, Cease Fire, Found My Direction, Reach the Sky, Self Reliance, and others... Most questions revolve around the state of the hardcore scene and the cliques and crews and the like. A fairly decent read. The funniest part of the 'zine was the pseudo-interview with a member of Suicidal Tendencies where they answer questions like "Why is [your music] so relevant and people still want that furious style of music?" with statements like "It's good shit, good shit... no matter what." What the fuck kind of an answer is that? Another: "What are your favorite bands of today?" "Anything that's good man." "Hardcore bands?" "Yeah, hardcore shit. Hendrix..." "He's dead for fucks sake!" Funny fucking metal head. Anyway, there's quite a bit of positivity, almost an overdose of lecturing on living life and lots of people talking. If you like the straight-edge talk, then you might be the target audience. I can take only so much, but found it interesting for awhile. DO (Dan/74 Gladstone Ave./Wollongong, NSW 2500/Australia 2500)

NON FICTION AFFLICTION #1 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 52pgs.

This is subtitled "My Short Book Of Short Writing". It is a compilation of stories about events in the life of Shane of Largo, Florida. Most of the stories are concerned with small but memorable times or observations made by Shane. There are two longer pieces. In one he tells of all the cars he has owned and the demise of each. The other tells of a journey from Florida to California and some of the wackiness amongst the other riders. Meteor showers, lifetime goals, and movies are a few of the topics for these stories. *Non Fiction Affliction* is fun to read, nicely written observations of people, places, and things. SJS (Bottoms Press/2010 SW 7th Ave./Largo, FL 33770)

OZZY ROCKS #3 5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.

Ozzy Rocks is a cut and paste 'zine from Dunkirk, NY. It is mostly comprised of columns and articles by various contributors. Topics include acting locally on your convictions, TV shows, swimming with corpses, water and other non-soda beverages choices, and ideas shared by punk and hip hop underground scenes. The remainder of this issue contains a non-informative interview with Counterclockwise, a few collages, and some very brief music and 'zine reviews. SJS (PO Box 1084/Dunkirk, NY 14048)

**ON DISPLAY (FOR EVERYONE TO SEE) #1**

news 12pgs.

The first issue of this large format Danish 'zine. This one is great—lots of different opinions in one format and no one is giving any other scene crap! Interviews with the almighty DS-13 and Blood For Blood, plus the usual reviews, etc. A great informative 'zine with a strong dedication to showing people the DIY alternative. Keep up the awesome work! CF (Andy Rickert/Nyborggade 38 St. TH/2100 Copenhagen O/Denmark)

ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER #1 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

One of the slicker 'zines I read this issue, *On The Bank Of The River* combines substance with style to create an all around pleasing 'zine. Though the focus of the music (mostly metal influenced hardcore) isn't my favorite thing, the personality that exudes from this 'zine makes it interesting. They interview The Swarm, Coalesce, Jason Hellman, Carbon Defense League, and Confine and there are photos of just about every other band in that style as well. The columns were short, varied, and good. I liked the extra pieces they had about films, books, and music they've been interested in because discuss them in terms of effect and inspiration. There are also some recipes, fun facts, and a southern Ontario scene report. Really, I can't say enough about what is in here to do justice. If you are at all interested in things I mentioned here you should check this out. LO (J. Zucker/17 Sparkhall Ave./Toronto, ON/M4K 1G4/Canada)

PHOENIX WAS A MISTAKE #2 5.5x8.5 66¢ 14pgs.

Wow, either this guy thinks HaC is really special or he has a lot of time on his hands. My copy had a handmade cover decorated by hand-cut construction paper and typewriter messages. It looks nice. In this issue, Kurt tells some anecdotes of his life that are very funny and endearing. He tells of hopping trains, unionizing, his battle with Crohn's Disease, and a little more. I found myself laughing out loud while reading this 'zine, and had to go read numerous excerpts to Leslie so she could enjoy it as well. LO (Kurt Lane/300 W 14th St./Lawrence, KS 66044)

POSITIVE #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 4pgs.

This is a newsletter from the Philippines by a guy named Michael Nuestro. He collects and publishes a list of happenings and band and 'zine information in his region. Half this issue is a long article on homophobia. SJS (19 Sunday St. Addas Vill. I/San Nicholas Bacoor Cavite 4102/Philippines)

PUNKS BEFORE PROFITS #6 5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.

This 'zine has a lot of contributors, but still feels like it comes from a tight local scene. There are personal thoughts on smoking and straight edge, trying to find places to live, recycling, taking chances, being nice, and keeping punk rock ideals alive in your life. There is also information on the local bands and a handful of reviews. LO (PO Box 57/Clean, NY 14760)

PANTY #6 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

Ex-Freedom Energy. Straight outta Hawaii, a well-rounded 'zine complete with letter(s), interviews, records reviews, and a bunch of miscellaneous stuff. The interviews are with local bands Sorry and Buck Shot Shorty. There's a punk rock quiz that I failed. (I guess I'm just not punk rock.) Plus some writings about life and things that go on in his mind. Clean layout, retains its *Freedom Energy* feel despite the new name, which he just didn't like. RG (Steven Miyakawa/46-365 Kahupia St./Kaneohe, HI 96744)

QUICK DUMMIES #13 8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

For a 'zine that's been around for 13 issues you would think you can spice up the page layout design a bit... it's just way too plain. Too much text placed with no variation or images to throw into the mix. Content-wise it's got a lot to offer. It's got a huge columns section and band interviews with Travoltas, Templars, Boulder, and more. Ads, 'zine and record reviews too. MA (6810 Bellaire Dr./New Orleans, LA 70124)

RAW PUNK BASTARDS #1 2x3 33¢ 8pgs.

This is one of those little 'zines made of one piece of paper folded many times. Since this is first issue, there isn't too much content. The editor is hoping to receive interviews and other contributions to bulk up following issues. However, there are a handful of very tiny record reviews in here and most of them are amusing. There is also a short column about collectives and how they work (have worked) in the punk scene. Short but sweet. LO (PO Box 197/Steger, IL 60475)

THE REAL LIFE DIARY OF A BOY #10

5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

Another glamorous and creative issue. Here, the art of black and white xeroxing comes into fruition as it is the perfect background for this 'zine. The content is most personal, though much of it expands beyond that to become statements on life overall. The pieces can sometimes be so poetic that they lose you on the first reading, but when you go back and look at the 'zine as a whole it starts to make more sense. LO (Philippe Jean/501 N 32nd, 4th Floor/Philadelphia, PA 19104)

THE REGURGITATED SPORK #8

7x8.5 \$? 12pgs.

Actually the I know the price of the 'zine, but didn't know how to put it up with just a simple dollar sign. Subscriptions are \$2 for 3 issues, back issues are \$1 for 2 issues. A personal-type 'zine but with a positive attitude. Journal entries that do not rant about how much life sucks (not that I really mind that) but about happenings that went on in his life that are actually enjoyable to read. Other stuff includes an interview with Jonathan from The Evergreen Society, and a few stories. One of which has a ghost in the outfield theme except Hitler is the ghost (?!). Nice, sincere 'zine; nice layout, rather short. RG (2117 4th Ave./Scottsbluff, NE 69361)

REHASH #1 8.5x11 \$1 28pgs.

The title is right on the money. Zanne has decided to bring some of his favorite bands to the attention of today's punks and he goes about this by reprinting (rehashing) interviews from MRR and a few other 80s punk 'zines. You get Iron Cross, Life Sentence, Flux of Pink Indians, Septic Death, Minor Threat, and Anti Cimex. There are a few other scattered ramblings by the editor. Topics include internet record auctions and problems at the Cleveland Fest. SJS (Zanne/PO Box 201/Troy, MI 48099 0201)

R'YLEH RISING #4 7x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Best 'zine I got this month! Kick ass interviews with anarcho-punk living legends Oi Polloi and fresh faces to the grind crust scene Mass Separation. Anarcho punk politics mixed with an avid love of H.P. Lovecraft and cyberpunk sci-fi. The latter element of the 'zine made me read the creepy poetry and the awesome short story over and over. Old local Frank really puts something in here. Low tech and white on black—cut and paste the way it should be. If you need a break from the norm check this out. CF (Frank/PO Box 40113/Portland, OR 97240-0113)

SEMTEX #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 60pgs.

This is a very nice music based 'zine from Belgium that has a real slick layout. Issue #3 features interview with Leah and Man Vs. Humanity, plus cool profiles of *The Ugly Duckling* and *Coexistence* 'zines. The columns are short but express their point well. Then they top it all off with music and 'zine reviews. A nice read all around. LO (Thomas Bytbeier/Collegelaan 91/B-8530 Harelbeke/Belgium)

SHUTDOWN #4 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 36pgs.

This 'zine is 100% dedicated to the topic of bicycling, and is quite an interesting read. There are biking tips (how to help prevent flats), biking stories, an interview with a bike messenger, bike math, and more! Well written, and well put together. Damian is hoping to organize a group to bike across the US in 2001, so get in touch with him if you're interested. LK (PO Box 2624/Portland, OR 97208-2624)

SLANDER #7 5.5x4.25 \$2 80pgs.

Don't let size deceive you... Mimi provides plenty to think about in *Slander #7* (some of it has already been printed in *Punk Planet*, but it was all new to me). A good portion of the 'zine is devoted to race and punk rock with other reoccurring themes in gender, love and grad school. Not only did this 'zine challenge me by questioning some issues that I haven't thought about, or don't have to think about, in a long time (i.e. hunger strikes, Women's Studies departments, Vietnam), but then I also pondered my initial reactions to Mimi's writings to a great extent. Most of it is hard-hitting, but there is also a sweet side like when talking about her boyfriend and the lively cut and paste layout adds another element, too. JLG (M. Nguyen/PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712-2906)

THE SUBSTITUTE CHRONICLES #4

8.5x11 \$2 42pgs.

I, a vegan ex-PETA employee, would rather work at McDonald's than sub again. In between class periods I used to dream about being a care-free, roll with it substitute like Mr. Hoffman, but those prayers were never answered. In this lengthy 'zine Mr. Hoffman recounts some absolutely hilarious and strange incidents that are sure to crack up both subs and non-subs alike. And he also includes a number of the omnipresent doodles that the little angels make for/about you during your brief stint as their beloved substitute teacher. It is very funny and I can only imagine the stories the kids told their teachers when they came back to class. JLG (Shane/2010 SW 7th Ave./Largo FL 33770)

SLUG AND LETTUCE #62

news 55¢ 20pgs.
Oh cool, Strike Anywhere are on the cover. (The new band from Richmond that know how to rock like The Exploder.) Issue #62 and Christine still does an awesome job providing politicized personal and political thoughts on different issues. I'm really glad that a WTO Report was noted in here and I hope that she does something on the World Bank/IMF Protest this week for a next issue. The rest of the 'zine are bunch of reviews of 'zines and music. "Fuck, we all sound like sobbing hippies." Hell yeah, I know I do. SA (Christine Boats/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632)

SO MAYBE NIZA MAI #2 & #3

5.5x8.5 free 16pgs.
Both of these issues capture the personality of the author. They are mostly rants and ideas he had, one issue focuses more on religion and the other meanders through thoughts on college, straight edge, music, work, and being happy. If you are interested in getting to know someone, you might want to take a few moments and it down with this 'zine. I read these two issues while waiting for my laundry and found I had a definite sense of the author by the time I was done. I think that's cool. LO (809 Woodland Ave./Chapel Hill, NC 27516)

SO, WHY WORRY? #3.5

8.5x5.5 \$? 6pgs.
Right away I like this 'zine because of the awesome piece of Incantation on the front. This is sort of a teaser for issue #4 so there's not a whole lot of content in it, although for only six pages and this dimension they managed to squeeze a lot in, i.e. really small print. I'm getting the impression that this is pretty old: The listening pleasures list is for the month of June; the *HeartattaCk* reviewed is #18; and there is a review of the Houston Hardcore Fest '98. So, there's some 'zine and record reviews, an interview with Sophia Mae Story (which I enjoyed, pretty funny stuff), and the other stuff I mentioned. RG (Gil Russell/1107 S Bruce/Monahans, TX 79756)

SPANK #28

8.5x11 \$3 72pgs.
This new issue of *Spank* is a pretty interesting one. Issue #28 features interviews with By A Thread, The Muffs, Slim Moon, Spoon, Red Star Belgrade, Dave Smailey, and The Get Up Kids. The columns were pretty good, and the story-telling section called "People Can't Drive" was cool to read. They finish off the issue with pages upon pages of music and fanzine reviews. (Even more than you're reading here.) Though they don't always cover music I am interested in, the editors of *Spank* do a fine job of finding writers I want to read. LO (1004 Rose Ave./Des Moines, IA 50315-3000)

SPONTANEOUS LUNCHBOX COMBUSTION #3

8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.
This is a publication of the Pressed Press, which is apparently Kara and Erica of Beltsville, MD. The theme of this issue is "Glam or hair rock". This 'zine contains lengthy and intelligent interviews with a few bands, a variety of articles and opinion pieces, and reviews. Also, you will find listings and reviews of many co-op and health food stores that stock veggie and vegan foods in the DC area. This piece alone is reason enough to find a copy of *Spontaneous Lunchbox Combustion*. The articles cover harassing shouts from veg vehicles and the history and philosophy of the DC Shows Collective. Opinion pieces cover such topics as sex and love, a person's first car, and annoying friends. Bands interviewed are Anti-Flag, Good Clean Fun, The Beatings, The Gods Hate Kansas, Farquaet, and The Farewell Bend. The remaining pages are filled with wacky photo tableau and music reviews. *Spontaneous Lunchbox Combustion* is a fine 'zine full of entertaining writing. SJS (The Pressed Press/PO Box 1650/Beltsville, MD 20705)

STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE #3

8.5x12 \$1/trade 2pgs.
This one page, two sided flyer 'zine that reviews a number of 'zines from Europe. The reviews are nice and long, so the type is pretty small. But if you are looking for info this is a good place to go. LO (Ewan Frater/84 Oakhill Rd./Sutton/Surrey/SM1 3AC/England)

STAY GOLD JESSE, STAY GOLD #4

4.25x5.5 \$1 52pgs.
For a photocoped, pocket sized, fifty-two page 'zine, this is insanely good. Composed of comics and true-life short stories/journal entries, *Stay Gold...* is entertaining, interesting, humorous, and political. Handwritten and totally legible, this 'zine documents the exciting adventures of the author... from "Kids vs. Cops!" to "One Punk Anarchist Kid From Kansas's Experiences at the Big, Fun WTO Protest" a pleasurable read. I had fun. AP (Jesse Gold/300 W 14th/Lawrence, KS 66044)

STEP FORWARD #3

5.5x8.5 \$2 64pgs.
Now this is what it's all about. Finally a straightedge 'zine I actually liked, this one is more focused on establishing communication with scenes from different parts of the globe. Here you'll find scene reports from the Philippines, Singapore, Indonesia, South Africa, Colombia, Croatia and more. There are interviews with Vitamin X, Indecision, and *Get In Touch* 'zine (from the Philippines). The interview with the editors of *Get In Touch* was actually my favorite thing in here because of what they talked about. It was very interesting to read their comments on the colonization of the Philippines by the Spaniards and the religion forced upon to them. There are also columns, letters and reviews. Recommended. MA (Michael Nuestro/19 Sunday St./Addas Village 1/San Nicolas Bacoor Cavite 4102/Philippines)

STRAIGHT FORCE #5

8.5x11 \$3 64pgs.
This is the last issue of *Straight Force*. That is, from here on out it will be called *Alarm*. They will change their focus a little and try to get away from the narrow definition a 'zine named *Straight Force* might receive. This issue has interviews with Apocalypse Hoboken and Jimmy Eat World and a number of interesting columns, but the most interesting piece was the article on abortion. They go to a couple clinics and interview a nurse, a protester, and a person who protects the patients. The juxtaposition of their comments combined with the writer's commentary made a thought provoking piece. Since this is a music based magazine, there are also record and 'zine reviews plus ads throughout. They had some serious topic problems, which made it hard to read at times, but it was still good overall. LO (PO Box 200069/Boston, MA 02120)

STUFF #10

7x10 \$1 24pgs.
Stuff reviews small press magazines, underground comics, and 'zines. These involve short descriptions and a few excerpt and re-prints, plus readers' letters and survey. As you can imagine, there are also numerous contact addresses and information. I hesitate to call this much more than a catalog, though it sort of is. LO (5879 Darlington Rd./Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

SUK DA FYSTEM

7x8.5 \$2 44pgs.
This 'zine was pretty weird to me. I had a hard time retaining much of what I read here, because the type was a little straining at times. There were some interesting pieces on drunk driving, women, graffiti, marijuana, a science fiction story, and an interview with the devil. Sometimes it was interesting because of the content, and sometimes just because of the position the author took. There are also book reviews and quotes from famous minds. LO (Joey/PO Box 909/Tempe, AZ 85280-0909)

STY 'ZINE #50

5.5x8.5 \$2 76pgs.
The milestone that is *Sty 'Zine*'s fiftieth issue is celebrated both by highlight from past issues and a whole bunch contributions about its author, Icki. For those of you who have lived under the proverbial rock in the 'zine world, *Sty 'Zine* is a great read that always has personal anecdotes and observations about life that entertain and educate. If you've never read one, crawl out from under that rock and pick up this issue. It has a cool mix of classic *Sty* stuff and funny stories about the man behind the 'zine. Very cool. LO (PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712)

TAKE OFF YOUR FUCKING DRESS AND GO BOWLING! #1

5.5x8.5 \$1 44pgs.
A collective 'zine done by many writers, with a wide range of topics. It has its share of personal writing, but also a lot of information pieces. I especially enjoyed them since I haven't had a chance to read too many like this in my pile of 'zines. There's a piece on aspartame, a deadly neurotoxin that is in NutraSweet and other things like that. Fairly long and very informative. There's a few things written by Reginald Sinclair Lewis, plus a sad article about a helper-dog that got shot by a moronic security guard. One thing I usually am not too fond of is stuff written by hand, usually because it copies bad and often the writing is bad as well. This 'zine has a mix of typing and handwriting, but it wasn't too bad since I could read all of it easily. Lots of good stories to read, plus a great cover! Excellent first issue. RG (Joe Biel/2315 SE Stark/Portland, OR 97214)

TEN THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW #22

8.5x11 \$3 84pgs.
I haven't seen an issue if this 'zine in a while, so it was nice to see they are still going strong. This issues has all kinds of regular (and not so regular) components, such as columns, letters, interviews, articles, and reviews. Some of the notable stuff in this issue was the northwest scene report, the numerous columns, book reviews, recipes, and a very cool section on people who run their own businesses. There are also interviews with The Valentine Killers, people from the Social Chaos Tour 1999, and Alec Empire from Atari Teenage Riot. Plus tons of reviews (music and porn), some classifieds, photos from the WTO protests, and some Probe-esque pictures of women in sexy poses and. LO (PMB #192/8315 Lake City Way NE/Seattle, WA 98115)

THIS IS HOW WE DO IT

5.5x4.25 \$? 20pgs.
Imagine that there is a group of people who decide to have a show at a laundromat at 12:12am. Now imagine that the come up with this idea merely one day before said event. Now imagine that there is a 'zine put together to document the experience. That is exactly what you will find in the pages of *This Is How We Do It*. The bands participating in this event are Sophie Run Squad and Poky Klypse, and having met some of these people, I am not surprised that they have come up with and successfully orchestrated this evening (or early morning) of fun. The 'zine documents both the fun and the meaning of the event. Well done. LK (Nate Powell/7205 Geronimo/N Little Rock, AR 72116)

THIS WORLD IS BROKEN #3

\$1 20pgs.
A 'zine written by a traveler(s) about stories of guess what... traveling! Broken hearts and 40 oz's, punk rock and patches. A good read with very well told stories. This is great for seeing how it is living it out on peoples couches, squatting, traveling. CF (31 St. Luke's Rd. #16/Allston, MA 02134)

TOUCHED BY AN ANVIL #12

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
A few out of context quotes to start with—those were pretty funny. Followed by some stories of travel, working, and the problems of living. About 99% hand written copy and pasted together, although the copies seem higher in quality then most. If you collect those float pens, yeah the tourist ones that float back and forth and sometimes reveal nudity, well you should send them this way cause they collect them and I'm sure they'll send you a copy. Good Luck. BR (PO Box 30104/Eugene, OR 97403)

TWAT #2

5.5x8.5 \$? 16pgs.
Twat is a humorous 'zine from a group of women in Athens, GA. It contains comics, a rant about smiling, an essay on the trap of television, a fake advice column, and a short interview with an Elvis infatuated artists. *Twat* was obviously done just for the fun of it and apparently the contributors enjoyed themselves. The humor is occasionally gross and off-color but I still laughed out loud several times. SJS (2360 W Broad St. Y-1/Athens, GA 30606)

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #1

8.5x5.5 \$? 12pgs.
A journal of issues, topics, and events surrounding the Twin Cities hardcore and metal scenes. A show review about Bane. Interviews witty 35" Murder and The Real Enemy. Plus journal entries while on the road with Disembodied. Nothing to interesting here unless your a local or interested in what going on in the Twin Cities. MA (12458 Zea St. NW/Coon Rapids, MN 55433)

UPHEAVAL #5

5.5x8.5 \$2 48pgs.
I like the attitude this 'zine creates. I could tell from the band interviews that the editor wants to introduce bands from different parts of the world to the US scene and at the same time learn something new from these areas as well. Very cool. Here you'll find interviews with Mexico's Hog, Singapore's Protest, and Peru's Dios Hastio. Also included are all sorts of writings from the editor and other contributors. And a huge and all positive record review section. MA (Craig/PO Box 471/Allston, MA 02134)

URBAN GUERRILLA #8

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
Urban Guerrilla 'zine covers aspects of the music and culture of the hardcore/punk/crust scene. There are interviews with Fleas & Lice and Mark "Icki" Murrman of *Sty 'Zine*, as well as numerous records and fanzine reviews. The round of columns give a more personal feel to the 'zine, with tales of working in a jail, being active, and education; each has a very human tone. Their layout and photos are all crisp and clear, which is always nice. Though this issue is short, it has a lot of interesting information and is worth checking out. LO (PMB 419, 1442A Walnut St./Berkeley, CA 94709)

WILD CHILDREN

5.5x8.5 free/trade 48pgs.
This is a long meandering 'zine of personal observation. There are travel stories, thoughts on learning, letters to friends, description of his and other people's emotions, the tale of this run-in with the police, and some dreams. Since I know this person, I was able to compound some of my idea of the editor along with the pieces in here. I think that the 'zine sort of needs that, because all the ideas and energy that is in here can be really jumbled at times. LO (Scott/5036 7th Ave. NE/Seattle, WA 98105)

RECOMMENDED: *Faggo* #2 • *R'yleh Rising* #4 • *Impact Press* #25 • *Kill For Love* #1 • *Non Fiction Affliction* #1 • *Spontaneous Lunchbox Combustion* #3 • *Phoenix Was A Mistake* #2 • *Mayhay 'Zine* #7 • *Jesus Come Back* #3 • *Anti-Stagnant Pond* • *Handjive* #2 • *The Hardcore/Punk Guide To Christianity* • *Shutdown* #4 • *Slander* #7 • *Comfort Creature* #6 • *On The Bank Of The River* #1 • *Step Forward* #3 • *Limousine* #9 • *It's Raining Truths* #4 • *Sty 'Zine* #50 • *Complete Control* #6

WE ARE WINNING

5.5x8.5 \$? 8pgs.
I'm not sure who exactly wrote this but this is a short, 8 page communique by a group of individuals known as the 'black bloc' and about their activities during the WTO meeting in Seattle late last year. It was written to inform people as to who they are, what they're goals are, who their targets are, and to clear misconceptions people may have about them. A lot of it had to do with explaining the reason of why people should destroy private property. Included in here is a letter written by a woman who is being charged with two felonies for her involvement in Seattle. She is asking for support amongst the radical community. Her address is the following. MA (Joyanna Zacher/PO Box 1141/Seattle, WA 98111)

WE DARE BE FREE #6

news \$2 20pgs.
"Providing a voice for the 'violent minority of black-clad hooligans, ignorant vandals, and rogue elements'", this anarchist-communist 'zine upholds a few basic principles: anti-capitalism, anti-statism, internationalism, class struggle, and revolution. Issue #6 is 20 pages of radical politics that shouldn't be considered "radical". It's printed on newspaper format and is exceptionally thorough in both it's explanation of ideologies and it's coverage of issues around the world. This one issue covers "The Battle of Seattle: Globalized Capitalism and It's Discontents", "New England News", and many events and resistance movements occurring in Mexico, Columbia, Brazil, Nigeria, South Africa, Italy, Denmark, Russia, Korea..... phew.... and that's just to name a few. Yes, there's a lot of info in this 'zine. As I write this review, 200 some protesters remain in jail in Washington DC. Why? For speaking out against the horrific institutions known as the IMF and the World Bank. As conscious people living in this day and age, it is your duty to educate yourself as to the effects of globalization on this world and it's inhabitants. Get involved. AP (PO Box 230685/Boston, MA 02123)

YODA #12

5.5x8.5 \$3 80pgs.
A Belgian 'zine with interviews with Grade, The Lapse, The Judas Factor, The Swarm, Sharks Keep Moving, and By A Thread. The interviewer likes to ask questions about specific songs and lyrics, which is a good way to make the songwriters expose more than the yes-no answers and allows us to understand their ideology better. It works quite well, even with the imperfect English, as there is obvious genuine interest in where the bands are coming from. Reviews are too nice across the board and pretty short, but whatever. The emphasis is on the band interviews (and advertising). My copy has some bad printing and cropping going on, losing words on many pages, but maybe it's a crappy review copy or something. Somewhat worthwhile if you are interested in any of the bands listed above. This could work just as well in a paperless (i.e. internet) format, since it doesn't warrant much rereading. C'est la vie or something. DO (Elfde Julilann 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium or www.angelfire.com/zine/yoda)

ZERO DEGREES #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.
From the same editor of *Fight Like A Girl*, *Zero Degrees* is a political 'zine that does not lose its personal character. This issue talks about the role of the US pharmaceutical industry in the South African AIDS epidemic, San Francisco, campaign spending, growing up and selling out, SUVs, and more. The style oscillates from research article to diary like prose. LO (Jessica/Box 6810, 98 Green St./Northampton, MA 01003-0100)

BALD CACTUS #17/CARGO CULT #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.
This was a pleasant read all around. *Bald Cactus* has a good sense of humor and personality, and the person who does *Cargo Cult* lets their sincerity shine through. *Bald Cactus* features an interview with Brother Inferior, lots of previews, and pieces on the Battle Of Trafalgar, veganism, and some annoying things people do. *Cargo Cult* consists mostly of the interviews with Blythe Power and Puget Sound, but there is also an essay about Nestor Makhno that proved interesting. They also have a number of reviews. If you are interested in any of the features I listed above, you should check this out. LO (Andy/PO Box HP 171/Leeds/W Yorks/LS6 1XX/England)

BRAINSCAN #11/EYECANDY #14

4.25x7 \$1 40pgs.
Two housemates split the pages of this 'zine in half. One takes the top, the other the bottom. These are personal 'zines and both Alex and Joe deal mainly with their interactions with other folks through relationships or introspection. Alex spends time going through her recently ended relationship, then discusses friends, coffee and doing laundry at her parent's house. In *Eye Candy*, Joe writes about his arrival in Portland, problems within the military, and a variety of other concerns on his mind. The cut and paste photocopy layout is occasionally difficult to read but there is heart in the writing. SJS (2315 SE Stark/Portland, OR 97214)

EMBLEM OF GRIEF #4/THIS IS HOW THE WORLD ENDS #8

4.25x5.5 \$1 36pgs.
Both *Emblem Of Grief* and *This Is How The World Ends* are moody, personal 'zines. They have a dark side, but also a very emotional side and they aren't afraid to show either. Each 'zine is a weird journey into the head of these authors, and that is always interesting. LO (Jason/PO Box 125/Macdon, TX 78054)

TEENAGE DEATH SONGS/TBFTGOG

7x8.5 \$? 44pgs.
A split 'zine. Although I don't see these as much as I wish, I do always think they are a good idea. I liked this 'zine and I did read it fairly quick. A quick cut and paste job at kinks made this 'zine possible. With the disclaimer on the *Tbftgog* half: "For all practical purposes, this was all fiction and not meant to be confused with the dumb boy that wrote it." Hey I didn't say it. It's well worth the read. *Teenage Death Songs* well in any case I don't know if the context is true or not but its emotional/personal context. Good work. BR (PO Box 5661/Richmond, VA 23220)

TEN FOOT RULE #5

5.5x8.5 \$11 20pgs.
LEFT OF THE DIAL 5.5x8.5 50¢ 12pgs.
Ten Foot Rule is a comics 'zine by Shawn Granton. He has a clean bold illustration style that employs well-defined characters on the picture plane with either a flat backdrop or deep perspective to set the tone of the story. In this issue are stories about hot weather Connecticut style and a day traveling about New York City and New Jersey. Other features include ruminations on a fellow employee, a discontented housemate, and the age old query, "What do I want to do with my life?" There are two guest contributors. One illustrates conversation over heard in a diner, the other is a surreal self-explanation. *Left Of The Dial* is a special edition of *Ten Foot Rule* drawn up by Shawn for the Alternative Press Expo in San Francisco. This edition is dedicated to music and contains stories about college radio DJs, conformity amongst the indie rock crowd, and a Joe Strummer performance. The illustration is excellent and the stories are worthy of documentation. SJS (170 Beaver St./Ansonia, CT 06401)

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FREE 60 word classified. To get a copy of the 'zine your ad appears in, send \$1+2 stamps (US), \$2 Can/Mex, \$3 rest of world. Send SASE or IRC for info on display ad-rates. *Teknicolor Yawn Adzine*/PO Box 11188/Eugene, OR 97440/USA

Asian Punk Lives #2 comp tape and booklet featuring 11 punk/HC bands from Malaysia, Indonesia, Philippines and Japan. Dedicated to exotic HC fans! \$4ppd or trade. Sprout Rec's c/o Tsuyoshi Konno/1-10-27, 1-Bancho/Aoba-ku/Sendai/Miyagi, 980-0811/Japan

Filterlanes #1 out now. Interviews with Avail, Plain Sunset, Spazz, Krigshot plus writing/thoughts. US\$2ppd to: Robinson Road Post Office/PO Box 343/Singapore 900643/Singapore. 'Zines and record labels, send stuff for review.

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De-mo-zine is a flyer-'zine dedicated to reviewing international Punk/Crust/HC/Thrash/Grind/etc. tapes and vinyl. Each label or individual that contributes gets multiple copies of the 'zine to distribute. Demozine is a subsidiary of Nomansland, a new label that's focused on DIY bands in need of recognition. Send your contributions to: *Demozine*/504 1/2 W Marshall St./Richmond, VA 23220/USA

Cycle Collective. 1999 Wood CD, Ecorché 12", Harkonen 7", 200 comp on sexual discrimination CD, the Walt Lariat CD, Bluid 6", Lickgoldensky CD, Encyclopedia of American Traitors CD. Stickers, shirts, posters, patches, pins. Always looking for good bands. See ad.

Bands wanted for the worker's comp, an anti-employment CD. Slave Union/58 Grace St./Waterford, NY 12188/USA; slaveunion@email.com; www.cowland.com/Salvatio

Help! The Dairy Queens (estrogen fueled HC, from northern Cali) need help booking US tour in July. East Coast and south especially. Any and all help is greatly appreciated. Ami (707)426-1112 or selfishsatan@webtv.net or 533 Madison/Fairfield, CA 94533. Thanx.

Bands needed for Food Not Bombs benefit compilation. Grind, crust, punk, anything. Bands confirmed so far include Capitalist Casualties and Dystopia. Send tape for consideration. International bands especially! Thanks! Mike/693 Crestview Ave./Akron, OH 44320

I'm bored. 18 y/o male looking for kids around my age to write to me. Gender, politics, race doesn't matter. I like extreme hardcore, grind, emo, noise, kungfu movies, Weezer and nice people. Aaron/15601 Orchid Dr./South Holland, IL 60473

Brian Baker Distribution. \$2 punk/thrash/cruse/hardcore tapes. Amebix, Kuro, GISM, Larm, Alternative, Poison Girls, AntiSect, Omega Tribe, Misery, etc... plus shirts and patches. Send SASE for list. Matt S./950 Main, Box 1881/Worc., MA 01610-1477. Fuckin go!

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Arcade Kahca is back from hiatus! Kicking things off with the reissue of the Ordination of Aaron discography CD! Not available since the original pressing four years ago! Featuring new art/packaging, digitally remastered with 1 bonus song! \$10 USA \$13 elsewhere. \$ to B. Sprague/PO Box 620173/San Diego, CA 92162/USA; arcadekahca@yahoo.com

Abstain (USA ultracore Terrorizer meet Dropdead) and Comrades (Italian fast HC attack) will tour Europe from June 13 to July 29. Could pass and destroy Ita, Spa, Fra, UK, Ger, Bel, Hol, Czech, Pol, Aus, Swi, Swe, Finn. If you wanna see them or help them with gigs, just get in touch! S.O.A. address! www.mywebpages.com/soa

I'm moving to Boston in August to go to school and I'm looking for kids to live with. Emo, screamo, sXe, veganism, anarchism, activism, etc. Brian at xgboxstx@hotmail.com

Stained is a political 'zine from North Carolina. It focuses on social/political issues, and also features art, poetry, and B movie reviews. Send \$2 to Stained/PO Box 368/Rodanthel, NC 27968-0368. Send ALL contributions e-mail Stained2@hotmail.com

KAIVOSURMA: Saatana Lampaat 7" ep. Eight short sings in five minutes. Frenetic hardcore with panic driven vocals. Genuine Finnish hardcore madness! Only 300 copies made. \$5ppd everywhere. Slode HQ c/o Markku Malkki/Ilmarinkatu 36d37/33500 Tampere/Finland. E-mail: slode.headquarters@iobox.fi

Bands needed to complete a comp CD. Looking for noise, grind, hardcore type music. Send lyrics. Chas Ruth (Bloodbeat Records)/28 Piney Hill Road/Airville, PA 17302

Hi! We're Too Many Screaming Children, a hardcore thrash band from LA. We're looking for gigs, compilations, and new friends. 1999 demo \$2 US/\$3 world/trades welcome. Take back your fuckin' lives! Jase/1508 Third St./Duarte, CA 91010

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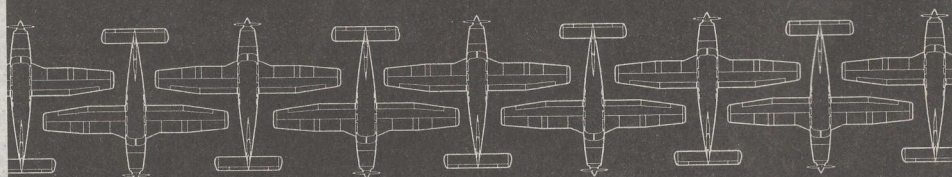


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002 the infinity dive - s/t 7"

003 the book of dead names / remington : west fucking triad 7"

004 song of zarathustra - 10" pic disc discography

005 the lazarus plot - the end 7"

006 the hidden chord - suicide note to myself 7"

007 the khayembii communique / the vida blue split 10"

008 switchblade - 10" (u.s. press)

009 the hidden chord - eight blue eyes lp/cd

010 the vida blue - lp/cd

upcoming:

011 neil perry

012 the crush 7"

013 blood money 12" comp

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song of zarathustra - new 7"

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the book of dead names - final 7"

remington : west fucking triad - lp/cd

the plastic constellations - lp/cd

femme fatale - lp (split release)

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TOP 10 LISTS

or something like 10 or so or whatever

Dylan Ostendorf

BRAID—Lucky To Be Alive and Movie Music v. 1 & 2 CDs • CHOCOLATE KISS—Les Boom Boom CD • GOOD CLEAN FUN—Saving the Scene... 12" and Prince picture disc 7" • THE KILLINGTONS—American Made CDep and live • M.I.J.—The Radio Goodnight CD • MODEST MOUSE—Building Nothing Out Of Something CD • RAINER MARIA—Atlantic CDep • SENSE FIELD—their next CD (if it ever gets released) and live • TAKEN—7" • VERY SECRETARY—Standing In The Shade CD • BLUEPRINT/PILOTS IN PARIS—split 7" • Gettin' hitched.

Brian Roettinger

VOLUME ELEVEN-YAPNET KOTTO Tour • LE TIGRE—12" • CONVOCAION OF...—12" • ORCHID/THE RED SCARE—7" • SCREAMERS—12" bootleg • TRAGATELO/KONTRAATTAQUE—tape • CAN—all • Ed Fella • SKULL KONTROL—12" ep • FLY PAN AM—2x12"

Mike Amezcua

REFLECTION ETERNAL—new 12" • THE COUP—Genocide And Juice CD • THIS MACHINE KILLS—people/music • APATIA NO—Hazlo Tu Mismo 7" • APATIA NO/SENTIMIENTOS OPRIMIDOS—split 7" • THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT—CD • Fear And Learning At Hoover Elementary—film documentary • REAL SHIT—7" • XLIMPWRISTX—tape of recording • starting new bands

Lisa Oglesby

INTENSITY—Virtue Of Progress 7" • DEATHREAT—The Severing Of The Last Barred Window LP • THIS MACHINE KILLS—live • Phoenix Was A Mistake #2 • Handjive #2 • ORCHID/THE RED SCARE—split 7" • Limousine #9 • Cutlass #5 • MILEMARKER—live • LES MISERABLES—Original Broadway Cast Recording 2xLP

Steve Aoki

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS—live and Knife In The Marathon LP • NINE DAYS WONDER—The Scenery Is In Disguise There CD and Metal 7" • There is a Light that Never Goes Out CD • ELLIOTT, YAPNET KOTTO and MILEMARKER—live • BURY ME STANDING, THIS MACHINE KILLS—live at PCH Club • HOT SNAKES—CD • BRAINFREEZE (DJ Shadow/Kut Chemist DJ Battle)—CD • GIVE UNTIL GONE—Settled For The Art Official CD • TWELVE HOUR TURN—new LP • RED SCARE—LP on Hand Held Heart

Tim Sheehan

COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH—Handbook For Planetary Progress book and CD • MILEMARKER—Erigid Forms Sell LP and live • talking between songs • KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS—Sugar Industry LP • TRAGATELO/KONTRAATTAQUE—cassette • Drinking Sweat in the Ash Age by Mike Taylor and Travis Fristoe • Point Blank—a film starring Lee Marvin • Beyond the Screams: A US Latino/Chicano Punk/Hardcore Documentary—a film by Martin Sorrondeguy

Jonathan Lee

FROM ASHES RISE—live • RUINACRE—live • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE—one-sided 12" • CERBERUS SHOAL—Homb CD and everything else • UNITED SUPER VILLAINS—new LP • DEMON SYSTEM 13—Vad Vet Vi Om Kriget? LP • DEARBORN SS—live • WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?—6" and everything else • NECROS—Conquest For Death CD • GOVERNMENT ISSUE—double CD

Marianne Hofstetter

"Oz" • SAETIA—Eronel 7" • JETTISON—7" • MARY X—CD • potlucks/playing celebrity • my man Maddox • REFLECTOR—Melody CD • The Limex • Shall We Dance

Felix Havoc

UNCURBED—Holds the banner high • DS 13—LP and live • SHITLIST—7" • MEANWHILE—LP • M:PATI—7" • BREAD AND WATER—both 7"s • FROM ASHES RISE—live • SKITSYSTEM—LP and live • NINE SHOCKS TERROR—live • 100 Bullets—comic book

Steve Snyder

STEVELACY/ROSWELL RUDD QUARTET—live • BURAT WANGI—the CalArts Balinese Gamelan Ensemble • Decades of Confusion Feed the Insect #25 • Magnolia • Left of the Dial comics 'zine • SUN RA AND HIS SOLAR MYTH ARKESTRA—Life is Splendid • MALEEM MAHMOUD GHANIA W/ PHAROAH SANDERS—The Trance of Seven Colors • (THE) CONTROL GROUP—Humiliator • TAJ MAHAL AND TOUMANI DIABATE—Kulanjan

Chuck Franco

MÖRSER—LP • PONTIUS PILATE—Baptize This 7" • R'yleh Rising 'zine • AXIOM—LP • NASUM—Inhale/Exhale • Goleta Fest • WHOLCHATHY—Poland LP • FROM ASHES RISE—Life And Death 7" • riding my bike • D.S. 13—LP

Leslie Kahan

FROM ASHES RISE—live • MILEMARKER—live and Frigid Forms Sell LP • TRAGATELO—live • Anti-Stagnant Pond 'zine • LIFE... BUT HOW TO LIVE IT?—Green 7" • Burn Collector—the book of the first 9 issues of the 'zine • KONTRAATTAQUE—live • The Hardcore/Punk Guide to Christianity • LA FRACTION

Adi Tejada

THE SWARM—everything RIP : (• ABBA—Greatest Hits Vol. II 12" • SUFFOCATION—Despise The Sun CD • CURE—Bloodflowers 2x12" • GORGASM—Stabwound Intercourse CD • DIRTY THREE—Whatever You Love, You Are CD • AT THE GATES—Terminal Spirit Disease CD • Mesa Engineering • NEUROSIS—the last four albums • Danny getting a drivers license

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SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... LP
SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... CD
AMBER INN - All Roads Lead Home LP
AMBER INN - Serenity In Hand 7"
TORCHES TO ROME - 12"
PORTRAITS OF PAST - 01010101 LP
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DOWNCAST - 7"
STRUGGLE - 12"
STRUGGLE - 7"
STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... double LP
SEEIN' RED - Marinus 7"
MONSTER X - Attrition 7"

ACRID - Sea Of Shift LP
ANODYNE - Quiet Wars CD
ANOTHER REASON - Take Control CD
ANTI PRODUCT - The Deafing Silence... LP
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BLOOD BROTHERS - This Adultery Is Ripe LP
CATHARIS - Passion CD
CODE 13/DEMON SYSTEM 13 - split 7"
COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN - I Know... CD
COMMITTED - One Chance CD
COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH - CD and Book
COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION - 7"
CROSSED OUT - 1990 to 1993 LP
DEATHREAT - The Severing of... (gatefold) LP
DEMON SYSTEM 13 - Vad Vet Vi Om... LP
DEVOID OF FAITH/WOORHEES - split LP
DEVOID OF FAITH - Slow Motion... 7"
DROP DEAD - Unjustified Murder 7"
DROP DEAD - 1st LP
FROM ASHES RISE - Life And Death 7"
GOOD CLEAN FUN - Shopping for a Crew CD
GOOD CLEAN FUN - On The Streets... CD
GOOD CLEAN FUN - On The Streets... LP
HACKSAW - Kick It 7"
HAIL MARY - Not Live 7"
HIS HERO IS GONE - Fool's Gold 7"

B	HOT WATER MUSIC - You Can Take The... 7"
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A	JENNY PICCOLO/SU19B - split 7"
J	KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS - LP
I	LE SHOK - We Are Electrecution LP
J	LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR - 7" picture disc
L	LOCUST - CD
F	LOS CRUDOS - discography LP
L	MILEMARKER - Frigid Forms Sell CD
H	MILEMARKER - Frigid Forms Sell LP
J	NINE DAYS WONDER - The Scenery... CD
J	NO COMMENT - '87 to '93 discography LP
A	ORCHID/RED SCARE - split 7"
B	ORCHID/PIG DESTROYER - split 7"
L	ORDINATION OF AARON - discography CD
L	PIG DESTROYER - Explosions In Ward 6 LP
H	RED SCARE - Capillary Lockdown LP
J	REVERSAL OF MAN - Revolution Summer CD
A	RUIDO - 13 song 7"
B	RUIDO - 8 song 7"
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J	SPAZZ/OPSTAND - split 7"
B	SWARM - Old Blues Eyes Is Dead 7"
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